

PHOTOPLAY

June
25
CENTS



Shirley Temple

Why Fifth Avenue Laughs at Holl
by Cornelius Vanderbilt,
CAROLE LOMBARD Tells: "HOW I LIVE

...the Lux habit
...lower, colors look
...ger! Anything safe
ood Studios

**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE FAIRLY
MAKES TEETH
SPARKLE,**

SAYS DOROTHY TEMPLE OF CHICAGO

She is a Spanish type. Sweet, completely feminine, her favorite sport is swimming

**IT'S TANGY,
IT'S SPICY, IT'S
REFRESHING,**

SAYS BEATRICE IMHOFF

OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

A Chicagoan, Miss Imhoff was chosen "Miss Illinois" by the American Legion, while in High School

**A WORKING GIRL
CAN CERTAINLY
APPRECIATE ITS
ECONOMY,**

SAYS IDA VOLLMAR
OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

She is a New York girl with natural blonde hair. Fond of dancing and badminton

...cate,
help diges
fluids, build
whelmingly p
famous resta

"When I give a
whether here or at

POUND of tooth paste in the

40¢

• Regular size tube • **25¢**

When are you going to give your teeth the *Beauty Bath* New York models use?

If you have the idea that all tooth pastes are the same, get over the idea.

You'll have a treat—an entirely new and delightful experience—when you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Fragrant, tangy, milky white, refreshing as a shower... such is the solution that sweeps your mouth and teeth when you use this dainty dentifrice.

So noticeable are its beautifying effects that exotic New York models—the most critical of tooth paste users—call Listerine Tooth Paste their beauty bath for teeth. One after another, with unrestrained enthusiasm, they declare it gives to teeth a radiant flash and brilliance, a lasting whiteness that ordinary dentifrices do not match.

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Remember, Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satin-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth pastes contain the delightful fruit flavors that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

**FOAMING—YET
SOAPLESS!**

**A Tooth Powder
you'll like
25¢ & 40¢**



A TONIC FOR THE GUMS When used with Massage

"TO GO OVER BIG—GO LUXABLE"

says Bette Davis



Bette has everything it takes! A gay sense of humor. Down-to-earth naturalness. A fetish for freshness. Her washables (she adores them) always look ravishing. (They're babied with gentle Lux care.) With Luxables it's easy to have that lettuce-crisp look all summer long.

Don't miss Bette in her newest role as the
Star of Warner Brothers'
"KID GALAHAD"

Tailored linen with bright piqué bandings is Bette's choice for a charming Luxable evening dress. She'd never let its color and texture be spoiled by cake-soap rubbing or harsh soaps containing harmful alkali. Lux has no harmful alkali.



She gives you some Valuable Tips about the Clothes Men Like . . .

Men fall for meticulous freshness . . . sports things clean-cut as skimming sailboats . . . sweaters fluffy as a kitten . . . romantic Luxable frills . . .

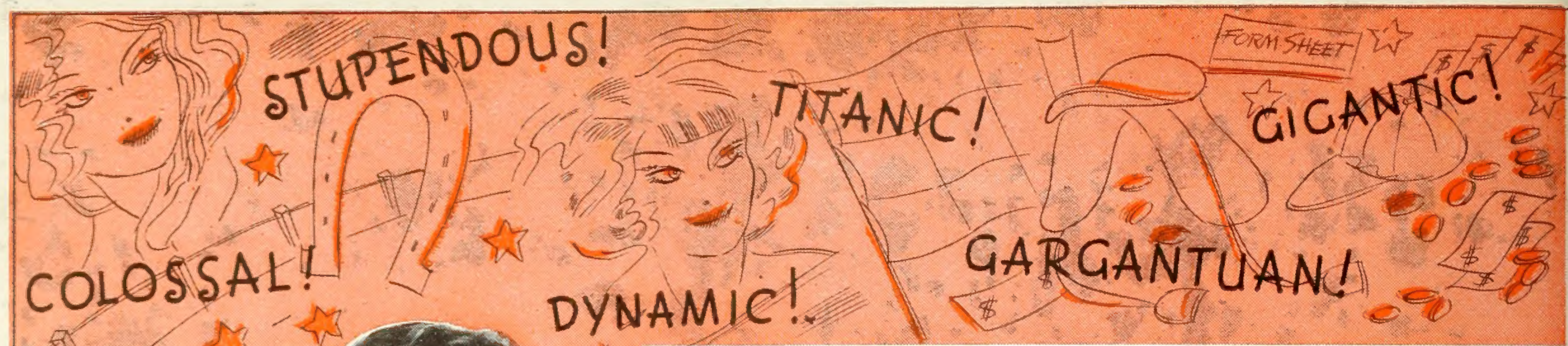
"Fastidious girls wear things they can whisk through Lux each time they wear them," emphasizes Bette Davis.

In Hollywood, not only personal wardrobes, but glamorous screen costumes are constantly Luxed. "They come out so perfectly, you can't even tell when they've been Luxed in the course of a picture," says N'Was McKenzie, wardrobe director of the Warner Brothers lot.

You, too, will find that the Lux habit pays. Cleaning bills are lower, colors look fresher, fabrics last longer! Anything safe in water is safe in Lux!



Specified in the big Hollywood Studios



***Positively* The Most Hilarious
Picture You've Ever Seen!!!**

EVERY LAUGH IS TESTED BY THE
MARX MIRTH METER BEFORE WE GIVE IT
TO YOU! WE PANICKED THEM IN PITTSBURG!
THEY CHUCKLED IN CHICAGO! MY FRIENDS
AND CONSTITUENTS, YOU'LL LOVE IT!!



DOTSA RIGHT, BOSS! IF
"NIGHT AT THE OPERA" WAS HILARIOUS
THIS IS SOOPER-HOOPER-DOOPER
HILARIOUS!



Hear these new song hits:
"All God's Chillun Got Rhythm",
"On Blue Venetian Waters", "A
Message from the Man in the Moon"
and "Tomorrow Is Another Day"...

THE MARX BROS. A DAY AT THE RACES

with Allan JONES • Maureen O'SULLIVAN
A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On the Cover—Shirley Temple, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: \$2.50 in the United States, its possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. \$2.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries: \$3.50. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you. While manuscripts, photographs, and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by 1st class postage. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3 1879, Reentered March 11, 1937 • Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

ask the ANSWER man

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to

The Answer Man, PHOTOPLAY
205 E. 42nd St., New York, New York

CARY GRANT—once a stilt walker and still stepping high! Electrician, acrobat, singer, these were the phases through which the lean dark-haired young actor had to progress to become the star he definitely is, and probably your secret crush.

Archibald Leach, for that is his real name, hails from Bristol, England, the son of a prosperous clothing manufacturer. (Maybe this explains his perfect taste in suits.) When Archie was attending Fairfield Academy he became involved in electricity, improvised a new device for stage lighting, and the virus of acting got in his blood. He ran away from home twice. The first time an irate parent brought him back, put him in Clinton College. But even the fact that Benita Hume, now one of England's loveliest actresses, sat in front of him in the school room did not keep him at his books. He ran away again, this time for good.

He first did eccentric dancing, clowning, and acrobatics. He appeared in New York at the Hippodrome in 1920 when he was about sixteen. When the act broke up, he was stranded, and here's where the stilt walking comes in. He walked the boardwalk at Coney Island—all one hot summer on stilts advertising the Steeplechase Pier. Returning to England, and having a yen to say more lines than "Alley-oop" he played in stock, later coming back to Broadway for numerous plays, among them one with Jeanette MacDonald, "Boom Boom." Then he sang two seasons with the St. Louis Opera Company. Taking a trip to Hollywood in 1931, he wangled a screen test.

His first picture was "This is the Night" with Lili Damita. When a year or so later Mae West, that supreme authority on sex appeal, chose him for "She Done Him Wrong," he began his climb to stardom. He has appeared opposite many of the glamour gals, including Joan Bennett, Katharine Hepburn and most recently Grace Moore in "When You're in Love," at Columbia where he has transferred his make-up box.

Cary's pet obsession is whistling, he has a weakness for silk dressing gowns, rarely wears a straw hat, loves to tinker with automobiles, likes to box, can also cook. He was married to Virginia Cherrill in 1934; they have since been divorced. He is a capable all-round

athlete, is six feet one and one half inches tall, weighs 172 pounds. He is one of Hollywood's better beaux, prefers intelligence and sincerity in women to beauty, and is a darned fine actor.

SONIA LASKO, TROY, N. Y.—Preston Foster was born August 24, 1902, married June 27, 1925. He is six feet two. He formerly sang in light opera and appeared on the stage before entering pictures in 1930. His particular hobby is speed boats. He has one.

ELEANOR GRASER, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Charles Boyer played in "Break of Hearts" with Katharine Hepburn. He appeared with Merle Oberon in "The Battle," a foreign picture released in America. Nelson Eddy is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds. His partner in song, Jeanette MacDonald is five feet five, weighs 125 pounds.

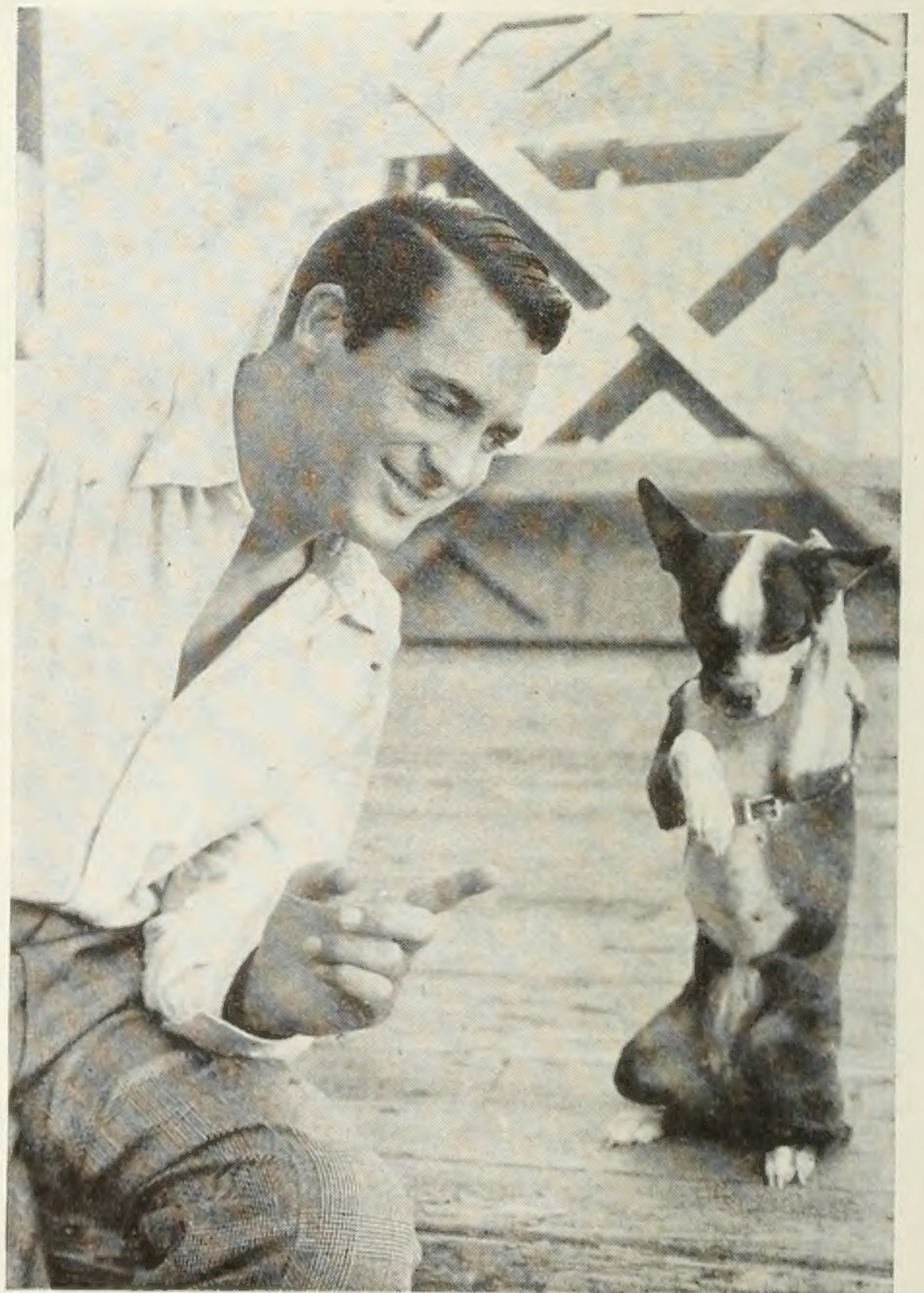
P. J. POVINSKY, ONTARIO, CANADA. — Gary Cooper followed "If I Had a Million" with "Today We Live." Sylvia Sidney married Bennett Cerf, the publisher, in Arizona on Oct. 1, 1935; divorced him April 9, 1936. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres separated May 9th, 1936.

JEAN EWING, FORT WAYNE, IND.—Raymond Massey was born in Toronto, Canada, on Aug. 30, 1896. He is six feet two, weighs 158 pounds, has black hair and eyes. He was educated in Canada and England where he attended Oxford. He is an actor, writer and director. He has appeared on the screen in "The Speckled Band," "The Old Dark House," "The Sign of the Cross." He will play *Black Michael* in "The Prisoner of Zenda." He is considered one of the finest of English actors, and appeared on Broadway last year in "Ethan Frome."

JEANNE REHRER, DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.—Errol Flynn was born in the North of Ireland, June 20th, 1909. He recently left to visit his parents in Belfast, after which he went to Spain to see how the Revolution was getting along. You know he's very adventurous. "The Prince and the Pauper" is Errol's latest picture. "Beam Ends," his new book, has been published by Longmans-Green and your local book store will no doubt be happy to get it for you.

B. G., EAST PITTSBURGH, PA.—Alan Marshal played the rôle of *Robert* the man who was murdered in "After the Thin Man." He was born in Sydney, Australia, Jan. 29, 1909. He is six feet one and a half inches tall, has dark brown hair and eyes. His acting career began when he was carried on the stage at the age of three in Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird." Alan is the first of a noted theatrical family to appear on the American screen though his father was a screen pioneer in Australia. Alan made his screen debut in "The Garden of Allah" and has done so well in his few pictures it looks as if he will be one of the busiest actors in Hollywood. His address is United Artists, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

M. GRAHAM, SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND. —Jean Arthur was born Gladys Greene on Oct. 17, 1908, in New York City. She is five feet three, weighs 110 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. She married Frank J. Ross, a real estate broker, in 1932. Educated in New York, her earliest ambition was to become a tightrope walker, but she majored in languages planning to teach French and German. She posed for photographers, attracted motion picture producers which resulted in a screen test. Her hobby is gardening.



Cary wanted to hang onto his real name, Archie, so he gave it to his dog! Cary's next is "The Toast of New York"

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One glance at this laminated Beauty—ring upon ring of shimmering Pearl and "Jet"—and you'll know why this new creation was chosen by 2 to 1, when men and women voted on the smartest style among pens.

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If a pen contains a rubber ink sac or inner tube, you have to guess at the amount of ink

within, until you are down to the last drop. Yet other makes of pens besides the Parker Vacumatic have no rubber ink sac—they are sacless, like this one. They also provide you visible ink supply, and extra large ink capacity.

But due to this revolutionary new Diaphragm Filler, the Parker Vacumatic abolishes the mechanical troubles which prevented sacless pens from becoming popular hitherto. Unlike other sacless types, it contains no piston pump or eye-dropper air-bulb.

Its working parts are sealed in the top where ink can never touch them, never corrode or disable them. Its Diaphragm Filler is so utterly different and basically better that U. S. and foreign governments have granted Parker patents. That's why this sacless marvel is GUARANTEED mechanically perfect.

If you can afford to pay \$5, \$7.50, or \$10, the Parker Vacumatic is the pen you want—not some 1937-style pen containing a 1907-style filler. You can tell the genuine Parker Vacumatic by the smart ARROW clip—a clip that holds this laminated Beauty low and SAFE in the pocket, handbag, or sweater. Go and see it today at any good store selling pens. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.

To make your pen a self-cleaner, write with Parker Quink, the new, pen-cleaning ink. 15¢, 25¢, and up.

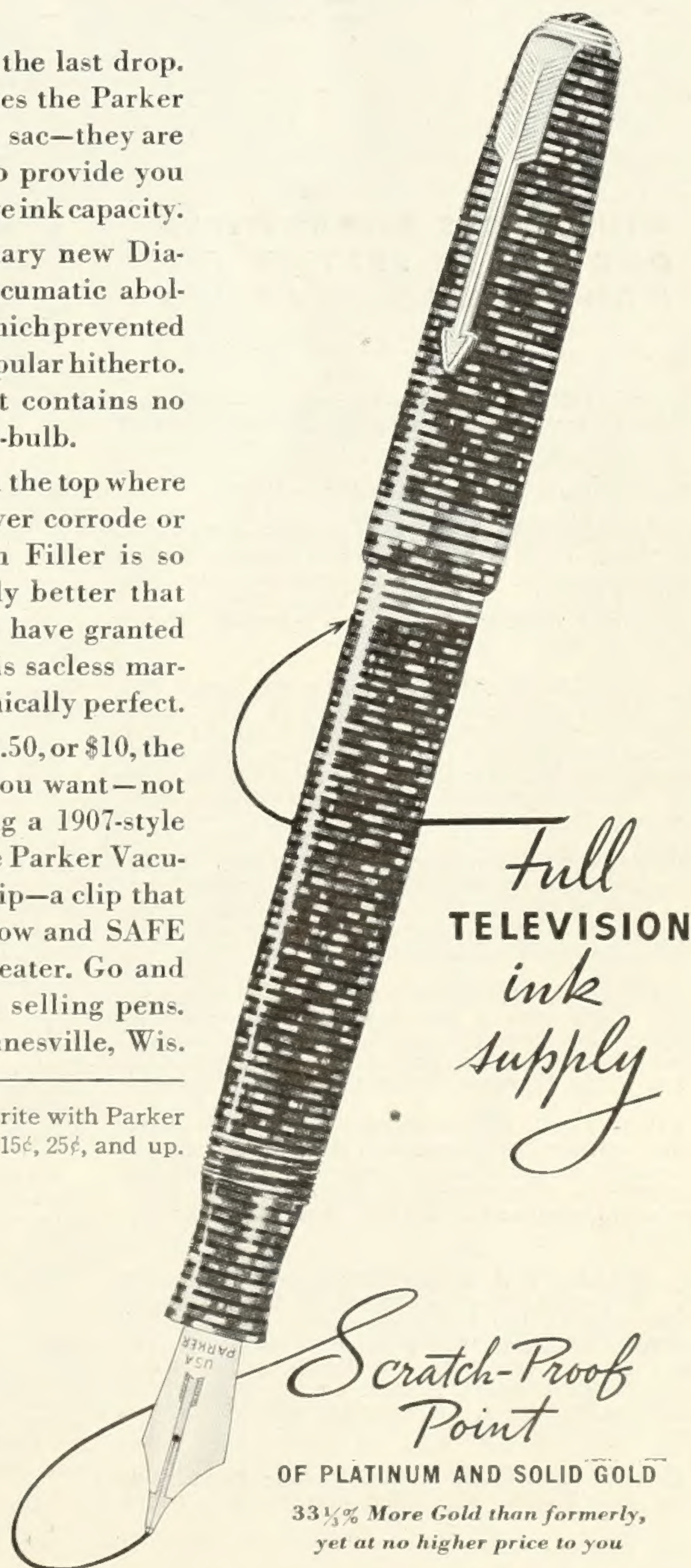


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33 1/3% More Gold than formerly,
yet at no higher price to you

BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES



Remember the powerful "All Quiet on the Western Front" in 1930? Now, Universal is filming the Remarque sequel, "The Road Back," definitely one of the most important pictures of the year. Here Maurice Murphy returning to the Fatherland finds ecstasy in the arms of Barbara Read

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS
ONE OF THE BEST OF THE
MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ **A DOCTOR'S DIARY**—Paramount.—Introducing John Trent, a former air pilot, this is a muddled business about medical ethics. Trent plays a young doctor who befriends a crippled genius. He is handsome but inept. Just don't bother. (April.)

★ **A FAMILY AFFAIR**—M-G-M.—The dialogue is excellent, the direction clean-cut in this amusing chronicle of a typical upper-class American family. Lionel Barrymore, Cecilia Parker, Eric Linden and Mickey Rooney are splendid. You'll like it. (May)

★ **BLACK LEGION**—Warners.—A superb and highly dramatic picturization of the menace behind the headlines story of the secret society which terrorized the Middle West last year. Humphrey Bogart, outstanding in the lead, is ably supported by Erin O'Brien-Moore, Dick Foran and others. Don't miss this. (Mar.)

★ **BORDERLAND**—Paramount.—Another Hop-A-Long-Cassidy story with William Boyd pretending to be a thief to catch a thief named The Fox. Jimmy Ellison and George Hayes skip along with Bill Scenic locations are beautiful. (April.)

★ **BREEZING HOME**—Universal.—A stock horse-racing story with a few new twists provided by William Gargan as the honest trainer who suspects Wendy Barrie and Alan Baxter of double-crossing the horse. Binnie Barnes is Wendy's rival. Mild. (April.)

★ **BULL DOG DRUMMOND ESCAPES**—Paramount.—Light melodrama with Ray Milland moving debonairly against a background of fog, murders, kidnappings and counterfeiters to rescue Heather Angel. Reginald Denny and E. E. Clive provide the comedy. (April.)

★ **CALL IT A DAY**—Warners.—This records the collective problems of an English family struck silly by the first spring day. The result is positively brilliant. Ian Hunter, Bonita Granville, Anita Louise, Olivia de Havilland, Walter Woolf King, Frieda Inescort, Roland Young, all play with matchless technique. It sparkles and so will you when you see it. (May)

★ **CHINA PASSAGE**—RKO-Radio.—Introducing Constance Worth, Australian actress, in her first

American picture, this winds through a maze of unbelievable situations involving murder and jewel thieves. You've seen it all before. Skip. (May)

★ **CLARENCE**—Paramount.—Clarence's re-entry as a fixer-upper in a wrangling family is made a sprightly business by Roscoe Karns. Johnny Downs, Eleanore Whitney, Spring Byington and Eugene Pallette keep the home fires burning, finally put them out. Frivolous. (April.)

★ **DANGEROUS NUMBER**—M-G-M.—A dull little tale with Robert Young as a wealthy gent who marries a brainstorm actress, Ann Sothern, finds himself surrounded by second-rate actors, and Reginald Owen in a beard. Pretend it isn't there. (April.)

★ **DON'T PULL YOUR PUNCHES**—Warners.—Plenty of action in this yarn about a cowboy boxer (Wayne Morris) who wants love and the heavyweight championship. Barton MacLane gets the fight crown, Wayne gets the sister, June Travis, and everybody's happy. (April.)

★ **DON'T TELL THE WIFE**—RKO-Radio.—A boondoggle plot lifted from the old story of a fake gold mine that miraculously proves a bonanza. Lynne Overman, the promoter, and Una Merkel, as his wife are simply grand. Amusing. (April.)

★ **ESPIONAGE**—M-G-M.—A skillful spy story that is downright diverting with the up-to-the-minute-love-on-the-run antics of Edmund Lowe, Madge Evans and Paul Lukas. Gay surprises and a proper amount of suspense make this a honey. (May)

★ **FIRE OVER ENGLAND**—London Films-United Artists.—Queen Elizabeth, Phillip II of Spain, The Spanish Armada and young love all figure in this slow-paced English drama about a patriotic boy who risks his life as a spy. Flora Robeson and Laurence Olivier are fine. (Mar.)

★ **GIRLOVERBOARD**—Universal.—Gloria Stuart, Walter Pidgeon, Billy Burrud and Sidney Blackmer all give nice performances in this unpretentious but satisfyingly pleasant little story of a girl who, when accused of murder, impersonates a "missing person." (May)

★ **GREEN LIGHT**—Warners.—Lloyd C. Douglas' dramatic novel concerning a young surgeon's sacrifice of his reputation to save his teacher brings new honors to Errol Flynn. Anita Louise is his lovely sweetheart. Margaret Lindsay, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Walter Abel and the whole cast are excellent. (Mar.)

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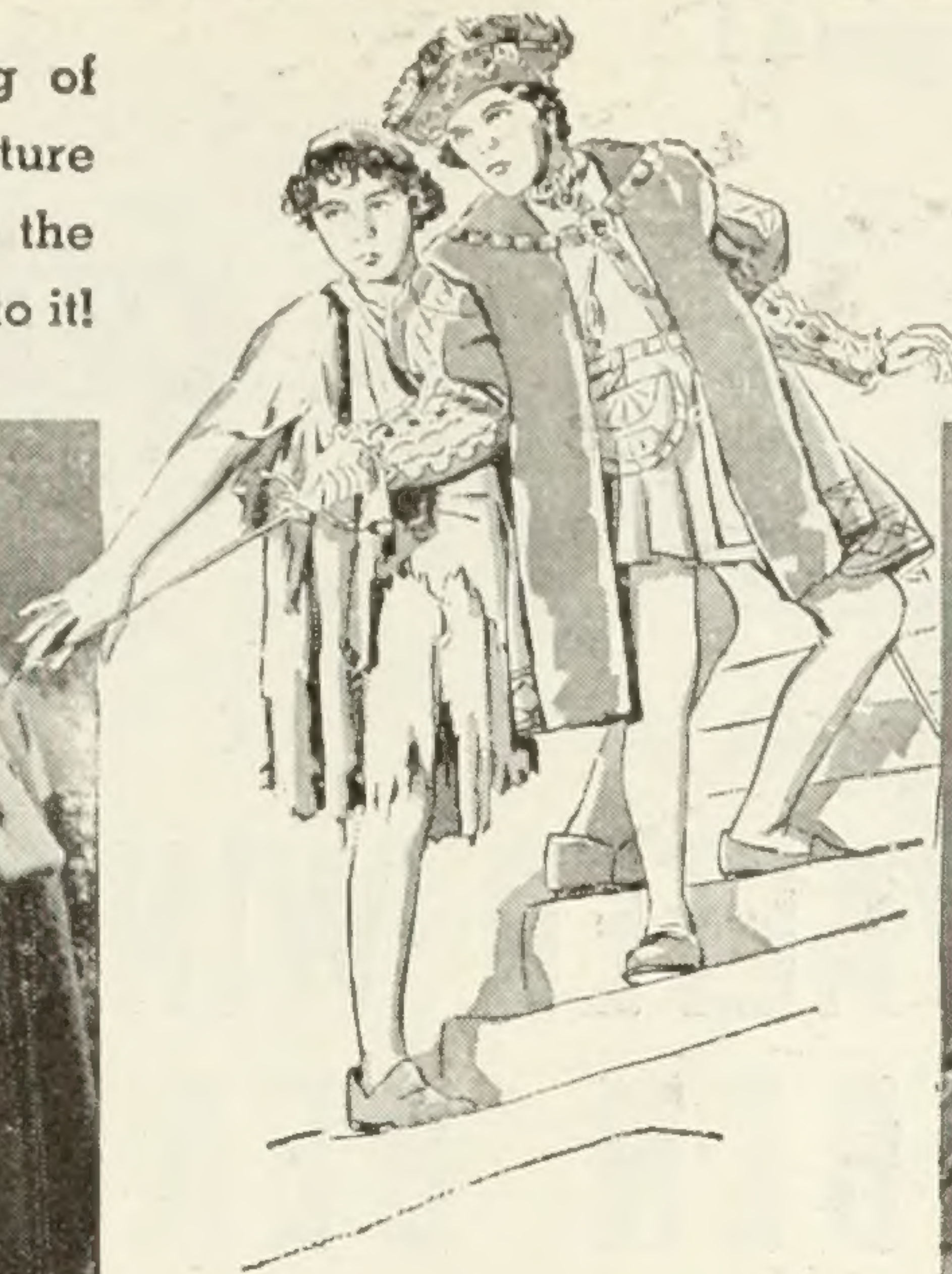
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THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE EVER FILMED!

Are you ready for the most exciting evening of your life? . . . Warner Bros. bring the adventure masterpiece of the world's best-loved writer to the screen in all its romantic glory! Come and thrill to it!



It wasn't a bit different 400 years ago—the same coronation this month brings to London in all its pomp and glory.



Introducing Billy & Bobby Mauch—sensational twin star discovery—a double-barrelled surprise that is already the talk of filmdom!



The prince plays hookey to join the pauper on the world-famous adventure of two regular kids.

Warner Bros. present
MARK TWAIN'S
Novel of All-Time Fame

THE PRINCE and the PAUPER

with
ERROL FLYNN
CLAUDE RAINS
HENRY STEPHENSON
BARTON MACLANE
and THE
MAUCH TWINS

☆ BILLY & BOBBY ☆

Patric Knowles · Montague Love
Fritz Leiber · Donald Crisp
Alan Hale · Anne Howard
Directed by **WILLIAM KEIGHLEY**



He made enemies beg for mercy—he made lassies beg for more! Errol Flynn as dashing Miles Hendon, defender of the prince.



"It's all right for a girl to lose her head," said Henry VIII—and he wasn't really fooling; because she did!



In the vicious haunts of the London underworld—where murder was just a good joke—a boy in rags fights for his life—and his throne.

Produced on Massive Scale...1000's
in the Cast...3 Years in Preparation
...7 Months to Film in the World's
Greatest Motion Picture Studios.

Warner Bros.

THE SHO-WOW OF SHOWS!

Wake Up and Live

THE HOTCHA-TOPSA OF THEM ALL!

with

WALTER WINCHELL
BEN BERNIE
ALICE FAYE
PATSY KELLY
NED SPARKS
JACK HALEY

GRACE BRADLEY • WALTER
 CATLETT • LEAH RAY
 JOAN DAVIS • DOUGLAS
 FOWLEY • MILES MANDER

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
 Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
 Based on Dorothea Brande's Book.

Darryl F. Zanuck
 in Charge of Production

Glamorous! Galorious! Howlariious!
 Winchell's wincing... Bernie's burn-
 ing... as they flipcrack face to face!



The studio that gave you
 "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In
 A Million", "On The Avenue"
 now brings you the great-
 est of all musicals!

'YOWSAH! IT WILL
 THRILL YOU IN
 SPITE OF WINCHELL!
 WITHOUT WIN-
 CHELL, IT'S GRAND
 -WITH WINCHELL,
 I'LL NEVER SEE IT!
 -BUT GEE WHIZ,
 KIDS, IT'S THE
 MOSTA OF THE
 BESTA EVER
 PACKED INTO ONE
 FILM! YOWSAH!'

Nine Gordon and Revel
 hits to make you come
 alive all over!

including

'It's Swell Of You'
 'I'm Bubbling Over'
 'Never In A Million Years'
 'There's A Lull In My Life'
 'Wake Up And Live'



CLOSE UPS AND

LONG SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

DON'T look now, but there is a labor war going on in Hollywood too . . . the Screen Actor's Guild is on one side . . . the producers on the other . . . last year there was also a Screen Writer's Guild . . . like the Actor's they had definite labor affiliations . . . the Writer's Guild came to actual battle with the producers . . . make what you will of it but that guild is now gone. . . .

The Actor's Guild currently is lobbying on a bill before the California state assembly . . . to do away with options . . . they want all contracts on a straight term basis . . . and you can't blame them . . . it is tough never to know six months ahead where your next picture is coming from . . . you can't blame the producers either . . . nice from their angle to pick up talent like Robert Taylor on the thirty-five dollars a week option for six months . . . and then decide later whether or not they want to keep him for more . . .

It may mean something or nothing but the ringleaders in the Actor's Guild are James Cagney, Joan Crawford, and Robert Montgomery . . . and it's been quite a spell now since any one of them have had the best possible productions to display their undoubted and individual talents. . . .

SING praise for the Crawford, though, replying to the attacks made upon her recently when certain old and unflattering pictures of her were dug out and printed Joan said to me, "They do that because they think they can make me ashamed . . . but they're

wrong . . . I'm glad of everything I've ever done . . . because I've always tried to do it for the best. . . ."

PHOTOPLAY is very proud to present Frances Marion's new novel (starting this issue on page 21) . . . just as Miss Marion launches herself on a new career . . . that of motion picture producer . . . she will be the only woman producer in this great business . . . she gave us this news so that we could pass it on to you exclusively . . . she is particularly interested in American history . . . a great traveler, she feels we are the greatest and most romantic nation . . . she wants to bring that feeling to the screen . . . her first production will be a story woven around the life of Kit Carson and the opening of the West . . . Columbia will release it . . . I know who will probably star in it . . . but I promised not to tell now . . . it is a knockout piece of casting, however. . . .

ALSO in this issue please notice Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. making his PHOTOPLAY debut . . . he's going to do more pieces for us in the next few months . . . watch for his report on Hollywood manners . . . and another on Hollywood's Four Hundred . . . both Mr. Vanderbilt and I will be in Europe (though not together) when these are published . . . which may be just as well. . . .



Joan Crawford's comment to Miss Waterbury concerning the deluge of unflattering pictures that have been cropping up recently shows true sportsmanship



Girls WHICH WOULD YOU

By *Claudette Colbert*



No. 1. The Man of the World
(Melvyn Douglas)



No. 2. The Pushover for Love
(Robert Young)



No. 3. He Thinks He Owns Her
(Lee Bowman)

Yes, if you were a working girl, out on your one big fling, a vacation you'd saved up for, for years, and three men told you they loved you and wanted to marry you, which one would you pick? The gay, casual, fun-loving lad who's just a pushover for any girl who comes along and who is sure she's going to be a pushover for him? The man

of the world who always has to cover up his emotions with a veneer of sophistication? The serious-minded youngster who thinks, because he's gone around with you back home awhile, that he owns you? I don't know what your answer is going to be. But I know you're going to get a kick out of the way we've answered the question in Paramount's

MAN MARRY?

"And to think only a couple of weeks ago I was working in an old department store from nine in the morning till six at night . . . Come on you two, get out the skis."

"I Met Him In Paris." And, between ourselves, I want to tell you the big bobsled accident in "I Met Him In Paris" may not frighten you . . . but, gee, was I scared!

(Listen, girls, Claudette forgot to tell you. But you can take it from us, the Parisian styles she goes in for in this picture will knock your eyes out.)

Claudette Colbert

in

"I Met Him In Paris"

**with Melvyn Douglas
and Robert Young**

Produced and directed by WESLEY RUGGLES

A Paramount Picture



Carole

LOMBARD tells:

"HOW I LIVE BY A MAN'S CODE"

SHE'S as delectably feminine as Eve, but watch out! That's no apple in her hand; it's a blackjack!

Because that apparently soft and defenseless girl curled up in the pillows is completely deceiving, and if you think you, most lordly Male, can deal with her in the time-honored manner of the dominant sex, then you don't know Carole Lombard.

Having found herself plumped down into a world where men are supposed to be masters of all creation, Carole has simply adapted herself to her surroundings.

She lives her life on the logical premise that she has equal rights with the male of the species, but she also (wise girl) preserves all her feminine prerogatives.

She organizes her affairs, lives by a code designed to fit a man's world, and handles her business affairs with devastat-

ing serenity; yet she never forgets that a woman's first job is to choose the right shade of lipstick.

She competes in sports and plays tennis better than most men, but she doesn't let her nose get shiny doing it.

All of which makes "Missy" Lombard the perfect example of the modern Career Girl.

So you girls who live alone and still don't like it, take a leaf from the private notebook of that ultra feminine success-in-life, Carole Lombard. What one woman has done, others can do.

Of course you need a few of the more essential elements, such as a pair of eyes that can open wide in bland innocence or give off sparks that can shock and numb; a figure that looks so luscious in an evening gown that it wouldn't seem possible that it could look even better in riding dungarees—

"... DON'T KISS AND TALK ABOUT IT—MEN DON'T..."

"... DON'T BURN UP OVER CRITICISM—STAND UP TO IT LIKE A MAN..."

"... BE EFFICIENT—DON'T MEN MARRY THEIR SECRETARIES?..."

yet it does; plus a mind that is as intuitive and fanciful as any woman's, and still forthright, outspoken, and sometimes painfully honest.

That's all you need. That's all that Carole has that some girls haven't. But it's plenty.

"What's your secret—how do you get along so well in a man's world?" I asked her.

"Because I don't believe it is a man's world," Carole replied promptly, and so, with a leap and a bound, we were right in the midst of the story.

"A woman has just as much right in this world as a man, and can get along in it just as well if she puts her mind to it." Carole announced firmly.

"Take business—that's supposed to be a man's province. Yet I can name you the most outstanding success in the business life of the movies and that person is a woman: Mary Pickford. You can't match her. She's supreme in every department.

"As a matter of fact, women have an advantage in business. Men are so secure in their belief that they are supreme in business that they are often caught napping by alert women. Man thinks he's dealing with an inferior brain when it comes to woman, and that makes him a sucker. Furthermore, women have a highly developed sense of intuition that's just as valuable as hardheaded logic."

CAROLE had scored neatly, I'll admit. But she leaves out another excellent example of success in business; herself. She, too, has met with men in the marts of trade and emerged victorious. It's all in the record so don't take my word for it. She has recently negotiated a new contract that many a big star would give his eye teeth to own, plus the right to do an outside film at another studio. She has already negotiated for that extra film.

If you look at this from the inside, you'll really understand what Carole's accomplished. When a star makes a picture away from her studio, the responsibility is entirely on her shoulders. She has to talk business with dozens of producers scrambling to sign her up to their advantage, not hers. She

must read dozens of scripts, for if she chooses a poor story it's going to be just too bad for little Missy. That means, in this particular case, that Carole must have every wit sharpened to be on guard against a bad contract or an even worse script.

True, she has counsel, as all good business men should. She has a capable agent, plus the advice of a most capable associate who happens to be another woman, her secretary, Madeleine Fields. What Missy can't think of, Fieldsie can. For a pair of completely feminine women, they are a formidable combination in the dog-eat-dog of the picture business.

And does she fritter away the fruits of victory in cars, furs, big homes? She does not. Carole always has lived in small, unpretentious homes, which she decorates herself in exquisite taste.

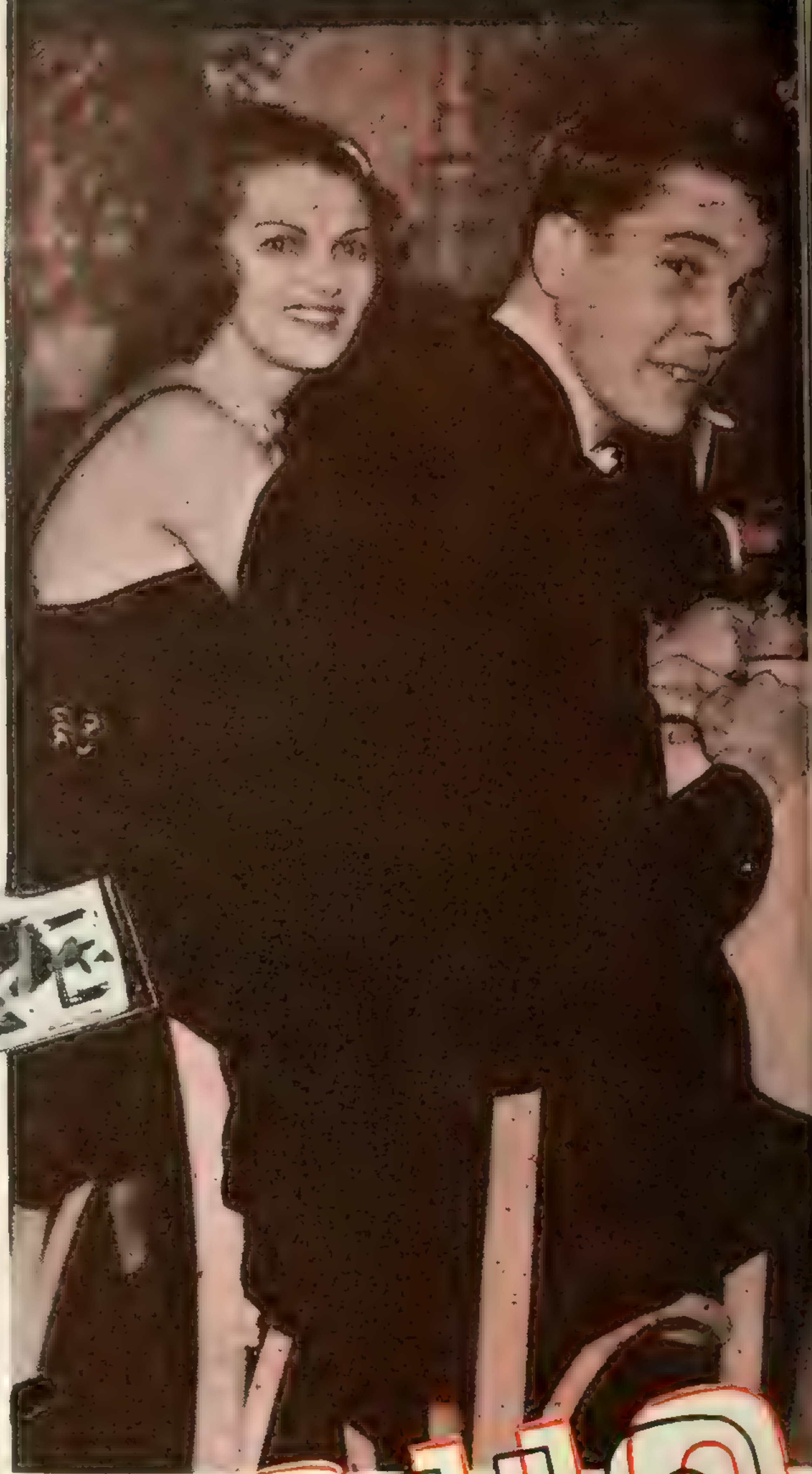
Carole is one girl who knows where she's going and just how she's going to get there. | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78 |



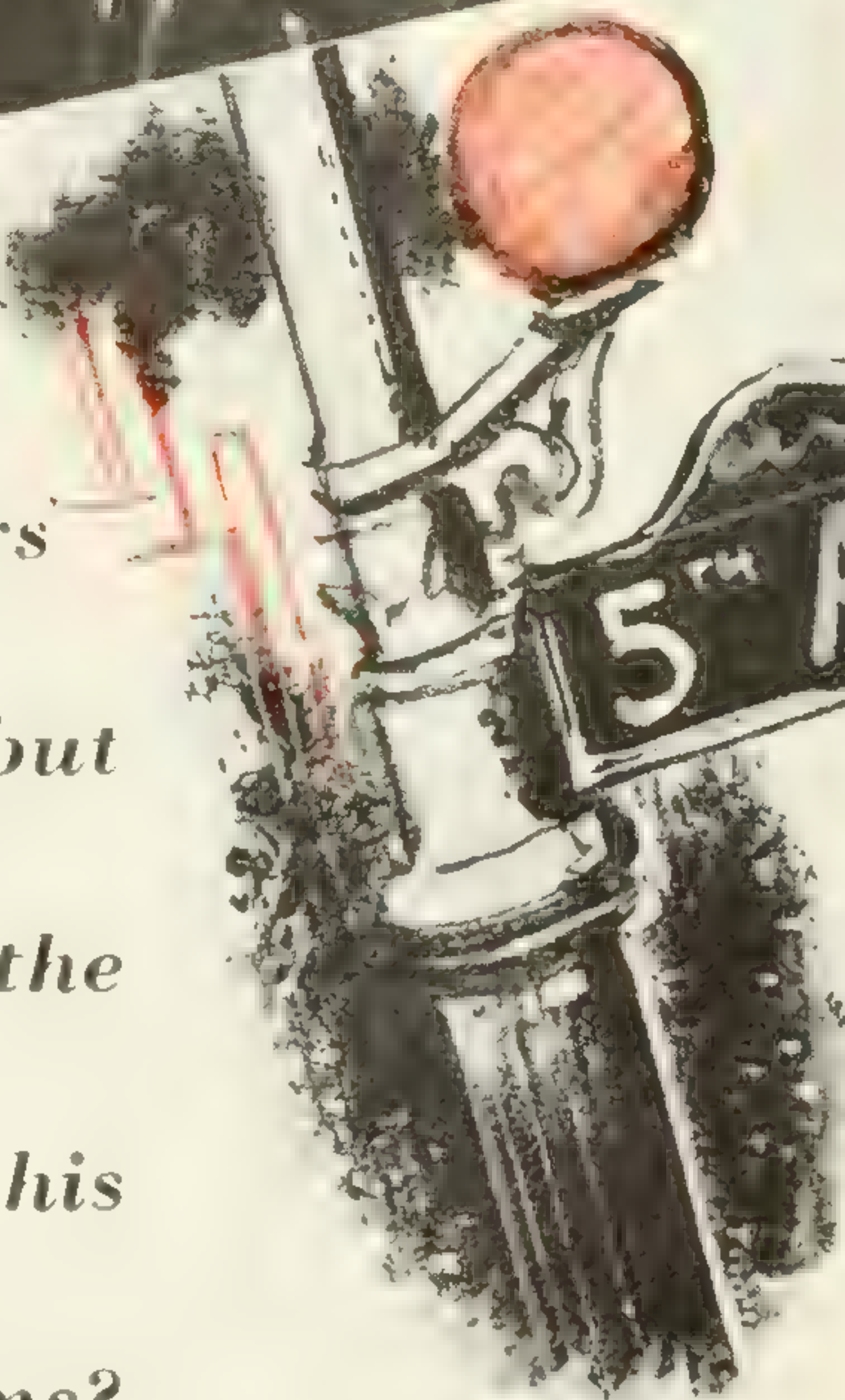
Here is a woman who lives by the theory that she has equal rights with the male—but she also (wise girl) reserves all her feminine prerogatives



WHY WAS ALFRED VANDERBILT
Anita Colby, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt



*Every day in every way the stars
get swankier and swankier—but
is their wining and dining to the
manner bought, not born, as this
distinguished connoisseur claims?*



WHY FIFTH AVENUE

LAUGHS

WHILE the white-tie set of Newport and Fifth Avenue disports itself in the gayest night spots of the East, California's most renowned white-tie set does its nocturnal reveling in and about the town called Hollywood. Once in a while the two sets meet, look each over, and report to the home field. But, for the most part, Fifth Avenue lifts a snooty eyebrow and emits a robust chuckle when anyone brings up the topic of movieland society.

As with everything else, there is a basic reason for this feeling—so take down your hair and harken to a few of the highfalutin' things I've seen hereabout in the past few weeks—then make your own decision.

STANDING in the midst of a gay Hollywood party the other evening, an ancient Oriental proverb that goes something like this, flashed through my mind: "Dignity begins where boasting ends."

All about me were the Four Hundred of Picturedom, cello

phane-wrapped and celluloid-displayed, pretending to have a good time. Grand people some of them, if only they would take time out to be themselves. No doubt in the depths of the modest little homes from which most of them emanated, they had for years been "just folks," the same as you and I. But once they'd made the grade to stardom and big money and come out of their warrens and permitted the world to give them the double O, the case was different.

In the past twenty years of coming to Hollywood once or twice every 365 days, I've been more struck by the pretensions of the bunch than by any other single issue. Hollywood and its hillbillies are a great deal grander than the cut-glass and ermine covered dandies who refer to Fifth Avenue as their place of permanent abode. Take it for what it is worth—these lads and lassies know how to put on the mustard with a vengeance.

Never in all my life of lapping the silver spoon have I seen the likes of Hollywood when it goes to town. It would put to

DROPPED FROM THE SPRING PARTY LISTS OF THE 400?
 (cousin of the author), Ginger Rogers, and Cary Grant



First to go British in this social tangle was Doug Fairbanks Sr. now married to Lady Ashley (far left with black glasses). Fred Astaire's wife was the ward of Henry Bull, which means something in Fifth Avenue jargon

he kept regularly in the house consisted of a butler, a footman, a chauffeur and two maids.

A case or so of champagne had been iced; nine other cases were cooled by cubed-ice in the glass. Two cases were imports, and of years that would not have been considered top-notch by any eastern host who knew his gravy, (or his champagne). The other eight represented the host's patriotic California spirit. Scotch, brandy and many liqueurs lay carelessly about the rooms. And I saw one guest make a souvenir of at least one bottle.

No New Yorker who valued the blue blood which permeated his veins would have for one moment given such a slipshod affair to so many locally important people. Certainly any Fifth Avenue party would have been duller, but you may be sure the host or hostess of the evening would have seen personally that every single detail was top-hole.

True it is that not one in a roomload of Hollywood guests knew, or even so much as cared, what was taking place back of the wings. All had preened their feathers at

T HOLLYWOOD SOCIETY

54
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

shame the turnouts of the dowagers Stuyvesant Fish, O. P. H. Belmont and any number of Astors, Van Rensselaers and Hamilton Fishes. Even architect Whitney Warren must get a chill up the spine and James Gordon Bennett turn in his grave, when hearing how Hollywood puts on the onions in 1937.

Of course it may be simply a case of "too much dough"; or perhaps they're in the first grade of from "shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves"; whatever it is, it's the comparisons that make Hollywood so refreshing. It's like paying your two-bits to sit in the peanut gallery down on Main and Seventh and watch the greatest show on earth (put on by a Cecil DeMille with a Cedric Gibbons and an Adrian costuming them), pass by, and then finding your next-seat neighbor, young Edsel Ford napping the ninety minutes through.

For all I know the particular party this evening may have cost the host fifty grand (in the public press); yet I learned (quite by accident I assure you) that all the domestic help





being asked. All could tell of their individual accomplishments, and boast for weeks to come of being included in the list of invited guests. All could lord it over the rest of Hollywood till the end of the season for having supped and wined with one of the world's best-known mugs.

AT one of those "Do come, I'm giving an itty-bitsy cocktail party," I counted 186 itty-bitsys, fully ninety-five per cent on the abyss. Ingredients had been mixed, diligently or otherwise. Various concoctions had been originated. Guests relaxed in the host's sleeping quarters at all points of the compass. A few had gone to sea, with sad results.

Hollywood had gone Hollywood with a vengeance, when word sped through the crowd that Walter Winchell had just entered the yard. Now, usually, in the best regulated Hollywood quarters, writers, press agents, photographers, and other scavengers keep pretty much to themselves. They're just about as welcome as Santa Claus on the Fourth of July. Winchell is feared more than any man in Hollywood, and respected for that reason. How or why he'd come, no one seemed to know; but the about-face of some of our better known celebrities was quite as remarkable as his appearance at the party.

Down along the broad Fifth Avenue that once housed more millions than the United States Treasury, cocktail parties are, to be sure, given. But they are very well arranged affairs. Every person passing the iron grille is known to the waiting

Howard Hughes, aviator, playboy, producer, who first put Jean Harlow into circulation, plays hands across the continent in this society game too. And Gary Cooper ploughed through the dowager circle and picked himself a peach, Veronica Balfe

servants, and a plain-clothes detective or two is even scattered in the ensemble. Concoctions may be served on Park Avenue; but they have not yet invaded the sanctum of Fifth; and it's doubtful if they ever will. Martinis, Bacardis, Old-fashioneds and whisky-soda are *de rigeur*. Take those or go around the corner to your favorite bar; no one cares, least of all your host.

Men or women who gain the reputation of not being able to hold their drinks are avoided like leprosy. Practically every New York hostess has a little red check beside their names. A few months after they have thus distinguished themselves, the Social Register lops them off its rolls. And it isn't long before they realize they are *de trop* wherever smart people go. They're shunned and shunted about as if their malady were an incurable case of something horrible.

But in Hollywood this sort of person is the life of the party. What Fifth Avenue dislikes stands the Hollywood party boy and girl in good stead. Their every word is dwelt upon. Producers sign them up for fabulous contracts and directors scan them from every angle for possible picture parts.

CHARITY affairs are the strangest parties of all in southern California's play city. You will find yourself seated beside one of the screen's greatest teasers, who will baby talk you to death the rest of the evening. An attendant will ask for your ticket. Certainly your hostess has provided that; but the attendant will assure you she hasn't; and instead of making a scene you'll fork up the ten bucks. But that's only gate money. All the night through you will be stuck for this or that, until the hole burned in your jeans will singe the hair off your leg.

Back in the city of the Statue of Liberty, at least you have your liberty with every charity dinner acceptance you receive. Not a nickel leaves your pocketbook from the time you sit down until they play "Old Lang Syne." It would be considered the height of something or other if any guests forked up so much as the hat-check fee on leaving the restaurant.

Back in 1932 when Franklin Roosevelt was the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, and I was campaigning as advance manager for his political train, I well remember receiving the shock of my life on arrival in Hollywood to find the manner in which Warner Brothers had then contributed to the campaign fund. A certain sum had been written down and affixed to it were the names of the studio executives.

Some weeks later I learned that everyone from plasterers, carpenters and electricians to gatemen, stars and extras had [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]





Sunlight Study
OF
TYRONE POWER

With the happy landing of this lean twenty-three-year-old in "Lloyd's of London" there was a sharp rise in the star market. When not working, he appears to be heavily involved in a romantic triangle with Sonja Henie, skating marvel, and Loretta Young, his sparring partner in "Café Metropole"



Viewed simply as a person, in this first picture ever taken at her home in Bel-Air, Loretta Young is one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood—viewed in the light of her ten years screen experience, the twenty-four-year-old actress has definitely grown in importance this year. She has left her teary sufferings behind and with "Love is News" and "Cafe Metropole" begins a new era in the crazy, whimsical type of comedy done so successfully by Carole Lombard and others. Her next is "Love Under Fire"



A salesgirl, a beauty contest winner in her home town, New Orleans, more recently a radio singer, Dorothy Lamour came to the screen by easy stages. During Paramount's 1936 rally for new faces, she was signed, sewed into an abbreviated Malay costume and given top spot with Ray Milland in "The Jungle Princess" where her unusual charm and thirty-inch long hair (all her own) certainly registered. Currently in "Swing High, Swing Low," her next chore is the feminine lead in Jack Benny's item, "Artists and Models"



Sunlight Study

OF

ROBERT DONAT

When the illness of this suave Britisher threatened the substitution of another leading man for "Knight Without Armor" Dietrich rebelled, insisted on waiting for Donat and got him. Now, RKO, who have him for one picture, are contemplating "Clementina," a Robin Hood story very suitable for dashing Donat

PHOTOPLAY

PROUDLY PRESENTS:

[starting on the following pages]

MOLLY, BLESS HER

Frances Marion is Hollywood's most famous scenario writer, and only woman producer. For many years before she put "lovable Molly" on paper, she lived with the spirit of her in her mind. Her dedication is most revealing. It reads: "In Memory of Marie, bless her!"



by FRANCES MARION

Robert Taylor:
"Have the blues?
Then read 'Molly,
Bless Her.' With-
out being too senti-
mental, it is full of
homely generosity
and gentle humor"



Mary Pickford:
"All through the
book I pictured our
beloved Marie
Dressler in the rôle
of Molly and know
it was her great
spirit that in-
spired the author"



Clark Gable:
"Don't miss read-
ing this book of
laughter and tears"



Norma Shearer:
"'Molly, Bless Her'
is a beautiful
tribute to that won-
derful actress we
all loved, and to
whom the book
is dedicated"



Spencer Tracy:
"This is a book
of real portraits—
gay, human and
entertaining"



Gladys George:
"One of the most
human stories I
have ever read"



THE NOVEL THAT HOLLYWOOD ACCLAIMS

Molly.

BLESS HER

MOLLY DREXEL paused in front of a drug store on Sixth Avenue near Fortieth Street and gazed longingly at a sign in the window, "Ice cold beer, ten cents." It was one of those July days when New York was smothered in a hot sticky blanket of humidity, and Molly, though she rarely felt sorry for herself, decided that it was pretty tough to have to plod along the burning pavements on a midsummer afternoon without even the price of a beer in her shabby purse. As she walked quickly on her way, the thought of little purling streams of beer ran refreshingly through her mind and she saw herself back on her small farm in Connecticut, where she had often rested lazily—cool, comfortable, and independent. But that had been before the depression had closed the doors of the theaters and the banks upon her, and had left her standing out on burning sidewalks such as these on this muggy July day.

Suddenly Molly called a halt to those tugging memories that persisted in luring her back across the years. She reprimanded herself severely and, as she walked down the long hot street, she made plans for her future, all based on the desperate hope that her agent, Sol Rimbél, would be able to secure a part for her in "Gay Blades." She caught a glimpse of herself in a window. There was nothing the matter with her looks, she decided gravely. Others a lot homelier, a lot older still made the grade. Perspiration trickled down her cheek and she stopped to wipe it off. She must keep as calm and cool-looking as possible, to give Sol Rimbél the impression that she still rode in taxicabs. They were shrewd, these ferret-eyed agents, and had little respect for the down-and-outers. She paused for a moment under the awning of a small music shop to carefully re-read Sol Rimbél's letter.

For the last two years, Sol's curt notes had merely said: "Sorry

By **FRANCES MARION**

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ



Here is the warm and human story of a woman, who, when Broadway said her time was



but the part has been filled. Sincerely, Sol." But this letter was different; it contained two paragraphs! The first one explained curtly that he hadn't been able to see Molly for a couple of months, owing to the pressure of work, and the second one described the character rôle in "Gay Blades" which Sol thought Molly had a chance of landing. He had made an appointment for her to be in his office at three o'clock sharp, and had signed the letter, "Cordially, Sol." It was the word "sharp" that gave the appointment an air of importance to Molly. It sounded authoritative, too, as if Sol had made other plans for her.

"Hello, Molly!" A friendly voice startled her out of her preoccupation. "What are you so happy about?"

"Why, Ronnie Burgess! I'll be darned!" Molly fairly enveloped a stocky middle-aged man, and the kiss she gave him was gay and hearty. "I haven't seen you for a coon's age. Where've you been hiding?"

"Hiding's quite the word for it, Molly," he said, with hollow good humor, his grave care-lined face lightened by a smile. "I'm afraid the sheriff will catch up with me!"

As Molly's eyes took note of his shabby suit and his frayed, though clean shirt, she pressed his hand sympathetically. She wanted to say something cheerful, but could find no words that were not colored by a pity that she knew would hurt Ronnie's obstinate pride. An embarrassed silence fell upon them as they stood there, Molly's moist hand still clasped in Ronnie's strong possessive one, their eyes speaking of their great affection for each other. They remembered how, not so long ago, they had stood before the footlights, Molly, awed and touched by the warm hearty applause of her audience, and Ronnie Burgess deeply moved because he had been the playwright instrumental in carrying her success to greater heights.

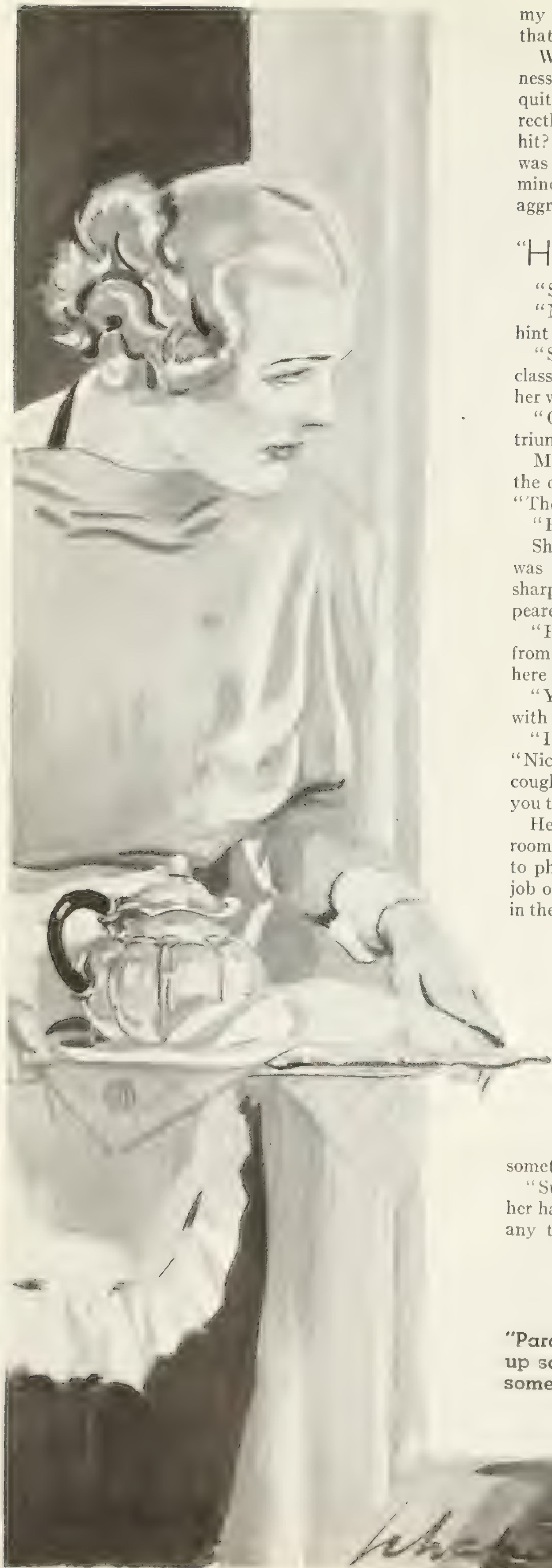
"You're looking well," Ronnie said at last, rather huskily, knowing that their thoughts had met and had traveled together to the past. "Are you keeping up pretty well?"

"Sure, Ronnie, I'm on my way to Sol Rimbels office now. There's a nice little part in 'Gay Blades,' and it looks as if I'm set for it."

"Good, Molly! I wish you all the luck in the world. You'll be on top again! I've always said you would."

He pressed her hand reassuringly and again a warm flow of sympathy and understanding passed between them. "I have a hunch, Molly, that you're all set this time. And you know

"Molly, you old fraud! Think—think hard! Way back in the Weber and Fields days—you couldn't forget—"



my hunches! Good luck to you, and say 'hello' to Sol for me . . . that is, if he remembers me."

When they parted, Molly's feelings were a curious mixture of sadness and expectation. In the past, Ronnie's hunches had been taken quite seriously by the theatrical crowd. Hadn't he prophesied correctly that his play, "Tillie's Bad Dream," would be her greatest hit? And now he had a hunch that her visit to Sol Rimbels office was going to be successful! With this hope drumming high in her mind, she opened the door of Sol Rimbels agency with an air of aggressive confidence.

"HELLO, Morrie!" she cried, gaily, to the office boy, as she rapped his desk with her knuckles. "How's the boy?"

"Swell, Toots. How's the old girl herself?"

"Never felt better. Boss in?" Molly's cheerful voice gave no hint of the unsteady beating of her heart.

"Sure, but he's as busy as a traffic cop. You ought to see the classy smoothie he's got in there! You couldn't pry him away from her with a crowbar!"

"Go in and tell him I'm here," Molly ordered, with a note of triumph. "I've got a date at three. *Three sharp!*"

Morrie leaned back in the swivel chair and slowly put his feet on the desk. "Sorry, Drexel. You're out of luck," he said insolently. "The boss ain't gonna to see nobody until five-thirty."

"He'll see *me*."

She brushed Morrie aside and rapped gently on the door. There was no answer. After finding the door locked, she rapped again, sharply. A moment later Sol Rimbels flushed, glowering face appeared, and he stared at Molly with vague fury.

"Hello, Sol!" She spoke brightly, though the color had fled from her face, leaving only two scarlet patches of rouge. "Well here I am!"

"Yeah? What of it?" Sol Rimbels small black eyes swept her with cruel nonchalance.

"I got your letter, Sol," Molly began, with unnatural restraint. "Nice of you to send it—about the part in 'Gay Blades.'" She coughed sharply to relieve the tension in her throat. "From what you tell me,—"

He cut her short and his thundering voice echoed through the room. "I'll fire that damn stenog! I told her, day before yesterday, to phone you the part was filled. Sure, Molly, you'd done a swell job of it, but they gave it to some dame that's been bowlin' em over in the movies."

Molly gave a little gasp and by painful effort kept back the smarting tears. She rocked unsteadily on her feet for a moment and, as her hands dropped in a gesture of ultimate despair, her shabby purse fell to the polished floor with a startling clatter. Sol jumped as if a shot had been fired and watched, with annoyance, as she leaned down to pick it up. He was on the verge of saying, "Jeez, I got nerves!" but the tragic expression on Molly's face made a small ripple of sympathy sweep over him. As he patted her shoulder, he said, casually: "Don't give up, Molly, I'll land something for you yet."

"Sure. Sure you will." She forced a weak smile and pushed back her hat that had slipped rakishly over one eye. "Just drop me a line any time you want to see me, and I'll come over. So long, Sol."

"Pardon me, Mr. Graham, but you sit up so late every night that I made you some nice hot chocolate. I thought—"

The door clicked and he was gone. For a long frightening moment Molly stared at the closed door as if it were a symbol of her fate.

There was a movement on the bench as bodies simultaneously leaned forward in avid curiosity. Molly withdrew quickly into a hard protective shell of apparent indifference. Not by a darn sight would they see *her* licked!

She hummed as she walked jauntily past the curious onlookers, then smiled and nodded to them at the door leading to the hall. Her humming stopped abruptly when she reached the elevator, and her hand trembled as she touched the bell.

But once outside, she walked unhesitatingly to the street corner and hailed an uptown car. There was a curiously resigned air about her, and when the conductor called Seventy-fourth Street, she got off and walked deliberately until she came to an old brownstone building that bore the sign, "Doyle's Employment Agency."

EVER since they were in their twenties, Molly Drexel and Julia Fayne had been friends, which was odd, considering that their careers on Broadway had been as opposite as the points of a compass. Molly had started as a chorus girl in a burlesque show and successfully capitalized on her sense of humor. Julia had left college to play small rôles in a Shakespearean stock company and from there had risen to fame as a tragedienne.

Now, both forgotten by a fickle public gone movie mad, these two, so oddly unlike, shared a small dark flat on Sixth Avenue, where the noise of the Elevated thundering past reminded them rather sadly of the din of applause that not so long ago had greeted them over the footlights.

Today during Molly's absence Julia had languidly tidied their cluttered flat. She had often grumbled to Molly about the flat, but could get no sympathy, Molly's answer invariably being the same, "I know it's a hole in the wall, Julia, but it's awful cheap, and with the way things are going we're lucky to have a roof over our heads. Besides, I think the big room is real cozy, now we've fixed it up with our own knick-knacks."

"Our own knick-knacks" included an old sewing-machine, a noisy clock, a rocking-chair belonging to Molly's mother, a couch covered with a faded Spanish shawl, several rather nice lamps hooded with ornate shades, and a fish-net studded with champagne corks, which had been tacked on the wall and sagged dangerously over the couch. In the net were dozens of photographs, souvenir dolls of all sizes and varieties, programs, Christmas cards, and bits of odds and ends that were souvenirs of Molly's happy past. Dominating everything in the room were two large lithographed posters, one of Molly in tights and the other of Julia in her famous rôle of Portia.

Julia wondered as she languidly flourished her dust cloth, what was keeping Molly and if she had landed the part in "Gay Blades." It would mean so much to both of them; it might even stand between them and actual starvation!

Afraid to let her mind dwell on such unpleasant thoughts, she walked listlessly about the room, silent and brooding, until she found distraction in studying her reflection in the mirror. Though painfully aware of the fact that

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

"Never mind explanations. Just set it down, Mrs. Bunch. That will be all. Good night."





*Deanna Durbin has found fame and has paid
fame's price—for no little girl can accept an
adult's world at fourteen without heartache*

By KAY PROCTOR

It's Lonely

BEING A CHILD PRODIGY

A FEW weeks ago a little girl stood outside the stage entrance of a Hollywood theater. It was on a Sunday night and a wet rain had pelted down upon her, drenching her in the long minutes she had stood trying to get up courage to knock on that closed door. Finally, poised for flight, she rapped timidly.

Inside the door stood another little girl, the center of admiring attention and flattery. She wore a pretty frock and was accepting compliments with a sweet but shy courtesy.

The doorman opened the door to the knock. The small waiting figure slid from the shadows into the beam of light.

"I would like to see Edna Mae Dur—I mean, Deanna Durbin," she said, hesitantly.

"Are you expected?" the man asked, the routine gruffness in his voice tempered at the sight of the child's obvious timidity.

"Er—a—no," she admitted, "but I think maybe she'll say it's all right. I'm Paula." She was told to wait a moment.

In a flash the door was flung wide. Two little girls ecstatically hugged each other while tears of happiness mingled on their faces.

Thus the paths of Deanna Durbin and Paula Jenkins her

best friend, crossed for the first time in well over a year; Paula, the average little American girl who lives in an unpretentious bungalow in a middle-class part of Los Angeles, and Deanna, the fourteen-year-old sensation of Hollywood, star of "Three Smart Girls," and radio discovery of the year.

"And Mother," Deanna said, in relating the eventful meeting later, "just imagine, Paula said she and the other girls were all so proud of me! Isn't that wonderful?"

Only Mrs. Durbin knew why praise from that humble source meant so much to her suddenly famous daughter. Meant, in all truth, far more than the lavish words and laudation heaped on her by important critics everywhere, knew with a catch in her heart.

DEANNA'S story begins back in 1923. Deanna, christened Edna Mae, then a baby one-year-old, came to Los Angeles with her mother, father, and older sister, Edith. The family home had been in Winnipeg, Canada, where Mr. Durbin was a moderately successful contractor. The boom in Southern California real estate drew them south.

From the day of their arrival [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



No longer a joyous game of tennis with her particular chums after school. Instead—a serious study of music, with Leo-



pold Stokowski, for her next picture and (opposite page) personal appearances with Jimmy Wallington and Eddie Cantor

CAL YORK'S *Gossip* OF HOLLYWOOD

Here is the cream of the screen town's chatter—and Hyman Fink's latest grab shots to amuse you



When Franchot Tone celebrated his birthday on location for "They Gave Him a Gun," those wags Van Dyke and Spencer Tracy gave him a nice shiny bayonet with which to cut his cake



BASIL RATHBONE'S always cast as a villain—and hates it! But he's such a swell villain that his fans seldom think of him otherwise. Here's a story to refute it!

Basil, and his wife Ouida Bergere, have a dear friend of long years' standing. In fact the friendship dates way back to stage days. Recently this friend came upon dark days—and how the two Rathbones are standing by!

First an apartment was rented and furnished. When the day came to take possession they took the woman there and told her it was her home. She entered to find it complete in every detail, rooms in order, draperies and pictures in place, flowers to greet her and dinner ready to be served! Here she lived until recently when a serious operation became necessary. Again this "villain" and his wife entered the scene. Every care has been given their friend and now, while she's convalescing, they're planning a three months' trip to insure complete recovery.

All we can say is, if this be villainy, Basil Rathbone is one grand villain!

AND MORE WHISPERS: Jean Harlow's long anticipated vacation went squash when she discovered she had impacted wisdom teeth—having them removed is classed as a major operation. It'll call for a break in her running-around time with Bill Powell, too. . . The Metro biggies have suddenly gone air-conscious—they had an enormous conference (very secret) with most of the important radio men from the East, and we learned that the stars weren't exactly uninterested. The ether companies pay bigger salaries than the movies, and what with television and everything. . . Russell Gleason says he will marry Cynthia Hobart almost any time now. . . Little Dixie Dunbar, who kinda gets around, has reverted to age and sees somewhat of a college student named Allan Gordon these days. . . Rochelle Hudson, now

Left, the "Three Smart Girls," Deanna Durbin (be sure and read her story on Page 27) Nan Grey and Barbara Read go on the air over KFAC. Below, the make-up man adds that last little touch of glamour to Jane Bryan on the set of "Confession" at Warners



that Tyrone Power is through pretending he isn't in love with Sonja Henie, is flying with Jack Young in his plane—and of course the whisper is that one afternoon they'll keep right on flying, to Yuma. Darryl Zanuck, who makes stars as is stars, thinks he may present tennis champion Helen Wills Moody to you as the latest 20th Century-Fox luminary. . . Mary Carlisle and James Blakeley are back together again, after their tiff, apparently more intent on love than ever. . . Eleanor Powell is a clever girl. Laid up with torn ligaments and forced to hobble around the set of "Broadway Melody" on crutches, she had an idea—and now you will see her in a "crutch dance," which ought to be remarkable enough. . .

VIRGINIA SALE and Sam Wren live on one of the only two ranches in Hollywood proper. It's located in an orange grove near Nichols' Canyon and this is the way Sam directs friends to drive there:

"You just go out Hollywood Boulevard until you come to the NO DUMPING sign and that's where we live!"

And he's literally correct: The sign is a huge one, posted just before you reach the driveway.

THIS month there were two little traffic mix-ups that gave certain contract holders a case of jitters.

Marie Wilson, that lovely little Warners comic, was driving to the studio in the morning, when suddenly another car got in front of her.

She woke up in the hospital surrounded with flowers, but her head injuries kept her there for only a week or so.

The other accident happened when Cupid was at the wheel. Y'see Lyle Talbot and his new wife (she was still Marguerite Cramer then) were zigzagging it to the license bureau so engrossed in each other that the car seemed to drive itself.

When it got tired doing this there was a loud crash



It's still "night after night" with Doug Fairbanks Jr. and Dietrich. Above, at the Brown Derby. He's only twenty-six and look how tired! Below, they are partying at the Clover Club with Dolores del Rio, who is Marlene's bosomest pal. When the blonde "angel" (look at those delicious hats) steps out with anyone else, Doug stags it and wanders in later



Below, Betty Furness and Johnny Green, the orchestra leader on Fred Astaire's radio program, at the Vendome. This is a new romance—they ate all their dinner holding hands! At the right, enjoying the fun at the Troc, are Constance Worth, Australian actress, and George Brent. This duet's going strong





Mr. Powell decides what to drink. We fear his gleeful inebriation in "After the Thin Man" put ideas into his head!



Two on a match—and a very happy match it is. Frances Farmer and her tall husband, Leif Erikson, sup at the Vendome

But love triumphed. Lyle backed his car away, picked up the strewn fenders, kicked aside the glass, and helped the other fellow lift his motor out of the gutter—and on went the happy couple.

THE day was sunny, the sky clear, but Jeanette MacDonald, enroute to Palm Springs with friends, saw little sunshine. At the last moment her fiancé, Gene Raymond, had phoned that a call from the

studio would prevent his joining the party.

About fifty miles from town the car in which she was riding slowed down and suddenly a man, hat pulled low over his eyes, jumped to the running board.

"Madam," he yelled, "could I interest you in some of the world's finest toothpaste?" Then, in the next breath, "Or how would you like to be kidnaped?"

With which, the sudden young man grabbed Jeanette and shrieking with laughter, they ran to his roadster.

Yep, it was Gene, pulling another fast one! They do have more fun, those two.

VICTOR MCLAGLEN does love a uniform—and for the picture, "Wee Willie Winkie," he has to wear one all the time.

On one afternoon he was walking around the set, looking very military and with his chest stuck out inches before him.

Shirley Temple came up and stared at him ingenuously. Then she said, "Have you got a cushion behind your coat?"



Norma Shearer makes one of her rare public appearances with J. Robert Rubin, Vice President of M-G-M, at the preview of "Swing High, Swing Low," Carole Lombard's new picture

FANCY the embarrassment of Olivia de Havilland and Beverly Roberts who were unexpectedly called upon to play the rôles of semi-Lady Godivas.

It happened when the two set out for a horseback ride early one morning across the desert sands near Palm Springs.





Below, when you read this, Melvin Purvis, the G-man who caught Dillinger, and Janice Jarrett, famed Chesterfield cigarette model, will be married. Purvis practices law in San Francisco, but they are at the Grove here. Goldwyn is trying to lure Purvis into pictures



John Cromwell, Freddie March and his wife at the meeting at the Vendome to discuss the Spanish War. (They decided they weren't for it at all!)

The breezes were blowing gently, the sun shining pleasantly and Olivia and Beverly were enjoying their canter immensely.

"It's warm," Beverly said, "let's take off our shirts and tie them to the saddle. Away out here no one will see us."

Before a scampering lizard could blink twice, both girls had yanked off their shirts. Only Olivia lost hers. Halfway back to town she discovered it had fluttered away from her saddle where she had tied it.

Can you picture gentle little Olivia astride a horse and no shirt? Of course you can but Olivia couldn't. She was horrified.

It was Beverly who solved the problem. She promptly tore her own shirt in two and with half a shirt draped about each of them the girls sneaked back to Palm Springs.

WITH all the rumors and rumors—Here's the real low-down on Clara Bow! She IS in Hollywood. She IS reading stories—with the idea of

making a picture. But she'll make it ONLY if she finds a dramatic rôle which she feels is definitely suitable to her talents—

And, she states with absolute finality, that never, NEVER will she be an IT girl again.

Here's luck, Clara!

NEWEST FLASH FROM LONDON: Edna Best, wife of Herbert Marshall, is preparing to return to Hollywood very shortly.

BACK in the silent era, Betty Compson, the star, and James Cruze, the director, fell deeply in love and married. In Hollywood, they still talk of those Sunday parties that Jim and Betty gave.

Betty eventually grew tired of the open-house parties and left Cruze. Talkies came and Betty made a short comeback; then she married again and left the screen.

Cruze went down and stayed there.

Today Betty, divorced again, is taking a girl's baseball team out on the road. Cruze lives in a room in the servant quarters of his home. That's fame!

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Opposite page, the younger set goes to the preview of "Captains Courageous." From left to right, Mickey Rooney (who plays in the picture), Jackie Cooper, Judy Garland, Johnny Downs, Joyce Coad, Freddie Bartholomew, Baby Peggy Montgomery (remember her? She's eighteen now), Mickey Daniels and Wesley Barry. Freddie Bartholomew thought he was so good in the film he made his Aunt Cissy raise his allowance from five cents to ten cents a day—everybody agreed with him



Here's a real grab shot taken up at Sun Valley, Idaho, newest playground of filmmites and socialites. "Sonja" Colbert as cute as pie in her skating togs cuts a fine figure for Melvyn Douglas

Shirley

MAKES A SISSY OUT OF "WEE WILLIE WINKIE"



Left: "Miss" Winkie, safe in the arms of valiant Sergeant McLaglen, watches the elephant's paces. In "Wee Willie Winkie," for the first time, Shirley will have a beau — eleven-year-old Douglas Scott (right) who's just three years the lady's senior. Her three leading men, Cesar Romero, Michael Whalen and Victor McLaglen all top six feet—and that's quite an item for a lassie who's just four feet tall! Above: Shirley is measured for a close-up to be sure that those dimples are in just the right position

According to Hoyle—and Kipling, the original Wee Willie Winkie was a boy, but Fox changed his sex to accommodate Miss Temple in her latest picture. Left: Wee Willie goes a'journeying with "mother" June Lang, engulfed in skirts. But don't be fooled—beneath that female finery beats a warrior's heart. At bottom: Shirley, hard at work, tries to absorb directions, while Director John Ford stands in the background



*Answering all your questions about
the razzle-dazzle city—where to go,
what to see both night and day, and—
most important—how much it will
lighten the well-known pocketbook*

By KIRTLLEY BASKETTE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK REESER



Tips

ON THAT TRIP TO

SO you're coming to Hollywood this summer! And why not? Happy days are here again, and I don't mean the Democratic national anthem. The studios are booming. The night spots are gay. The restaurants are jammed; the Boulevard sparkles like a Coronation necklace. Everybody's in town—Gable, Garbo, Dietrich, Madame Cluck—everybody. Stars—why, the Milky Way's gone out of business—too much competition!

And now the object of this little paper is to tell you about your visit. How, why, where, what, when and yes, indeed—how much!

Well, first of all, you have to get here. And unless Buck Rogers brings his propeller ray down from Jupiter or Mars or wherever he was last Sunday (see Junior) that means a train, plane, bus, boat or the family heap.

If you live in the East, around New York, Boston, Philadelphia, you can make the round trip by rail anywhere from \$90 (coach) to \$185 (first class, including Pullman), depending on your tastes in travel. If you're in the Midwest, around Chicago, \$60 to \$120 will do it. It's a four day trip, three on a

premium train, from the East; a day shorter from Chicago, so there's an item of meals. But these days all trains have dining car menus with breakfasts from two-bits and dinners from sixty-five cents.

The bus lowers the round trip ante to around \$70 (East) and \$50 (Midwest) and adds a half a day to both journeys. A plane will wing you out in sixteen hours and back in the same time for \$288 (New York) and from Chicago in twelve hours for a round trip fee of \$207. Or you can churn leisurely around through the canal from New York for as low as \$187.50, everything included except tips. In your own crate, of course, it all depends on you. It's 3,100 miles from New York, 2,300 from Chicago, 1,350 from Denver, and the roads are as smooth as George Raft's hair. The average tourist bowls along at 350 miles a day.

In any event, before you start, you'll have to pack. Jam in plenty of sports things. Hollywood takes on the sports touch more completely in the summer than any place you've ever run into. I don't mean to leave your evening clothes at home. However, if you're a mere male, you'll be relieved to know, per-



Hollywood Boulevard sparkles like a Coronation necklace. One of its gems is Grauman's Chinese Theater (above). The star-filled Brown Derby Restaurant is a good place to gape while you gulp. And truckin' at the Troc (bottom of page) is a habit you'll love. Here the stars feel at home and act accordingly



HOLLYWOOD

haps, that there is no place in town where dressing is *de rigueur*. A dinner jacket will come in handy, but even that isn't strictly necessary.

Here is one *must*—don't forget to include a warmish wrap. Male or female, you'll need it. Don't let the palms in the magazine ads fool you; California isn't tropical, it's semi-tropical, and what difference a few degrees make! Also it's near the sea; nights are cool and often damp.

If your wardrobe is a little run down and anemic, it might be a good idea to wait and shop in Hollywood. Here's the new, white, *Rue de la Paix*-ish Sunset Strip, or Bullocks-Wilshire, Magnin's Hollywood Boulevard, and the trim little Westwood shopping district. Men shouldn't skip Oviatt's in the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel building or Knox and Schafer's next door to the Trocadero for what the well-dressed screen star is wearing.

NOW about where to stop. For a big, transient city and tourist center, the Hollywood-Los Angeles-Beverly Hills area lets you down very easily for hotel accommodations. Better write for reservations [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



AS soon as spring comes the call of the wild gets Clark Gable. Then he must be up and away, hitting the trail that leads through the blue canyons out beyond the beyond. That's the way it was this time.

"Parnell" was finished. He'd have a few weeks off, subject to possible retakes or added scenes. So Clark answered the urge to be up and away.

He knew where he'd go—back to that unmapped wilderness of towering peaks and sheer chasms that lies north of the Grand Canyon in Arizona. That's been his favorite hunting ground for the past six years. He'd go after mountain lions, and he'd bring one back alive!

"Captain Jack" Butler, his guide on many an expedition, had been holed in at Kanab for the winter, with his hounds and pack horses. He was ready any time Clark was. Ted Tetrick, of the wardrobe department at Metro, wanted to go along so Clark and Ted tossed their duffel into the station wagon and started for the rendezvous at Kanab.

You'd have had a hard time recognizing Clark when he strode down the main street of the little Mormon village of Kanab, nestled under the Vermilion Cliffs that rise majestically against the sky. With the broad-brimmed hat, leather shirt and pants, and the heavy sideburns he wears in "Par-

Below: Clark in camp in an Arizona canyon—his favorite hunting ground for the past six years. He got up every day at five o'clock to keep his word to "bring one back alive"

Gable

ANSWERS THE CALL OF THE WILD

*"He-man" Clark
hits the lion's trail
—with a camera!*

By FRANK SMALL

nell" (the studio told him not to cut them off, just in case of retakes) Clark might have stepped from the pages of a Zane Grey novel.

Just over the Utah border in Arizona, tucked away in a canyon, is the village of Fredonia, where a generation ago the tall young Mormon men used to come riding by night to visit their hidden wives. For a stranger to enter this forbidden valley was to invite a welcome of hot lead from the guards. But all that is gone now, and Fredonia is hospitable to the travelers who are passing through there on the way to the Kaibab national forest.

Jack Butler had everything ready when they reached Kanab. They would pick up the camp equipment and horses when they passed Summit Valley.

"Plenty of mountain lions around," he told Clark. "There ought to be good hunting."

Where the road ends they left the station wagon and slung the tents on the pack horses. When they made camp in the shadow of Saddle Mountain, below the snow line, Clark had left civilization behind. It was good

to smell the wind off from far peaks, the tang of pine chips as
[PLEASE TURN TO
PAGE 96]

Clark "figured" this amiable baby would make a nice pet for Lombard. Carole had other ideas, so if YOU want a live lion, just write to Gable





It took one of her own sex, Dorothy Arzner, Hollywood's only woman director, to bring out the superb acting ability of Rosalind Russell. Her shrewish, calculating "Craig's Wife" was a personal triumph for this one-time Waterbury, Connecticut, debutante who now is to be seen in the highly dramatic "Night Must Fall" playing opposite Bob Montgomery

AT THE RATHBONES'

BRIDE and GROOM PARTY

CANDID CAMERA SHOTS BY HYMAN FINK



The judges for the best costume at the party, given at the Victor Hugo, were all men, except Dietrich who was included because of her getup. Beside her above, Cole Porter, Arthur Hornblow, Eddie Robinson, and Jean Hersholt

Dressed as a romantic couple of yesterday are a bride and groom of tomorrow—Jeanette MacDonald and Geno Raymond as Romeo and Juliet.



At the top, the host and hostess, Basil and Ouida, celebrating their 11th wedding anniversary. They are dressed as Emperor Franz Joseph and Elizabeth

Among the four hundred merrymakers were all the social and film celebrities. Here are Kay Francis and her devoted swain, Delmar Daves, dressed as Russians

Right, opposite page—Freddie and Florence March as Tarzan and his mate won first prize for best costumes; Loretta Young, first prize as the most beautiful girl

Among the dancers
ill dawn were those
honeymooners Mary
Astor and Manuel
del Campo, the latter
appropriately Span-
ish, but Mary looks a
wee bit Slavic to us!

Everybody roared at
everybody else. Far
right, Arthur Horn-
blow and Myrna Loy,
who will soon cele-
brate their first wed-
ding anniversary,
watch Freddie shiver

Thousands of huge
white Easter lilies
banked the rooms.
Enjoying the dinner
are Mrs. Jean Her-
sholt, her Viking
spouse and Mrs. Ed-
die Robinson as Jose-
phine — Eddie was
Napoleon of course



Maybe this marriage business is contagious. David Niven brought Virginia Bruce. An omen? So closes the best party of the year!



A year ago known only to radio audiences for his beautiful voice, personable Don Ameche (born Dominick Felix in Kenosha, Wisconsin) had made one of the flashiest plunges into screen fame of any newcomer. A discovery of Zanuck his first picture was "Sins of Man," his sixth and latest "Titty Roads to Town" in which he gets a crack at some real singing



Joan Blondell's boisterous, good-humored, wise-cracking ways are not entirely assumed for the screen. She is definitely a "good fellow." But she can be devastating in other ways. Her rôle as the femme fatale in "The King and the Chorus Girl," with Fernand Gravet, brought her offers to star on the French stage, but Warners want her here for "Angle Shooter"

Here you see that fighting Irishman, Pat O'Brien (of the Milwaukee O'Briens) in a new light—as one of Hollywood's happiest fathers—with his two adopted children, Mavourneen, age four, and Pat Jr., age one. The baby is already registered at Notre Dame where it is hoped he will be as fine a quarterback as his papa was at Marquette. Pat's newest picture is "San Quentin"





Little and luscious, especially in this pose, "Livvy" de Havilland is lucky too. Since her debut two years ago she has been consistently in the arms of such idols as Freddie March and Errol Flynn and is now to appear in "A Gentleman After Midnight" with Leslie (Hamlet) Howard. Strangely, one seldom hears of Olivia in an off-screen romance. Is she just smart, or has she a secret sorrow?



A fine sailor, as well as a fine singer, Allan Jones takes his recreation on his schooner Alrene (a combination of his name and his wife's, Irene Hervey). He's part of the Marx' crazy quilt for the second time in "A Day at the Races" after which the handsome young tenor realizes a big ambition—he will be teamed with Jeanette MacDonald in "The Firefly"

On the Air

IN HOLLYWOOD

By JIM NEWTON



WHERE is all this going to end? Will they be giving Radio City back to the Indians next year? This month's flash is about three more new Hollywood programs which are causing big buzzes around town. None is set yet, but they're all on the fire, and here they are:

One, a big variety air show built around Ginger Rogers, who can do a whole lot of things to make you stop and listen. Two, a new radio laugh program co-starring that old movie combination, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. And three, Groucho, Harpo and Chico Marx going crazy from Coast-to-Coast. The deals are hot.

That won't leave many stars around that radio hasn't stolen right from under the noses of the studios. About the only big-time Hollywood holdouts are Mae West, Shirley Temple, Janet Gaynor and, of course, that Garbo gal. We

Gail Patrick and husband Bob Cobb were the first to get one of the roses sent to Grace Moore when she and Cary Grant aired "Madame Butterfly" for Lux. Afterwards Grace used those roses well. Above: Judy Garland, a high spot of Oakie College

don't know about Janet, but Mae, Shirley or Greta could have a program tomorrow if they'd only say the word. But they won't. They don't want to.

Why? Income tax is as good an excuse as any. They'd

be working for nothing, like Bing Crosby.

And how do they stave off persistent sponsors? Well, Greta just keeps a zipper on her lip as usual, and Mae and Shirley stick up a price so high that no one can touch it and come out on top. We understand little Princess Temple quotes \$20,000 a trip.

Is that smart? Wouldn't it be smarter for Shirley to start building up a radio following now so that when that day comes—not so far away either—when she's too big to be cute on celluloid, she'll have something pretty nice in the way of a radio program to step into? Oh well, it's none of our business.

The Freddy Marches and Bart Marshall buzzed around star Dietrich at DeMille's Lux airing of "Desire." The audience on tap to see Marlene perform that night was so large it looked just like a Hollywood clambake



Just the same, contrast the holdout attitude with what Grace Moore told us last month when she was rehearsing "Madame Butterfly" for the Lux Radio Theater.

"My voice," Grace said, "was given to me. I think I ought to share it with the greatest possible number of people, don't you?" We did.

The new contract for the Nash program arrived to be signed by Grace just an hour before she went on the air.

Grace never looked lovelier than that night we saw her at the mike. The gentleman she was singing to, was of course, her hubby, Valentin Parera, backstage. We've seen a lot of jittery gents around radio studios, but Mr. Parera can hold his own in any company. He walked a good twenty miles the afternoon of the broadcast.

Grace tried to make him think she was nervous, too. "See," she said, putting his fingers to her throat, "feel my heart pound?" Of course it might have been Cary Grant that caused it all. The audience had a few titters when Cary got pretty realistic in his love scenes, even if he did have to reach clear around the mike to go into action.

That night Grace Moore drew the biggest sidewalk crowd ever to jam around the Hollywood Music Box, where Lux broadcasts are staged. It looked like a sure riot when she left after the show, but Grace had a card up her sleeve. Clutching a tremendous bouquet of roses that had come right after the show, she waded through the crowd handing out flowers right and left for souvenirs. Nobody thought to ask for an autograph in the scramble for posies. It's an idea for stars who worry about autograph hounds. Dish out flowers or candy or peanuts or something and stall off writer's cramp.

Marlene Dietrich's return trip to the Radio Theater—she opened it with Clark Gable, remember—had a surprise in the way Die Dietrich let down her hair and enjoyed herself. There's something about a radio rehearsal that knocks dignity for a loop. Marlene is no stuffed shirt, but she has always possessed a cool, impenetrable calmness. Well, Dietrich plopped right down on the floor with her script, grinned around at the technician and had a big time.

If you heard her in "Desire," you'll remember the Paris taxi horns. The first time the sound effect booth tooted it

sounded like a rooster with laryngitis and this tickled Marlene's funny bone. She couldn't go on with rehearsal until she'd had herself a good whooping laugh. And have you ever heard Dietrich let loose and laugh?

Doug, Jr. was around, of course, coming over from Bing Crosby's Kraft Music Hall where he guested—his first airing since his return—to make it an all-radio twosome. Herbert Marshall, too, who is getting to be a steady customer at the Theater, seemed more than casually impressed with Marlene's beauty.

Dietrich was as curious about the crowd who packed the place to see her in action, as they were about her. While the house was filling she found a pinhole in the curtain and peeked at the people until almost time for the red light.

Dietrich's performance drew an audience that looked like a Hollywood clambake. Ernst Lubitsch, who'll direct her next in "Angel," watched every move she made. He postponed the starting of the picture a week so Marlene could broadcast.

FREDDIE MARCH and Florence Eldridge were among the several stars who showed up at the show. Florence admitted it was the first broadcast she'd ever seen. It was about time she went, too, because she and Freddie were booked for the next week in "Death Takes a Holiday."

Freddie turned out to be one of those handy men around the house at rehearsal for that show. If you were tuned in (and who isn't on Monday night?) you're bound to recall that extra eerie sound of "Death's" voice—very spiritual and goose-pimply. Credit that to old fixer Fred. He spent all one afternoon trying out megaphones and mike filters and all kinds of gadgets to get a spooky tone, but he couldn't satisfy his wife, who sat up in the control booth and kibitzed on Freddie's efforts.

Guess what finally tossed his words satisfactorily to the other world—a Mexican gourd! He found one at home that he'd picked up down on Olvera Street somewhere, cut off the end, and talked into it with a very beautiful ghost-like effect. It was something of a shock to the audience to see Freddie dive for the gourd and apparently [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

*Stop
that
Camera*



WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CRANK STOPS TURNING



Catch 'em off guard and this (on the set of "Woman Chases Man") is how they look. Top, Ella Logan looks for new nails to nibble as Joel McCrea, cheered by Miriam Hopkins, takes the round from Broderick Crawford. Will you look (above) at Miriam's old fur bedroom slippers! To keep faces from falling, the stars wear them when they won't show



BY
GORDON PALMER



THEY DISCOVERED FRIENDSHIP THROUGH HEARTBREAK

It was late the following afternoon when Anne Nagel found herself alone for the first time. Sitting before a fire, long since gone out, she faced that first terrifying alone-ness. And her solitude was only intensified by the memory of feverish activity of newspaper reporters, cameramen, policemen, doctors and crowds that had pervaded this same front room of the modest little ranch house she and her husband, Ross Alexander, had occupied together. Together, until just a few short hours ago. Or was it an eternity?

Absolutely alone. Ross killed by his own hand. Even the reporters and the noisy cameramen and detectives, whose blustering presence had made her want to scream for privacy just a moment or so before, were gone. She had wanted them to go. Had asked them to go—all of them. But she hadn't realized what it would be like to be all by herself. The very stillness was smothering her. The tick of the grandfather clock invaded her tortured mind like a machine gun to vie with her anguished thoughts. Questions stumbled through her mind in never-ending confusion—stopping only to ask, not waiting for an answer. She must pull herself together. The insistent *why* was driving her to the brink of despair. She was afraid, deserted, desperate.

Suddenly the stillness of the room was broken by a tap on the door. Then, before she could muster the strength to stand, the door opened.

A voice, full of understanding and rare sympathy spoke.

"I didn't know whether or not you wanted me, but here I am."

The voice was unmistakable. It was Glenda Farrell's. With a sob of gratitude, Anne rushed to her protecting arms. All she could say, every word she could manage, was: "Oh! I *knew* you'd come, I *knew* you'd come!"

THAT, then, is the account of what Hollywood chooses to call "the beginning of the strange and inspiring friendship between Anne Nagel and Glenda Farrell . . ." And Hollywood is right in calling this friendship "inspiring." Knowing its true development, I think it may be called one of the greatest friendships ever found in Hollywood. Perhaps one is right in calling it "strange"—though I feel that is merely a thoughtless reaction to Glenda Farrell's outward show of brusque heartiness and hail-fellow-well-met. And of all those who might have come to Anne that afternoon, Glenda was the last person Anne might have expected.

For that afternoon saw not the beginning but the rebirth of a friendship—and the fact that Glenda should say: "I don't know whether or not you want me, but here I am," is a story-behind-a-story.

To say that Anne and Glenda have been friends for almost three and a half years isn't quite true. It is better to say they have been friends for three years—and almost friends for three months. Because, although they have been close com-



It was Glenda who came to the rescue that terrifying night Ross Alexander committed suicide and left Anne a young widow. When Glenda lost the one she loved best she went to Anne for comfort

*In life's most desperate
moments Glenda Farrell
and Anne Nagel have been
an inspiration to each other*

panions for three years and Glenda was the person who introduced Anne to Ross Alexander, it was Anne's marriage to Ross which separated them.

"It was the day before Glenda's birthday," said Anne as we drove slowly through the valley where their ranch is located. "She had asked me to come to a party. Just a moment later, she called back to tell me that Ross Alexander would stop by and pick me up. And, although we had been working in the same picture for two days, that was our first real introduction. We had a marvelous time—yet I think that was just about the last time the three of us were ever together."

Anne doesn't talk of the reason. But I think I can explain so that you can understand why I say that Anne and Glenda were "almost friends" for three months.

Marriage, to Ross Alexander, was a solitary sort of business. It was for two people to share, not for many people to mar. He wanted nothing more than Anne's close companionship. Dinner-for-two was his idea of heaven. A game of ping-pong, a long talk before the fire, reading a good book aloud and a few other two-way bits of entertainment were not only all he wanted—they were all he would tolerate. Not only did he refuse all invitations but he extended none.

It is so easy to understand, knowing Ross, why Anne found it too difficult to explain her new way of living to Glenda. Rather than meet her but rarely—rather than attempt to show Glenda the real reason why they seldom could see one another

—she decided to follow Ross' dictates and hope that her friend would understand. Of course, that was a lot to hope for. After all, these two girls had been together on an average of twice a week for three years. Quiet little dinners and gay parties given for one another and little vacation trips and shopping tours had been the regular thing with them. Now, to expect such a friendship to break off abruptly, without so much as an explanation, was painful on Anne's part and bewildering to Glenda.

BUT for these few months in which Anne and Ross were married, Glenda was shut out. Anne, reluctant to explain; Glenda too hurt to inquire. All during that time there was never so much as a telephone call, a message . . . until that terrifying Saturday night, just four months after Anne and Ross were married, when he followed his previous wife in suicide. Glenda was in Palm Springs when she first got the news of the tragedy.

She hurried back to Hollywood. But by reason of traffic delays, she did not arrive until about an hour after the awesome commotion had died away—until the last, unbidden stranger had left Anne alone with her sorrow. And now, knowing the truth behind those few months when friendship was allowed to lapse, you can realize what was in Glenda's mind when she stood at the open door of Anne's ranch house and said: "I don't know whether or not you want me, but here I am." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



★ WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG—Universal

A DASHING love story built around the Cinderella theme of the ugly duckling who becomes a sensational beauty. Virginia Bruce proves herself an actress of rare spirit as the small town wallflower spurned by William Tannen, high school Romeo. Discouraged because her hero ignores her, Virginia sets out for New York to become a singer. Falling in with a publicity stunt engineered by Kent Taylor, theatrical press agent, our heroine lands in a Broadway show and becomes an overnight sensation. Despite her success, Virginia's affections still remain with her youthful idol and only after a trip back home does she discover where her heart really lies. Hal Mohr, who makes his directorial bow with this picture, has cleverly introduced the tuneful songs which Virginia sings delightfully. The tempo throughout is gay, the pace speedy and the fade-out riotously funny.



★ INTERNES CAN'T TAKE MONEY—Paramount

HERE is tense melodrama of clinic and barroom, with Joel McCrea in the sacrificial white of the interne and Barbara Stanwyck as the woman with a quest. Sordid in places, but built on a story of idealism and mother love, the picture rises to a powerful climax that you will long remember.

It is an involved tale of a woman, once the wife of a bank robber, who seeks her lost child. Stanley Ridges, who knows where the baby is, wants \$1,000 or Barbara; and when McCrea refuses to give her the money she takes the other course. Eventually Ridges is shot, comes to Joel for an operation and the dénouement crashes through with pathos and to an exciting tempo.

McCrea handles with empathy and finesse the difficult rôle given him, and Barbara Stanwyck is convincingly a desperate woman. Each character performance is a minor gem.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS—M-G-M

WITH great simplicity and dignity, Kipling's classic story of a boy and men at sea comes to the screen as one of the best pictures of these times. It is a powerful, moving tale portrayed with understanding by a cast whose individual performances are positively brilliant. It is a portrait in glowing emotions, of a folk and their destiny, of a child who finds himself.

Freddie Bartholomew, as the rich man's brat-like son, does the finest piece of sustained acting of his short career. Over-indulged by his busy father, Freddie cheats and lies until the private school he attends expels him. Then, on his way to Europe, he falls from the liner and is rescued by fishermen. On their boat, working and watching, he lives for three months, during which period his personality is translated to rich understanding and warmth. This transition is accomplished through the efforts of a simple, forthright Portuguese fisherman, Spencer Tracy, whose uncomplicated philosophy and vitality in living set the boy an incomparable example.

In this difficult rôle, Tracy does masterful work. He realizes not only the outward character but the rôle's spiritual implications. Lionel Barrymore, as the sea captain, turns in a characteristic, fine portrayal. Melvyn Douglas, the father, is outstanding. Direction is capable; photography, especially of the sea episodes, is unsurpassed. For a great emotional experience, and for sheer entertainment, see this.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS	ELEPHANT BOY
THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER	SEVENTH HEAVEN
WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG	
ANOTHER DAWN	INTERNES CAN'T TAKE MONEY
WAKE UP AND LIVE	WAIKIKI WEDDING
	SHALL WE DANCE?

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Virginia Bruce in "When Love Is Young"
 Kent Taylor in "When Love Is Young"
 Freddie Bartholomew in "Captains Courageous"
 Lionel Barrymore in "Captains Courageous"
 Spencer Tracy in "Captains Courageous"
 Bing Crosby in "Waikiki Wedding"
 Bob Burns in "Waikiki Wedding"
 Martha Raye in "Waikiki Wedding"
 Jack Haley in "Wake Up and Live"
 Fred Astaire in "Shall We Dance?"
 Ginger Rogers in "Shall We Dance?"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 115)



★ SHALL WE DANCE?—RKO-Radio

EVEN if the "world's best hoofer," Fred Astaire, and meteor-like Ginger Rogers didn't dance in their latest co-starring picture, this bubbling fast-moving comedy with Gershwin music, original ideas, stunning sets and excellent story would be a picture to set the 1938 fashion in musical films. Add to these delightful ingredients, Fred Astaire in ballet as well as in several lively tap numbers; Fred in two rhythmic dance routines besides skating in swingtime with Ginger; then Fred and Harriet Hctor in a dance together, and you have the best Astaire-Rogers picture since "Gay Divorcee."

Edward Everett Horton, funny as ever, is a ballet owner disappointed because he finds his leading dancer *Petroff* (Astaire) has fallen in love with *Linda Keane* (Ginger Rogers), the musical comedy star, and refuses to leave Paris in spite of the fact that he is to dance soon at the Metropolitan in New York. *Petroff* overhears *Linda* telling her manager that, tired of amorous leading men, she is going to return to America to marry *Jim Montgomery*, her Park Avenue beau, so *Petroff*, who is really *Peter Peters* of Philadelphia, foxily decides to sail on the same boat.

Ketti Gallian, as *Lady Tarrington*, an ex-ballerina, wants to dance with *Petroff* again, but to get rid of her Horton tells her *Pete* is married to *Linda*.

You'll love the ludicrous and romantic situations that follow. The songs are delightful; the whole thing is *de luxe*.



★ WAKE UP AND LIVE—20th Century-Fox

THE most famous phoney feud in newspaperdom that of Winchell and Ben Bernie, hits the screen in swingtime. Produced with pizaaz by Darryl Zanuck, it provides the smoothest blend of drama and nonsense.

By way of introducing Winchell and Bernie, Zanuck has surrounded them with Alice Faye, Jack Haley, Patsy Kelly, Walter Catlett, and Ned Sparks, experienced farceurs all wise in the way of musical comedy. The songs will all be hits.

The plot has Jack Haley who yearns to sing, but has mike fright. There's a girl on the air, Alice Faye, preaching "Wake Up and Live" pep stuff. Boy meets girl. Winchell and Bernie, both playing themselves, mix in the affair. The way it works out will panic you. Winchell is original and appealing; Bernie and all the lads are fine; the old familiars are swell. We are keen for it. You will be too.



★ THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER—Warners

AS an excuse for filming a Coronation ceremony while current interest in things British and Royal is still high, Warners bring you Mark Twain's sly tale of adventure and pathos. It is made excellent entertainment by Errol Flynn's unstilted manner, and the infectious charm of the Mauch twins.

This is the story of a Prince, son of Henry VIII, who plays a game with a beggar boy. They change clothes; the royal child is thrown from the castle, the gutter snipe remains to assume his place. While Claude Rains, decadent nobleman, uses the bewildered pauper as a pawn, the Prince fares badly at the hands of thieves, and in the process learns much about his empire. Flynn, soldier of fortune, befriends him. The utterly mad, completely satisfactory climax will amuse you.

Flynn raises each of his too few scenes to telling worth. The Mauchs, Montagu Love, Rains are all excellent.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES BY PHOTOPLAY STANDARDS

**SAN
QUENTIN—**
Warners



LIEUTENANT Pat O'Brien introduces the Army's program of character building at San Quentin prison. His star pupil is convict Humphrey Bogart, brother of pretty Ann Sheridan, O'Brien's sweetheart. Complications include a "sit-down" strike by the prisoners, an escape from the road gang, fast chases and much shooting. Well-acted, enjoyable melodrama.

**SING WHILE
YOU'RE ABLE**
—Melody



HILLBILLY Pinky Tomlin capers mildly in this tepid story of yokel boy makes good. Lured to the city on promise of radio work, Pinky is attacked by thugs and as a result, loses his singing voice. Befriended by Toby Wing, Pinky regains his voice and makes the villains sorry for their dirty work. Songs are only fair and the production throughout is dull.

**RACKETEERS
IN EXILE—**
Columbia



GEORGE BANCROFT'S sterling performance, as the racketeer and evangelist who finally reforms himself, raises this family program to high entertainment. Evelyn Venable does nicely as the small-town organist in love with Bancroft. Wynne Gibson's gang-girl rôle is expertly done. The whole cast is highly satisfactory.

**WE HAVE
OUR
MOMENTS**
—Universal



LIGHT as a feather is this breezy version of cops and robbers aboard a liner, Europe bound. The stateroom of Sally Eilers, small town school teacher, is used as a hiding place for money stolen by notorious swindlers. Detective James Dunn discovers the scheme in time to save Sally embarrassment. Mischa Auer, as a French sleuth is a panic.

**BILL CRACKS
DOWN—**
Republic



ROUGH and ready action in a steel mill background. Grant Withers, in charge of the mill until the owner's son has spent a year on the job, neglects his sweetheart for work, with the usual trite outcome. Beatrice Roberts, Judith Allen, Ranny Weeks, Pierre Watkin and Robert Williams try hard. The picture stays dull despite everyone's efforts.

**CALIFORNIA
STRAIGHT
AHEAD—**
Universal



AN unbelievable slice of hokum dealing with a coast-to-coast race between a freight train and a fleet of trucks. The object of the race is a million-dollar contract with a shipping company for the winner. Mountain snow scenes add the only spice to the plot. Performances of John Wayne, Louise Latimer. Robert McWade rise above the weak material.

AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



☆
**ELEPHANT
BOY**—London
Films-United
Artists

DIRECTOR Robert Flaherty (he of "Nanook of the North," "Moana," etc.) has turned out a photographic masterpiece. With a background of jungle and Oriental magnificence he tells simply of a little native boy's friendship and adventures with the largest elephant in existence. The story is based on Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants." Don't miss it



JIM HANVEY
—DETECTIVE
—Republic

GUY KIBBEE turns detective in this mildly amusing comedy-mystery. He interrupts his mania for rabbit hunting long enough to aid young lovers Lucie Kaye and Tom Brown, by unraveling an emerald necklace theft, and solving the murder of a butler. Edward Brophy and Edward Gargan are good as petty crooks



**SONG OF THE
CITY**—M-G-M

COMPLICATED story of a young man who gives up an heiress because of her money and a fisherman's daughter because of her career. There are several rescues, a little nice music, and the bay background is authentically reproduced. Margaret Lindsay, Jeffrey Dean, J. Carroll Naish and Nat Pendleton are the principals. Weak fare.



**PERSONAL
PROPERTY**—
M-G-M

SLOW at first, but with gaining pace, this is rollicking burlesque with Jean Harlow as a penniless widow and Robert Taylor as a playboy bill collector. He gets into her house as a deputy, discovers she is to marry his brother, Reginald Owen, and sets out to right matters. It's a bit risqué, frankly romantic, and the whole cast is good. Go




**THAT MAN'S
HERE AGAIN**
—Warners

ANEMIC story of a jobless waif, Mary Maguire, who is befriended by elevator boy, Tom Brown, and lands job as apartment house chambermaid. Accidentally breaking a Ming vase belonging to tenant Hugh Herbert, Mary becomes terrified and runs away. Tom finds her and brings her back. Dull fare despite splendid acting.



**HER HUS-
BAND LIES**—
Paramount

COMPELLING characterizations and plot structure make this sincere portrayal of a gambler, Ricardo Cortez, who keeps his identity from his brother, Tom Brown, excellent entertainment. When Brown, also imbued with the gambling spirit, comes to town to clean up, Cortez is forced to play against him, and complications result. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



help yourself

HOW would you like to walk out on the beach this summer in a slick bathing suit, the proud possessor of a beautifully proportioned, firm and young looking figure, one that would bring forth loud chirps of envy from the feminine section and cause the swarthy males to get that unmistakable glint in the eye so familiar when beauty is on parade?

Oh, you'd like that, would you? I thought so. Well, darlings, for some of you it's going to be a cinch; for others it's a larger order. But at least there's one thing certain for all of you — you can improve what you've got a hundred percent during the coming months and get results you never had hoped possible. Faith in yourselves, determination, a good dose of common sense and sincere work will do the trick.

From years of practical experience with women's

Alice Faye's smooth slim legs are proof this beauty work is worth the effort . . .

SYLVIA, WHO TEACHES THE STARS THEIR BEAUTY LINES, CAMPAIGNS THIS MONTH FOR THE PERFECT FIGURE, BY FIRING AWAY ON THOSE WOMANLY ENEMIES—THE BUMPS AND BULGES.

TO A SUMMER FIGURE

problems and from your thousands of letters to me, I know too well those parts of the body which bother you most and about which most of you complain. Whether it's movie star, society gal, housewife or office worker, it's the same old cry! "How can I reduce my heavy bust?" and "How can I get rid of these bulging hips?" Those two little numbers are always at the top of the list. So I think it would be a swell idea this time to go after those spots, especially with summer just around the corner

When the bust line and the hip line run wild, sooner or later they're bound to bump into the waistline. When that happens, what a wreck it makes of a woman's figure! Excess flesh spreads all over the

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

...and Jean Harlow's figure is all woman —but (please note) not a yard wide



THE INTIMATE LIFE OF A

Life of a man / Nobel

The event of greatest consequence in the career of Franchot Tone was the invaluable lesson he learned—from the woman he loves

By **WALTER RAMSEY**

FRANCHOT'S first official protest was aired February 27, 1905, at the home of Frank J. Tone at 426 Buffalo Avenue, Niagara Falls, N. Y. It was an interesting household in which everyone, including the newly arrived Franchot and his older brother Jerry, was expected to develop interests of his own and begin living his own life as soon as possible.

Franchot's first memory of the spotlight came at the age of three, when his brother's mind went blank at a Christmas party and Franchot recited the lines he had heard Jerry practice.

Before Master Tone was five, he was practically a world traveler. Then, on his return to Niagara Falls, came school—first, Miss Otis', later, the Hill School, a boys' academy.

He had been allowed to return home two weeks early because of excellent grades.

"I took that extra leave with a great deal of poo-ba around the family," smiles Franchot. "Then, the day before Christmas, a letter arrived for me. I read it through. I read it again. It was from the Head Master. I remember the words indelibly:

"... is hereby notified of his dismissal from the student body of the Hill School for being a subtle influence for disorder throughout the fall term. . . ."



THAT first moody reaction from being kicked out of the Hill School for being: "... a subtle influence for disorder ... " stayed with Franchot but temporarily. After the first shock, no one in the family seemed to mind much. His father, perhaps, might have taken it rather hard but for the statement made by Franchot's older brother. Jerry said:

"What a break! Now you can start right in at Cornell without waiting that extra half year."

Thus, Father Tone's reaction was tempered immediately to: "Well, it'll save me a damned expensive half term!"

Jerry had already been at Cornell several terms and was on good pal grounds with the Registrar—this because Jerry was on the baseball team and the registrar was by way of being a baseball nut. So it was arranged that Franchot was to come immediately to Ithaca and begin a two-week cram session so that he could pass the entrance examinations.

It was the dead of winter when he arrived at Ithaca. He took quarters in a combination room-and-board house and began his cramming. But despite his hard work and study, it seemed for a time that he might come closer to freezing than to mental perfection. The house had porous walls and the wind—starting at the far end of one of the Finger Lakes—hit the house and zoomed right on in. Night after night, Franchot sat in bed bundled to the ears in blankets and poured over his studies; at the same time, he was promising himself that if he was lucky enough to pass the exams he'd go on a toot by way of

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



From the very first Joan was a revelation to this discontented young actor from New York, who had been put under contract by M-G-M after he had appeared in such Broadway successes as "The Pagan Lady" with Lenore Ulric, and with June Walker and Helen Westley in that hit of 1931, "Green Grow the Lilacs"

LONDON might as well know this now as later: It can't have a Coronation without Hollywood's getting in on it. Hollywood is staging a couple of coronations of its own—just to prove it knows how.

Warner Brothers, who make rather a habit of reading the newspapers, had the inspiration first. They erected a Westminster Abbey of canvas, wood and *papier-mâché*, so like the original (that is, in appearance) that the architect himself couldn't have told which he had designed. Therein, for "The Prince and the Pauper" they put on a Coronation. And though the costumes were different from today's, the customs were not. The scene constitutes a preview of the crowning of George VI.

Now, out of Selznick International, seeps word that a crown will be placed on the head of Ronald Colman in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Fifteen years ago in the silent version Lewis Stone played the dual rôle that Ronald Colman is relishing now.

"It's rather fun," says Ronnie, "existing in nonexistent places. In 'Lost Horizon,' the place was an earthly paradise. In 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' it is a model mythical kingdom."

Madeleine Carroll is his co-star, in the rôle that Alice Terry played in the silent version, *Princess Flavia*. Her rival as the courtesan, *Antoinette*, is Mary Astor. Mary is having a typical Hollywood honeymoon with her new husband, Manuel del Campo. She is seeing him between scenes. He works on the same lot, as a scenario writer.

But the surprise of the cast is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He plays *Rupert of Hentzau*, the dashing menace of the piece. That's something new for Doug, Jr., freshly restored to us from producing in England. Hollywood didn't know that he could be tempted back, even between pictures, but David Selznick played a hunch that turned out right.

"Here was a rôle," says young Doug, "that would give me a chance to escape the chores of a romantic hero—chores that I've been doing, believe it or not, for fourteen years."

He is more serious than when we saw him last. ("I've gone responsible," he explains.) Yet he has the same spontaneous smile.

The day we go on the set, Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll are working together for the first time.

The setting is a throne room in a palace. It is dignified though exotic. The interior decorations are half-European, half-Asian, to suggest some country near the boundary of both continents. Ronnie's light-blue uniform, heavily gold-braided, suggests a combination of all Balkan uniforms. Madeleine's gown suggests Paris.

They make the handsomest couple that ever walked across a throne room. Their backs are to the camera, as they walk toward an open doorway, talking. The camera is on a "dolly" (a rolling platform), following them for a two-shot close-up, while over their heads, out of camera range, trails a microphone.

Director John Cromwell, quiet and meticulous, makes one "take" of this brief stroll. Then another. And another. The timing of their walk doesn't satisfy

him. They perfect that, then the camera crew notices that the heavy "dolly" is marring the waxed floor. That will never do. The property department lays down a grooved track for the wheels of the "dolly" to move down.

Ronnie and Madeleine resume their places, only to discover that in their side-by-side stroll, each will have to walk astride one of the tracks. And did you ever try to walk regally under those conditions, at the same time talking facetiously? Ronnie and Madeleine haven't. Amused, they have to practice. And practice.

Ronnie is telling Madeleine for the twentieth time, "There are a great many things I don't understand—and one of them is you," when we leave to go on to Walter Wanger Studios, where we see the newest color picture in production.

THIS is "Vogues of 1938," starring Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett, under the direction of Irving Cummings. Also present are the twelve "most photographed girls in the world,"

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

By JAMES REID

Our wandering reporter sees the star spangled passing show from backstage and gives us the low-down



Would you believe it—Warner Baxter will play a dressmaker in "Vogues of 1938"? Between scenes he gets acquainted with some of the "12 most photographed models in the world," calling the roll from the production sheet

Alone at last! Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll enact a love scene for "The Prisoner of Zenda." John Cromwell directs (lower right) and there are at least 40 other people gaping



Basil Rathbone, that expert in seduction (on the screen), gives a moody mazurka his all in Warners' "Confession," watched by Director Joe May. But there's a catch in it!



Warner is in a top hat, a dark overcoat, and black and white scarf. The walls behind them are neutral in color.

Note in this picture that there are no background distractions of color whatsoever. All the attention is focused on the characters, and their colorings, both of complexion and of clothes, is so natural that you are likely to forget that you are watching a color shot.

Warner is more exuberant than we have seen him in months. "Well, Technicolor finally got me," he says. "I was never sold on it before. But I'm sold now."

Director Cummings tells us, privately, "I don't know how good this picture will be, but I do know two things: Warner will come out of it a new personality and I predict he'll never play another costume part. Audiences will insist on his playing parts like this. He's going to be like the Adolphe Menjou of ten years ago."

"A year ago, some reporter in New York asked me what I thought of the future of color. 'It's all right for Mickey Mouse,' I said. 'It isn't lifelike enough for humans.' Now I'm predicting that color will be general in another year and a half."

With that prophecy ringing in our ears, we climb into our mud-spattered sedan and drive to Paramount through another of those "heavy dews" (daytime variety) that Californians never talk about. We're anxious to see Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young do a scene for "I Met Him in Paris."

This is a lighthearted tale of a young designer in a New York department store who saves up for five years for a trip to Paris, where she has her fling. She meets Young, who is married, but wants to forget it—particularly after he sees Claudette. But Douglas, who has also glimpsed Claudette, won't let him. Pronto, we have an amusing triangle, climaxed by a three-way week-end at an Alpine resort, the scenes of which have been filmed in Sun Valley, the new million-dollar winter resort in the mountains of Idaho.

Having already done the triangle-on-a-week-end scenes, they are now getting around to filming their meeting scenes. That's how movies are made.

We break in on the scene in which Douglas first accosts Young with Claudette. The setting is a Paris cellar café, with red tablecloths much in evidence. Young is talking with Claudette when he feels a tap on his shoulder—it's Douglas nudging for an introduction. Young, with a pained expression, stands and introduces. "Miss Denham," he says, "I'd rather

not one of whom has been in the movies before this picture.

Like "A Star Is Born," "Vogues of 1938" is something new in color films. It's in modern dress for one thing. No attempt is being made to exaggerate the color; in fact, just the opposite tactics are being used. The picture is disproving the old legend that a color picture takes longer to film than black-and-white. It will be finished in thirty-one days, perhaps sooner, since they're ahead of schedule already, and this is only the fifth day of production.

It is a "glamorous comedy." It opens with Baxter in a gymnasium, boxing with a sparring partner. You are in doubt about his identity, beyond the fact that he is a he-man. Then you learn that he is a famous New York couturier, unfortunately married (to Helen Vinson), but with an understanding assistant (Joan Bennett). And Baxter, as far as audiences are concerned, will get away with being a couturier because the beginning, with cleverness aforethought, establishes that he is also a he-man.

This afternoon, we find Warner and Joan doing the one sad scene of the picture. She is telling him of the death of his head designer. The scene is a close-up of the two of them together, with Joan softly sobbing. To be exact, the scene is a close-up of their eyes. A shadow falls across Warner's face. Through the shadow shine his eyes. It should be an effective shot.

Joan wears no make-up except for a little lip rouge. Her white dress is simple and has only a small pastel pattern.

not present George Potter, the so-called playwright." Douglas helps himself to a chair. And the next take will go on from there.

Claudette is not a passive star who lets a director do all the mental work, even when that director is a Wesley Ruggles. She comments, on the first "take," that the timing was not right. She suggests an improvement in camera angles; asks his opinion of a change of dialogue. She sees herself as an audience might. Claudette should be a star a long, long time.

ALSO at Paramount, we find the newest comedy team—Bob Burns and Martha Raye—involved in some hillbilly hilarity entitled "Mountain Music." Likewise involved in the hilarity are John Howard, Terry Walker, Fuzzy Knight.



The setup in this scene (outside of the waiter's little item) is that Melvyn Douglas and Bob Young both go for Claudette in "I Met Him in Paris." It's a secret which one wins

The background is the Ozarks. ("I feel right at home on *this* set," drawls Bob.) He is a member of the Burnside clan. Martha, who is his sweetheart and a bit teched in the haid, belongs to the enemy clan. The picture details the difficulties of true love, particularly at a time when there's a murder and Bob is suffering from amnesia

We have often wondered what became of the "switches" that women used to wear in their hair. Now we know. Extras playing hillbillies wear them for beads

We see a scene in a courtroom, with the two clans seated on opposite sides of the aisle. It is in this scene that Martha, wearing braids that make her look like Pocahontas, uses drastic measures to revive Bob's memory. She uses a hose—a fire hose, loaded with water

The camera focuses first on Martha going berserk with the hose. The set is empty where the water is falling. Then the camera is reversed. The others come back on the set. Director Chuck Reisner, in person, sprinkles them gently with a garden

hose. Then the camera records their reactions to the wetting supposedly delivered by Martha—who, in the meantime, is scuttling through puddles toward a dry dressing room.

Leaving Martha looking more drowned than anyone else on the set, and saying "Ohhhh, boy! Whoever thought of this one," we scuttle, ourselves, toward RKO-Radio.

Here there is a picture that threatens to take the long-distance shooting record away from "The Good Earth." It has been shooting three months already, and has three more weeks to go. This is "The Toast of the Town," starring Edward Arnold, Frances Farmer, Cary Grant, Jack Oakie. It's the story of the life and times of Gentleman Jim Fisk and his get-rich-quick schemes.

Cary tells us, "I've been working in this so long that I won't get any vacation between this and my next picture. And *that's* been delayed so long that I won't get any vacation between that and the next. I won't get a day off till the first of July. No Coronation for me."

The scene to be filmed involves all four principals. Frances, Cary and Jack are to be grouped around the recumbent Arnold, who is to die, victim of a shooting by an infuriated mob. It will be a tough scene for Arnold. He is preparing for it, sitting off by himself, his eyes closed,

Eleanor "Ding" Powell goes gamely through her taps though she is not recovered from her ankle sprain as you see. She wants to have a "crutch dance" in "The Broadway Melody of 1937"



rehearsing his lines. Ordinarily, he is one of the most accessible of stars. But this afternoon "Do Not Disturb" is written all over his jovial countenance.

So we go next door, to the sound stage where Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Harriet Hctor are doing the final number for "Shall We Dance?" They have been working on this for a long time, and will not finish for several more days.

This is the number that changed the title of the picture from "Stepping Toes" to "Shall [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]



PHOTOPLAY
fashions
BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

COMES TO THE
AID OF THE PARTY

A striking version of the indispensable print evening gown is worn by Joan Crawford. The tunic gives grace and a new theme to the silhouette while the courageous coloring of the print accentuates the modernity of manner and spirit of Joan herself

NATURAL COLOR PHOTO
BY GEORGE HURRELL

Glamour Lady Returns

A train of sequin-sprinkled black net trails across the ballroom floor in a magic gown from Marlene Dietrich's personal wardrobe. The off-shoulder treatment is a

favorite with her. Deep flounces outline the skirt which parts to show a sheath of velvet. This is the sort of thing Marlene will wear in her next picture, "Angel"





Dramatic and very Dietrich, is this wrap of cream-colored velvet, lavish with red fox skins. The sleeves widen at the shoulders and have bell-shaped cuffs banded in fur. The train of the coat is bordered in fox which widens at the back. Right: Many a star has blossomed forth with a new personality under the clever fingers of Travis Banton, dictator of fashions at Paramount for twelve years. He designs for Mae West, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard and Marlene—see how attentively she listens to his advice on her new clothes for "Angel"? Here she wears a slim skirt of midnight blue jersey with a minaret tunic of Persian brocade, a metal cloth in bronze, gold and red tones







Gloria Swanson has an infallible fashion sense, so when she chooses a hat, please note! Far left—the Mexican influence in two views of rust felt

A smooth brow (and Gloria has one) is the correct setting for this peaked turban of striped taffeta. The clip she wears is of crystal and ruby

Again Swanson chose the newest and smartest—Roman stripes and brown grosgrain in the pillbox shown at the bottom of the opposite page

And last in the Swanson hat orgy is an interesting turban of deep violet jersey manipulated in intricate folds above a black grosgrain band

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARENCE S. BULL



Sally Eilers, whom you will see in "We Have Our Moments," was quick to grab that original blouse (left) of red and white ticking. Gaudy as a piece of stick candy, it's a new note in sports clothes built for comfort. A sun visor to match



THAT

Priceless

VACATION

Sally is up a tree in a high-waisted culotte of natural linen. Her linen blouse is of wine color. Good fashion note that—combining two strong colors—and you meet up with the same effect in the mannish belt

s lastex suit, which she
 fishing at Del Monte,
 e folded up real small
 out in her pocket and
 like a suit for a doll
 e she skins into it. It
 navy and white and
 an anchor design



For tennis, Sally puts herself out like Helen Jacobs.
 She has adopted the longer type of shorts and has
 combined them with a navy mess jacket which she
 wears over a white sweater with a tailored collar

Joan Fontaine, star of "The Man Who Found Himself," is a new find—so's her
 quaint dirndl frock of pink and white cotton, laced in striped blue. Joan wears
 leather peasant sandals and a hat of natural straw bound in pink and blue

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Found in the Shop

One of the newest and most popular ideas is shown below in a cowl neck dress of polka dot print, worn under a fitted coat of matching chiffon. White piqué edges the tuxedo collar and makes the flower. This outfit comes in either wine, navy, black or brown



A novel combination this—worn by Peggy Conklin, star of the New York stage—over a pleated black chiffon skirt is a jacket of pink linen, cut with the new high lapel effect. Can be bought in several combinations; navy or brown with pink, black with maize





In the refreshing, spring-like dress, above, irregular polka dots spangle silk crêpe in grey, wine, navy, brown or green. The little bolero flaunts a rose cleverly made of the same material as the dress

That delightful fabric, silk linen, is used for the costume below. Peggy wears it in navy, but it can be purchased in either beige, grey, white or yellow. The bright Roman striped ascot and belt satisfy your color hunger and give the dress an added distinction



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES A PHOTOPLAY ORIGINAL HOLLYWOOD FASHION. LOOK FOR IT

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 112



THAT GARDENING

Urge



Tuck away your socks, your jackets, your rouge pots, and come out in the open with Gloria. This Stuart girl, clever star of "Escape from Love," sprinkles in culottes of white piqué in beetroot red print; hoes (or pretends to) in a bra and romper suit of terra cotta percale joined by a big bright button; and for the actual grubbing dons a Dutch blue denim coverall over which billy goats and little white peasants dance entrancingly



Romance IN CLOTH

A FASHION LETTER • BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

THERE is a buzzing and a humming at Paramount these days. Dietrich is starting a new picture, "Angel" and that is about the biggest thing that can happen to the studio. I decided that I would go back of the scenes and get a peek at the clothes for you. Even the sketches, usually kept under lock and key, would be produced, I was told.

So I went down to see Travis Banton. On the way to his office I stopped at the door marked "Edith Head." Edith, you know, designs a great many of the Paramount clothes. I rapped at the half-open door and then pushed it open, and walked bang into a busy scene. Spring Byington had been sent for in a hurry and she and Edith were down on their knees looking at materials and meditating on necklines, for Spring was to start work at once.

"Kathleen! Lamb!" said Spring, "Come in and we'll have some tea!"

After the tea I went on to see Travis. His offices are charming. The walls are a deep blue-green, the carpet a soft gray-green and a sofa, big chairs and small ones are covered in pale yellow flowered chintz like shining gleams in a green glade. Beautiful period pieces of furniture in rich wood inlay give the whole place great dignity and warmth.

Out came the Dietrich wardrobe. Travis began to talk.

"Marlene takes endless trouble about her picture clothes," he said. "She will fit the same dress four or five times. She is always perfectly charming about it but at the end of a fitting we are all in a state of exhaustion. She challenges everything. Because a thing is good she does not let it go at that; she says 'Let's see if we can't make it better.' No time, no exertion is too much for her. She lavishes care on the choice of jewels, bags, shoes and gloves. She will come in with some shoes she got in Europe. They are just the thing, she will tell me, to go with a certain dress. Perfect!"

"In other words," I said, "she takes it all as seriously as the famous Parisiennes do. As a result she has that cosmopolitan glamour one sees in them."

"Yes, her influence is hypnotic, to me anyway," Travis said.

"Let's go," I said. "The clothes!"

Travis showed me a suit of dark soft green suède, cut in a new way. The cape back of it was cut in one

with the jacket and a huge roll of gray-green wolf outlined it. It was closed with zipper fastenings. Travis loves zippers. He uses them for closings and for trimming. They are so neat, so clean-cut that they appeal to him.

Travis believes in the classic tailored suit for Marlene. In fact I have seen her in tailored suits time and again this spring. In "Angel" she will wear one of dark blue with an ultra feminine blouse, all lace and frou frou at the neck. The shoulders of the jacket are broad but not extreme [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



A Travis Banton creation—for Dietrich. Over a draped evening dress of grey chiffon is a knee-length tunic weighted with vertical blue foxes



BOOS and Bouquets

THE MOST HEART-STIRRING SCENE OF THE MONTH

\$15.00 PRIZE

THE WINNER!

AN eminent British author said recently that movies "were written by the half-educated for the half-witted."

Let's look at the record. That illiterate, Shakespeare, has three successful films showing this year. "Romeo and Juliet," "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "As You Like It." I suppose "The Story of Louis Pasteur" would only interest morons, though President Roosevelt thought enough of it to quote from it in one of his speeches. (Mr. Roosevelt, by the way, is a movie fan who manages to see several movies a week.)

I know a college professor who has written prize-winning scientific books, and yet enjoys the screwy Carole Lombard. His wife, equally cerebral, goes for "alcoholic Bill Powell." It's presumptuous to mention myself in the same breath with the above, but I like being presumptuous.

I'm an average girl with a college degree, but I'll confess I've been guilty of writing a rhapsodic fan letter about swash-buckling Henry Wilcoxon

Freddie Bartholomew, bravely fighting his tears, being comforted by Melvyn Douglas in "Captains Courageous" as they drop flowers into the water, a tribute to the death of Manuel. Here Freddie does the finest work of his career

EMILY LEE DOVE,
Cherrydale, Virginia

\$10.00 PRIZE

THE LOST IS FOUND

I discovered something that I thought was lost to the world forever — a young attractive movie star, with a personality which fairly sparkles, who has the courage and good taste to accept and play

magnificently the rôle of a simple woman, silent, without physical allure. I refer to Luise Rainer and to her superb interpretation of *O-lan*, the all-enduring wife of "The Good Earth."

Her artistry is incomparable—with only a few speeches and with a perpetually submissive expression, she manages to convey every possible emotion merely by the tilt of her head or the droop of her weary shoulders. This is genius. Hail to Luise Rainer, the winner of the Academy Award for the "Best performance of 1936!"

JEAN CARSON REARICK,
Wellesley, Mass.

\$5.00 PRIZE

IF THIS BE TREASON . . .

I have just seen "Camille" starring Greta Garbo with Robert Taylor. Frankly, I'm disgusted. I'll tell you why.

Figuratively speaking *the* Robert Taylor, effectively leashed, was put before the public to do his stuff, while that super-actress "The Great Garbo" kept a firm hand on the chain. Garbo went through all the tricks herself—and playfully took him with her! She might have said, "See this handsome young man? He's my pet monkey! Not quite sure of himself, but then he acts when Garbo pulls the string!"

Shades of the great Bernhardt! Are the wise men of that so marvelous filmland sleeping? Must they tie Robert Taylor to the apron strings of a Garbo or a Crawford? A potentially fine actor, Bob Taylor is heading toward cinema oblivion. Constantly teamed with a few selfish stars, and then degeneration. After that an emotionalized robot! Ardent fans demand the best for Taylor. Give him a story and let him BE the star.

HELENE WORTH,
San Francisco, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

CHAMPAGNE FOR TWO, PLEASE JAMES

I bring my bouquet a trifle late, but nevertheless it has not wilted. It is still as fresh and fragrant with sincere thanks and appreciation as it was when the curtain dropped on "Champagne Waltz," the object of its persistent blooming.

This "is" champagne—this delicious and captivating combination of the modern jazz and the immortal Viennese loveliness of the Blue Danube waltz. Under soft lights gorgeous Gladys Swarthout sings her way into your heart.

I'd like to dance my whole life through, gay and carefree, laughing with Oakie, loving with Fred MacMurray, swaying over glassy floors with Veloz and Yolanda.

Please, can't we have more such productions as "Champagne Waltz"?

BERDYNE MILLER,
Sioux Falls, S. D.

THE MOST INTERESTING NEWCOMER OF THE MONTH

Because he forgets to be handsome (which he is), puts on a pair of specs and gives a knockout performance as an old fuss budget in "Waikiki Wedding"; because he's Frances Farmer's husband; because he's one of the tallest men in Hollywood, six feet four; because he's going places on the screen! Yes, it's Leif Erikson



PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: \$15 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and five \$1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players will be considered. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

\$1.00 PRIZE

SHORTS CAN BE SNAPPY

Hollywood moguls look everywhere but the right place for their short subject material. I have a vivid picture of them groping around smelly racing stables, rehearsing worn-out hillbillies, reading biology books to gather material for some immortal spectacle called "The Love Life of the Earthworm" all in a vain effort to produce acceptable short subjects.

Of course, maybe it is beneath them to read magazines, but there they would find an abundance of good material. The short-short stories like those published in LIBERTY and similar magazines would make interesting films and splendid vehicles for displaying new talent.

CLARENCE SPECHT,
Fort Jennings, Ohio.

\$1.00 PRIZE

SUCH IS FAME!

I have just seen Greta Garbo Danforth, full-blooded Apache Indian, four years old. Such is fame! This small dusky Garbo is quite a beauty herself. She has been adopted by a relative of mine, but her name was given to her on the Reservation among the campfires of her own race.

My apologies to Miss Garbo, but she will remember that a cat was given permission to look at a king.

Also my most sincere compliments to Miss Garbo for her marvelous acting and great beauty; for having earned the tribute of a world that judges genius by the products of its labors.

LENORA HANSEN,
Snowflake, Arizona.

\$1.00 PRIZE

SECOND FIDDLE SOLO

I am prompted by a remark in a recent PHOTOPLAY, that Bob Montgomery plays second fiddle to Joan Crawford and William Powell in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," to observe that something is decidedly wrong with this star system when names are rated above performances. I felt, incidentally, that Mr. Montgomery's was the most authentic performance in that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

SMACK of fists, dull thuds of falling objects; frenzied screams of women—it's a free-for-all fight—how soul-satisfying, how utterly and delightfully relaxing to the taut nerves of Hollywood!

That's why our pampered populace fairly does nip-ups when it recalls the joyful carnage of the famous Al Jolson battle at the Cocoanut Grove, the best and bloodiest battle in more than fifteen years in the Grove's history as the center of things in movieland.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler had arrived for a sedate evening under the phony moon and still phonier paper palms, and were no sooner seated than a bunch of drunks at the next table started whooping things up. For some reason they didn't like Al. The feeling, thank you, was mutual.

Al endured several wisecracks in silence, then stepped over to remind his neighbors that ladies were present.

"Where?" leered the chief tormentor.

Wham! That guy's third cousin must have felt the shock. He flew through the air, made a three point landing, and slid gracefully across the dance floor.

Instantly all was confusion. Al went down under a counter attack, chairs were overturned, women screamed with fright and leaped onto tables to get a better view. Some of Al's friends came loping to the rescue, and "The War of the Red Noses," as it was to go down in history, was on in a gory welter. Waiters came dashing from all directions, led by the ex-army boxing champ, Jimmy Manos. Their efforts toward peace were as futile as those of a League of Nations.

Abe Lyman came running from the rest room, trailed by his band. They struck up a frenzied fox trot, but music failed to

lull savage breasts. By this time fights had broken out all over the Grove.

Shades of Nero and his orgies, what fun! It was the biggest banquet battle ever recorded, and next day the crop of black eyes brought movie production to a standstill.

All of which reminds us of that super-super battler, Jack Dempsey, who roved these parts with his wife Estelle Taylor. Big, blundering Jack, who never forgot a face or a pal. Dark, lithe Estelle who was at the height of her career.

Estelle doted on parties at the Grove, and Jack would cheerfully don a dinner coat to take his beautiful wife forth into the snobby society of starland.

Unhappily, Jack would meet old cronies along the way—battered hulks with cauliflowered ears, fight managers with voices raspy from shouting "Foul!" and other picturesque adventurers whom Jack had encountered in the long climb from the Colorado mines to the championship of the world.

"We're having a party at the Grove—come along!" Jack would say with his inimitable generosity. A free meal! Boy, they'd be there with bells on.

Estelle, humiliated to tears, would utter stinging rebukes.

Jack loved her greatly, but he never understood her. Their appearances at the Grove grew less and less frequent, finally stopped. So did their marriage.

Fights and quarrels stand out in bold relief, but just as exciting to watch was the progress of a sizzling romance.

Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, f'rinstance. The inside story of that *grande passion* is buried in the unwritten history of the Cocoanut Grove.

Janet adored dancing, particularly with tall men. Now, it

THE ALL STAR STORY of the COCOANUT GROVE

*Motion picture history is made at
night in the quarrels and sizzling ro-
mance at this Hollywood whoopee spot*



Jolson started the "War of the Red Noses" . . .

Guest star Martha Raye blew a kiss to a big man . . .



seems trivial that dancing with extra tall men should have such far reaching consequences, unless you remember the story of Mary, Queen of Scots, whose similar failings had tragic results

A young newspaper man named Herbert Moulton (now an associate producer at Paramount) met Janet when she first came to town, fell in love with her, and by throwing the influence of his paper back of his discovery, landed her a job in westerns at Fox.

As part of his campaign he took her almost nightly to the Cocoanut Grove. And like many another man, the movies stole his sweetheart. With the tremendous success of "Seventh Heaven," the powerful force of public desire for a real-life romance threw Charlie Farrell and Janet together. It started as publicity; it wound up as the real thing.

Tiny little Janet and tall Charles scarcely let a night go by without dancing at the Grove. One had only to glance at them to see how terribly much in love they were.

Then came a quarrel. Because they loved fiercely, that quarrel was as intense, as searing as a flame. Days, weeks passed; there was no reconciliation. Janet, hiding her hurt, continued to dance at the

Grove, and because she liked very tall men, her partner was Lydell Peck.

Deeply wounded, needing sympathy . . . well, she married him. Few know she wept bitterly the day before the ceremony. But Charlie had been going with Virginia Valli, and had fallen in love with her

HISTORY, the history that is made at night, never wrote a more tragic chapter in the tale of the Cocoanut Grove, than this, the broken romance of Charlie and Janet, the girl who liked to dance with tall men.

In those days, the place to launch a career was of course the Cocoanut Grove, for where else could you arrange to be seen by everyone who was anybody?

So Josef Von Sternberg brought Marlene Dietrich to the Grove. They were an odd couple; short, chunky Von Sternberg with his Svengali mustache and (of all things!) a shawl around his neck, and the dazzling blonde with the magnificent legs.

Those public appearances cost Von Sternberg plenty, for he had to settle out of court a
PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105 |



By
JACK SMALLEY



*Lupe took orders—and slaps
—from Tarzan . . .*

*You can't guess from whom
Marlene copied the trousers . . .*



*Tragedy happened to Janet be-
cause she liked tall men . . .*

photoplay presents the newest
in hollywood

Hat fashions



● "Brim for becomingness" has always been a fashion maxim. Joan Fontaine, who plays in "The Man Who Found Himself," proves it by wearing the red-earth ball-bunt above, its beret crown half-wreathed in daisies, and brown streamers down the back. Comes in black, brown, navy, natural or white. Left: For wear with tweeds is a green felt sports hat, with a pheasant quill and a yellow pompon. Can be had in many colors



● Off-the-face and proud of it is this bright blue, rough linen, heart-shaped cap. A red rosette of belting tops it

YOU CAN PURCHASE THESE
PHOTOPLAY HOLLY-
WOOD HATS IN ANY OF
THE STORES OR SHOPS
STARRED (★) ON PAGE 114

THIS TAG IDENTI-
FIES AN ORIGINAL
PHOTOPLAY HOLLY-
WOOD FASHION



● The turban is here reduced to a skeleton of corded taffeta. Joan can wear it in the evening or afternoon as she likes. This and the cap above are both made in linen and taffeta, also crêpe in pastel shades



Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

AND still those red, red roses from "Miss L" are delivered daily to Clark Gable's dressing room.

NAPOLEON was exiled on the island of Helena—and died there, brokenhearted. But "Captain," Jeanette MacDonald's prize sheep dog, although another exile, still lives a happy, care free life. About a year ago Captain was defendant in a lawsuit wherein he was charged with biting a human being. Although he had the finest of counsel who claimed his behavior was entirely warranted, nevertheless he lost the suit and was sentenced to "Happyland," a dog's rest home out in the valley, where he lives the life of a country gentleman. And never a week passes without a call from his devoted mistress, Jeanette.

NOW IT'S THE SIT-DOWN FAN!

MARGARET ROBEY, daughter of a Kentucky judge, came to Hollywood with just one idea—to meet Michael Whalen. Daily she mailed a letter to his studio, telling where she would be waiting the following noon or evening—with the hope that he'd drop in and say "hello." She mentioned the Bamboo Room at the Derby; the Ambassador, Troc, Victor Hugo, Casanova, all the Hollywood spots where stars are often seen. But no luck!

Michael, on location, gave no thought to fan mail. Finally a member of the family picked up the accumulation and Margaret's letters were discovered. "She sounded like such a nice girl," said Michael's mother, "that I phoned and told her what had happened and that she'd hear from Michael that night."

So Miss Robey of Kentucky had a caller. There he was, Mr. Whalen, her dream prince, in person. They went for a drive and a bit of supper and dance or two afterwards. And the next day she returned home perfectly happy.

CAROLE LOMBARD and Clark Gable are up to new pranks these spring Sundays. Along with Gail Patrick and Bob Cobb, the two set out for a dude ranch near Newhall for some plain and fancy steer roping. Clark takes two horses in his combination trailer and station wagon and two more horses are hired at the ranch.

The squealing is done by both Carole and Gail who are rapidly becoming expert rope throwers. Almost the entire day is spent in the saddle and at night the weary but happy foursome trails back to Hollywood.

BASIL RATHBONE, a serious student of astrology, claims this year of 1937 is an accident year. More accidents of greater violence will happen this year than ever before, the actor predicts.

"By never driving at a greater speed than thirty-five miles an hour, I have already escaped several accidents since the beginning of the year. I want my fans to be warned. This is the year of sudden death," claims Rathbone. "Be careful."

ATTENTION June brides: Recipe for a happy marriage, according to Joan Blondell, is to feed hubby bean soup in

the kitchen. When Dick returns from the studio tired and weary, butlers drive him crazy. Servants make him nervous and cooks upset his digestion. But Joan fixes all that. Tying an apron about her curvy little figure Joan gets out the beans and on goes the soup.

They eat it, by the way, off the kitchen table. Just the two of them with an enormous bowl of oyster crackers.

BEHIND the picture "Swing High, Swing Low," there is a little story about Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray.

Long before the picture went into production, Carole determined to sing her own song numbers. For weeks on end she practiced and

stepping out with John Howard. He likes the way she croons. . . . Finally—and this is without comment of any sort—Marlene Dietrich and Herbert Marshall have met and lunched together several times recently. Marlene is still giving most of her time to Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Marshall's romance with Lee Russell is too consistent to question. . . . Marlene is also being seen a lot with Willis Goldbeck . . . young Doug stags it when Marlene has other dates.

OVER at RKO they call him Three-take Astaire.

We watched him go into one of those high-flying dance routines for "Shall We Dance?" The first take Mr. Astaire tripped on a pebble



Cutie pie Marie Wilson, she of the inch-long eyelashes (and other charms), is now fully recovered from the automobile accident which put her in the hospital, and returns to Warners for another of her hilarious "dumb blonde" rôles in "The Merchant of Venus"

when the picture started, Carole was ready to sing.

MacMurray was supposed to play a trumpet in the picture and being only a fair trumpet player, he decided to have the playing dubbed in. But as he sat there day after day listening to Carole sing something happened to him.

Unable to bear it any longer Fred bought a trumpet and in every spare minute he practiced. He finally became expert enough to play the final number in the picture, while Carole sang her own song.

"Gee, it had me down," he said afterwards. "I think I'd have gone nuts if I hadn't made the grade at least once."

ADD INTERESTING COMBINATIONS: B. P. Schulberg, producer and squire to Sylvia Sydney for so many years, is being seen around often with Elaine Barrie Barrymore. . . . Last week he was escorting Margaret Tallichet. . . . And Martha Raye is

the prop boy had overlooked.

Astaire said nothing.

The second time the camera crew failed to move the dolly back in time.

Astaire said nothing.

The third time Fred missed a step by one tap.

Astaire said plenty.

"We don't worry about that," the assistant director shrugged. "Fred only gets going good AFTER he's lost his temper."

CAROLE LOMBARD, modern, sophisticated Carole, has one secret yearning. No, it doesn't concern Gable.

It's a desire to bring back, if only for a moment, through spiritualistic mediums, Russ Columbo who loved her so dearly and who lost his life through an accident.

Into the secrets of the occult, the dark room meetings of mediums, Carole probes and studies, working always to see Russ again.

Carole Lombard Tells "How I Live By a Man's Code"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

If you want the signposts she follows, here they are:

1. Play Fair.

"You'll find that men usually play fair," Carole said. "It's all very well to say that you want to back out of a bargain because you've changed your mind. That's supposed to be a woman's privilege. But men don't play the game that way. A man who says he'll do a thing and then reneges, is soon put where he belongs, out in the cold."

"If I say I'll do something, I make it stick."

burn if you hint that the hat she's got on doesn't look quite perfect, or that she might, just might, have led from the queen, jack, ten instead of tossing in an eight spot.

"I went to a showing of the first rough cut of 'Swing High, Swing Low,' in a small college town.

"In the tragic scenes, where I screwed up my face to cry (I can't help it if I look that way when I cry), the audience laughed. When I really turned it on and emoted, they howled. It was heartbreaking. I felt like crawling

"Nobody likes a man who is always fumbling when it's time to pay the check," Carole points out. "I think the woman who assumes that the man can afford to pay for everything is making a mistake. More and more the custom of the Dutch treat is coming in vogue, particularly among working men and women. You don't have to surrender your femininity if you pay your share of the bills."

8. The Cardinal Virtue.

"—Is a sense of humor," says Carole. "Do you laugh in the right places? Then, you'll get along, in fair weather or foul. Humor is nothing less than a sense of the fitness of things. Something that's out of proportion like an inflated ego, should strike you funny, particularly if it's your own inflated ego. Otherwise you are pathetic and quite hopeless."

9. Be Consistent.

"By that," remarks Carole, "I mean you should take a hint from the men. They are terribly consistent, as a rule. You can tell what they'll do in any given circumstance."

"If a girl puts her best foot forward at the office, she shouldn't change steps when she gets home. A career girl must be neatly turned out, even-tempered and willing to take orders at work and there's no reason why she must check those virtues with her hat and coat when she leaves her place of business."

"I manage to add enough inconsistency to my behavior at the studio so that I'm the same there as at home; inclined to blow off steam at odd moments or be very demure and sweet-tempered—just to keep 'em guessing. In fact I've got myself guessing. I don't quite know which way I am. That's being consistently inconsistent, anyway."

"Men are about the same at home as they are at work. Don't say it's because they lack the imagination to be otherwise—just take the hint. Men are creatures of habit and comfort, and they are puzzled and disturbed by change. That's why so many of them marry their stenographers; it's in hope of finding the same efficiency at home as at the office. They are supreme optimists."

"If you go into the business world to meet male competition, then you've got to play the game more or less according to their rules."

"By doing that, I've found that any intelligent girl can get along very well. About the only important difference I've noticed is in the problem of travel; men can travel alone easier than women. However, old habits of transportation are changing and the comfort of women is more and more the concern of air, railroad and bus travel."

10. Be Feminine.

"All of this," Carole declares, "does not keep you from preserving your femininity. You can still be insane about a certain brand of perfume, and weep when you get a run in your favorite pair of stockings."

"You can still have fits when the store sends out the very shade of red drapes you did not order, and which swear horribly at the red in the davenport. But when you go down to complain, be a man about it."

"All of which sums up to this: Play fair and be reasonable. When a woman can do that, she'll make some man the best manager he ever found, or wind up running a whole department store. And being a woman, thank heaven you still have that choice!"



Hollywood believes in history repeating itself, for here are two sons of famous fathers bent on following the parental footsteps. At the right, is Tim Holt, eighteen-year-old son of Jack Holt, six feet tall, and as gifted a horse-man as his papa. He will appear in "Stella Dallas." The other is Bill Hopper, son of DeWolfe and Hedda Hopper, playing in "Footloose Heiress"

2. Don't Brag.

"Men can brag," Carole points out, "but that's where a woman can't do what men do, and still be feminine. No man will endure listening to a girl boast about how smart she is."

3. Obey the Boss

"A career girl who competes with men has to learn that rule—or else. If she won't accept discipline, or bow to the rules of the institution and take orders, she can't succeed. I know that the picture director knows best. I remember when I was making 'My Man Godfrey' with William Powell. Gregory La Cava was directing. One day he was ill, but he insisted that work go on while he rested."

"'YOU know what to do,' he told us. 'Just pretend I'm there and go ahead.'"

"Well, it didn't work. Bill and I were used to taking orders because it's part of the discipline of the studio. It was a simple scene, we knew what to do, but the director wasn't there and we felt lost. Somebody has to be the boss in every big enterprise, and if the boss is absent the business soon comes to a halt."

4. Take Criticism

"Men have learned to take criticism, that is, the successful men. The ones who flare up and go home mad are the kind who never get the last installment paid on the radio."

"Here again the movies have taught me. I have learned to take criticism and stand up to it like a man. Yet a woman will simply

under the seats and losing myself among the gum and other useless things."

"But I had to take it. If you're playing according to masculine rules, which is required of any girl with a career, you've got to accept criticism and profit by it. Otherwise how could you become a singer, decorator painter or private secretary? I learned something from that experience, too. I'm best if I top off tears with a laugh. A star who is too big for criticism sooner or later loses out. That goes for working women, too."

5. Love is Private.

"When it comes to your personal life, such as love and romance, girls should take a tip from the men and keep their affairs to themselves. Any man worth his salt regards his private life as his own. To kiss a girl and run and tell would mark him as a cad. Why doesn't that apply to girls also?"

6. Work—And Like It!

"All women should have something worthwhile to do," says Carole, "and cultivate efficiency at it, whether it's housekeeping or raising chickens."

"Working women are interesting women. And they're easier to live with. Idle women who can think of nothing to do with their time are dangerous to themselves and to others. The only 'catty' women I've known were idlers, with nothing to do but gossip and make trouble."

7. Pay Your Share.

**"It's a shame for any girl to risk
Cosmetic Skin" says MERLE OBERON**

SAMUEL GOLDWYN STAR

CREAMY and smooth as magnolia petals is Merle Oberon's flawless skin. She tells you her way of keeping it lovely—a way *any* girl can follow. "I use rouge and powder all I like," she says. "But to guard against Cosmetic Skin—tiny blemishes, enlarging pores—I've made Lux Toilet Soap my regular complexion care."

**"The ACTIVE lather guards
against choked pores,"**

she tells you. "It removes stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—keeps skin smooth." That's because it goes deep into the pores, removes every hidden trace of stale cosmetics, dust and dirt.

**Romance comes to girls
who keep skin lovely . . .**

Take Merle Oberon's tip. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed. 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap!



Help Yourself to a Summer Figure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

place and the result is what I call a one-piece figure. It has no definite lines, no curves, no proportion, nothing. It's just all woman and a yard wide! Don't let that happen to you, babies. Take it from mama, if you do, you'll be thoroughly miserable, and your job of correcting your figure will be much harder later on. Just ask some poor gal who has already gone the way of all flesh. She'll tell

same problems that you have. Margaret Sullavan's hip line is smooth and free from any bumps, and Alice Faye can give any of the Hollywood gals a run for their money when it comes to flashing a good-looking figure. For an attractive, firm and well-modeled bust line, Jean Harlow offers a fine example. Study these girls' figures, then fire away at your particular faults. I'll supply the ammu-

smoothly and that your elimination is regular. If you go at this reducing business in the right way, you'll be surprised how quickly you can normalize your system and acquire the alluring proportions you so much admire in others.

But right here, let me warn you about going at it in the wrong way. Reducing the bust takes tons of patience and systematic work. You must never use strenuous methods on the breasts. Never squeeze or massage the breasts for reducing. I know many worrying women who in their confusion try anything and everything to reduce the bust. Some take pills, others use violent mechanical contraptions, vibrators, even pumps and vacuum affairs. Such instruments can ruin the delicate glands and tissues of the breast.

Other women use heat-producing gadgets that sweat and draw the very life out of them, or they sit and steam themselves down to their last tissue. When brought about by normal physical activity and increased circulation, perspiration is healthy. It's a wonderful way to eliminate poisons from the system. But too much sitting in extremely hot baths or steam cabinets, or too much broiling in electric blankets can sap your vitality, weaken your entire system and cause the body tissues to sag and become flabby. Is that what you're striving for? I should hope not.

SOME of you young things strap and bind your breasts tightly against your chest in your efforts to make them less conspicuous. That's equally fatal. Listen to me, sweethearts, I want you all to stop such nonsense. The breasts are extremely delicate and must be treated with utmost care if you want to preserve their loveliness. You have no idea how many hundreds of unhappy women write to me, their letters full of regrets over "the foolish things I did when I was young." They now find themselves with broken-down, stringy and saggy bosoms, in many cases the results of the very same destructive things you are doing. Not until the damage had been done did they realize their mistakes. I want to keep you from making those same mistakes, so for your beauty's sake as well as your health's, let what I've said sink in.

In most cases, women with large breasts are inclined to be fat all over. A sensible reducing program properly carried out will generally decrease your measurements. But in addition to diet and general exercise, you must include special exercises for localized fat.

Before I go into that, I want to give you an eating program. Remember, get your doctor's O. K. before starting. To reduce the bust, you should go on my general, ten-day reducing diet, the one I gave here recently. If you missed it, send for it at once. After this ten-day conditioning period, try two days of this: Upon arising, take a glass of water with the juice of half a lemon; two hours later, take a glass of buttermilk; continue to drink six ounces of buttermilk every two hours, from the time you get up until you go to bed. I know some of you think you don't like buttermilk. Well, learn to like it . . . it's good for you. Consider it as a medicine, if you must. Most people loathe castor oil, but occasionally they have to take it.

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THE CUTEST SHOT OF THE MONTH



Fred Astaire decides to dance with Ginger in "Shall We Dance?" but all the girls are Ginger! It's done with masks, of course, but isn't it amusing? We had better break down and tell you that Fred's dancing divinity is the blonde in the middle of the trio opposite

you that an ounce of prevention saves nine pounds at least

If your figure is handicapped by bulges and lumps, it is impossible to look really attractive in any kind of gown, no matter what you pay for it. What then, can you expect of that figure in sun suits, halters, shorts, bathing suits, slacks or sport sweaters? In those outfits the bulges are out in the open and on their own. Some of you remember how self-conscious and unhappy you were last summer. Well, you don't want to go through that embarrassment again, do you? All right, then. Snap out of it. There's still time.

I know each one of you has your own idea of the perfect figure but if you need any added inspiration, take a look at the figures of such girls as Alice Faye, Margaret Sullavan and Jean Harlow. These girls have nicely proportioned figures and they keep them that way by taking care of them properly. When they stop taking care of them, they'll have the

niton. How's that? All right. Here we go!

Suppose we start with the bust. In some cases an overdeveloped bust is due to glandular disturbances. That goes for an underdeveloped bust, too. In either case, to find out if that's your trouble, you must consult a reliable gland specialist and have a thorough examination. He will advise you of any deficiency or overactivity in the flow of those fluids which are so vital to your bodies. But be sure that you're not using your poor little glands as a flimsy alibi to sell yourself on the idea that you mustn't do anything to help yourself.

If you are generally healthy and your large bust is due to fat that you've accumulated by overeating, lack of exercise, laziness and indifference, then, my darlings, your first job is to stir up your sluggish will power. Make up your minds that you'll be sensible about your eating, that you'll exercise every day and keep active. See that your circulation runs

RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG

Duchess OF Leinster

*Tells you how she cares for her
glamorously clear, smooth skin*



● Delicate features in a heart-shaped face, lovely, liquid blue-gray eyes, lustrous dark-brown hair—the luminous beauty of a clear, smooth skin!

● (below) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster's recent visit to New York.



Her Grace—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she wears under her Coronation robe . . . "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is more than a cleansing treatment. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and for any occasion."

SHE stands for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who attend the Coronation, none is lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my

skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:—

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning (and always before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it . . . Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see *your* skin growing lovelier!



**Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids**

Pond's, Dept. 15CF, Clinton, Conn

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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So go on now, like good children. If you're doing the heavy physical work of a man and find that two days of this is a little strenuous, you can take a cup of beef broth, consomme, tomato juice, steamed vegetable juice or fresh fruit juices, occasionally, in between; however I prefer that you stick to the buttermilk. You normal healthy gals will find this no hardship at all. As a matter of fact, giving your digestive system a little vacation from solid foods once in a while will make you feel pounds lighter in body as well as in spirit. Remember now, only two days on liquid and then for the remaining days of the week go back to my general reducing diet. And for those five days, try to stick mostly to the fresh fruits and vegetables and go easy on the meats and starches. You can have some, naturally, since you need a balanced diet but just be a little careful. Take no soup or water with your meals and stay away from hard liquor.

I know many of you are already asking yourselves, "How long should I follow this regime?" That's an individual matter, darlings, but at least stick to it until you get the result you're after. And don't worry, you won't starve. When you get my general reducing diet, you'll find you have so much to eat that those two buttermilk days will be a pleasure.

THE breasts should never go unsupported. Even the weight of a normal bust will in time cause it to sag. Naturally, if they are extremely heavy, it is a greater strain upon the supporting muscles and they will sag more quickly. A brassiere should be worn at all times . . . especially when reducing. It must provide an easy freedom. You must be able to breathe comfortably and the straps should not cut into the shoulders. The bra must never be like a harness, and above all it must not be binding or so tight across the chest that it flattens or compresses the breasts. It can be of net or other soft material, but must fit snugly and be built to lift the breasts and hold them in position.

All muscles of the body are very susceptible to training. They can be kept or made strong and healthy, they can remain weak or they can deteriorate and become flabby . . . depending upon care and attention or the lack of it.

There are muscles that run from the shoulders along either side of the breasts. These muscles support the breasts. It is up to you to keep these muscles toned and in a healthy condition. If you allow them to become weak by inactivity, they can surely collapse in a hurry. Little by little due to the weight of the bust which they must support, they become stringy and away goes the bust line. Here is a swell exercise to keep the muscles and flesh of the breasts firm while reducing, or to tighten and strengthen the muscles of an already sagging bust. Concentrate on those muscles. Work in front of a mirror. If you do the following exercise properly, you can see the muscles tighten and the breasts become more firm as you continue each day with the exercise.

Get a cane, a broom or some other kind of straight stick—even an umbrella will do. Stand up straight and hold the stick in both hands, horizontally across the body. Arms at the sides. Now raise the arms straight out in front of you and continue on up until your arms are straight overhead. The stick must always remain in the horizontal position. Stretch up as high as you can. Now bring the

stick down behind your head, bending the arms at the elbows. Continue to pull the stick down until it passes the neck and is across the back of your shoulders. This will force you to throw back your shoulders and at the same time pull up the breast muscles. You must never shift the position of the hands once you have grasped the stick. Hang on for dear life and get that stick well down behind the back. Now, follow the same course back to first position. Repeat this exercise at least ten times a day.

Often that bulky matronly appearance through the chest is not actually due to the size of the bust itself. The thickness and large measurement that is so horrifying when you're buying dresses is often caused by a roll of fat just *under* the breasts, high on the diaphragm. Sometimes there is excess flesh on the sides of the body, high up under the arms, or across the middle of the back. Too often it is in all three places! Naturally, when you take your bust measurement, you have a fit. Who wouldn't when it means that



Two friends, boys together in Vienna, are united for the first time in "The Life of Zola"—Paul Muni as Zola and Joseph Schildkraut as Captain Dreyfus, the Frenchman sent to Devil's Island. Schildkraut's dramatic make-up as a convict is authentic. Swell?

you have to buy clothes three sizes larger than your normal size! But on the other hand, with all that padding, what do you expect? Remove that surplus flesh on these spots and you'll drop inches from your bust measurement. How? With these exercises. They will skim off that fat in a jiffy.

The first will break down the fatty deposits on the diaphragm under the breasts. The second is really an exercise for the hips, but it kills two birds with one stone, as it will also slim down the sides of the body under the arms. By the way, if it's any comfort to you, not long ago I received a letter from one of my readers who had followed my instructions, the same ones I'm giving to you here, and she reduced her bust measurement eight inches in a very few months. So how about some action?

For that fat on the diaphragm: Stand up straight. Throw the arms high above the head and stretch toward the ceiling as if you were trying to touch something just beyond your reach. Don't rise on the toes, just keep the feet flat on the floor. Are you stretching? Good. Now bend backward until you feel a pull along the front of the torso. Keep the arms up and continue reaching. Now make a small circle with the upper part of the body, moving first to the right, then slightly to the front, over to the left and then backward again. In making this little circle, you should never bend over as you ordinarily would do in bending exercises. Instead, try to make the circle with your body while it is leaning backward, or at least in an upright position. The whole idea is to get that wonderful stretch and pull along the front of the torso that is so valuable in breaking any fatty deposits loose from the diaphragm. This little exercise will carry its good work down along the region of the tummy, too, so whatever effort you put forth will be well worth it for your entire figure. Do this every day. Make your circle ten times in one direction and then reverse for ten times.

To flatten out those bulges on the sides of the hips, do this: (incidentally this is the exercise that will also take care of that under-arm fat) Stand with feet about six inches apart, toes turned slightly inward. Raise the arms high above the head. Bend the right arm at the elbow so that the back of the right hand is smack in front of your face with the elbow pointing to the ceiling. The left arm is outstretched and reaching upward. Now slowly bend the body to the left. Keep that left arm outstretched, knees stiff, right elbow bent, hand in front of the face. Continue to bend over to the left until the finger tips of the left hand touch the floor at the left heel. Believe me, if you're doing this exercise correctly, you'll think you're pulling yourself apart. But never mind, you've got to feel that in order to get the benefit. Otherwise, you'll just huff and puff your way through it and get no results. After touching the fingertips to the floor, return to the original position and repeat on the same side ten times. Then do the same thing, bending to the right.

REMEMBER, darlings, when molding your bodies, you must develop a keen eye and a flare for proportion and line, just like a sculptor. That's the correct way to create a lovely figure. To mold and work with it like an artist who creates a lovely statue out of clay. He works with precision and intelligence—so must you.

Use your heads, girls! There's no point in the mere loss of pounds. Anybody can do that. The point is to do it healthfully, in the right spots and in such a way that your body stays strong, firm and youthful. Get yourself ready today for a happy summer on the beach. I'm here to show you how . . . but it's up to you to follow through.

Madame Sylvia will help you on any beauty problem. Perhaps you would like her special weight control chart to help you decide what your figure really needs. Just write to Madame Sylvia, in care of PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. PLEASE ENCLOSE A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR HER REPLY.

"It really began with this snapshot"



"I'D heard Sid mention his sister, but she meant nothing to me, naturally—until one day I picked up this snapshot on his desk.

"I asked him who the choice number was, and felt a little embarrassed when he said she was his sister Molly. But I guess he forgave the fresh remark, the way I began to treat him like a brother. I even loaned him money.

"He said he'd rather I'd take the snapshot than come mooning around his desk all the time, so that's how I became the owner. How I became the owner of the girl herself is another story—but it really began with this snapshot."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.



By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances... use it always... Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The Intimate Life of a Gentleman Rebel

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

making up for these awful freezing weeks. The wind, unmindful, continued to wail off Lake Cayuga and straight into his room.

That he finally passed the examinations with flying honors was no particular surprise to him. Self-confidence and young Tone were to be considered as interchangeable terms.

Outwardly, Franchot must have appeared a likable, quiet sort of a chap to his fellow first-termers at Cornell. Inwardly, though, he was a different person—sure of himself, of his values and even slightly egoistic concerning his place in the scheme of things. In fact, in a less conspicuous way, he was as much of a rebel at Cornell as he had been at The Hill.

He was rather flattered when invited to join his brother's fraternity, *Alpha Delta Phi*, but it didn't matter to him that the fraternity felt let-down when he, their youngest member, went out for the tame dramatic club instead of seeking glory and honor for both the fraternity and the school on the athletic field. Athletics-for-honors bored Franchot. The dramatic club, scorned though it was as an activity, did not. And to his credit it must be said that the presidency of the Club (which he finally held) soon became one of the most coveted of honors and that before he left school, the Club was recognized as one of the finest in the country.

THE first year or so of Cornell went by swiftly for the young and experimental Tone. He studied diligently the subjects that interested him, thumbed through those that didn't and poured his whole heart into the Dramatic Club. Occasionally he imagined himself in love with one of the many pretty girls in Ithaca. But even if he could remember any one of their names, he wouldn't tell them—though he swears the only one he sincerely remembers is the beautiful girl who bid him be true as she left Ithaca for a try at Broadway after a hectic summer romance. This morbidly-happy ending so impressed Tone that he actually was true to her—for six months.

When Franchot was halfway through his sophomore year, he and three other "free souls" went in together and rented a house on the westerly boundary of the Cornell quadrangle and promptly named it "The Little Gray Home In The West."

"If that paints a quiet, sentimental picture, it's a false one," grins Tone. "If The Little Gray House could talk, it would certainly have tales to tell of Saturday night beer busts, of dishes that were never washed, floors that were left unswept and of a big, blazing fireplace that soon became the focal point of every mentally undigested idea or notion in the clan.

Franchot loved the free and easy life of The Little Gray Home In The West. It was a grand bachelor existence. Bachelor, chiefly, because all four of the male occupants were carrying the torch for some out-of-town girl; so women were never permitted within the doors.

"We had grand times, great talks and sometimes a heavy beer hang-over," Franchot admits. "The four of us did almost everything—including joining the Book & Bowl Club and acquiring a model T Ford. When a fire broke out in The Little Gray Home, we

spent three winter weeks with nothing but a canvas flap over the burned-away front door. And I'll never forget the night my Ford went 'nuts' and chased the night watchman all over the campus—well, no one knows the truth of that little incident but model T and myself."

His third summer at Cornell, Franchot decided to drag himself away from The Home and take a fling at European education. He enrolled in a school about eight hours out of Paris. Four days out of each week he labored studiously and then hiked quickly to Paris for a long week end. He was, supposedly, gaining a knowledge of the French language at the school but actually . . .

"... I got most of my French lessons from a cute little girl at *Zelli's* in Montmartre. There, at a small table in a far and dimly-lighted corner, we'd sit over a bottle of wine and she would speak to me in French. I learned a lot from her—about French, I mean—and I grew rather fond of her in the bargain."

Her name was Yvonne. Franchot might have had quite a romance, had he not been still in the throes of carrying the torch for the girl Broadway had taken from him. As it was, "nothing." And I suppose he still thinks of the very cute little Yvonne and mentally kicks himself around the block for not taking a more active interest. But, as Franchot puts it: "When I woke up, I was back in America and Yvonne was still in Paris."

College days came to an end for Franchot with real pangs of regret. The school, the Dramatic Club and The Little Gray Home In The West had so completely filled his life for over three years that he was at a loss to adjust himself when those days were over and done forever. One thing he was sure of, however: He wanted to be an actor. During college, he had appeared in over forty University plays. He was at home behind the footlights. It was the career that interested him. When he broached the matter to his family, no one forbade him his chance to carry Broadway by storm. In fact, Franchot never knew until much later that his family had given in to his plans with the idea that he would "out-grow" the stage notions and return to take his place (along with Jerry) in father's Carborundum plant. Knowing Franchot, I suppose they considered it wiser to let him try—feeling certain that he would tire with failure. And he almost did!

HIS first two years as a "professional" were certainly drab enough. Through the intervention of a cousin who was backing a stock company known as The Gary-McGary Players in Buffalo, Tone secured a job as stage manager at the puzzling salary of \$15.00 a week. His duties were to write down all stage business during the rehearsals, announce half-hour, and prompt the actors from the wings. In fact, he was paid to do everything but the one thing he wanted to do—act!

His first break came when the juvenile of the company got an offer from Broadway and the director (Ralph Murphy, now a motion picture director in Hollywood) was left without a romantic lead for a play that was to open in a couple of nights. Luckily, being so anxious to play the rôle, Franchot had

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



"IRRESISTIBLE"

"It is that. And did you ever stop to consider how much real pleasure there is in a package of Beeman's? Five sticks of chewing gum—pure and wholesome, and loaded with delicious flavor that lasts—and lasts. That airtight wrapping, they tell me, keeps it fresh and preserves its delicate flavor. And don't forget, each meal will be kinder to you for Beeman's provides a pleasant aid to digestion."

Beeman's

AIDS DIGESTION...

"I FOUND NEW BEAUTY with Hollywood's Make-Up Secret"

"I had just about decided that to be really attractive one had to be born beautiful. I never dreamed that make-up could really work a miracle... but it did. I found new beauty when I discovered color harmony make-up created by Hollywood's make-up genius, Max Factor."

You, too, like thousands of girls, can find new beauty... the beauty of your dreams... if you know Hollywood's make-up secret. It is color harmony make-up, consisting of powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades to accent the color appeal of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Created to beautify screen star types, you may be sure it will do wonders for you.



Loretta Young in 20th Century-Fox's
"CAFE METROPOLE"



June Lang in 20th Century-Fox's "WEE WILLIE WINKIE"

ROUGE SHADES Dramatize Your Type — Rouge should give an enchanting touch of color to your cheeks that dramatizes your beauty... and that is exactly what your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Rouge will do. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily... fifty cents.



Alice Faye in 20th Century-Fox's
"WAKE UP AND LIVE"

LIPSTICK Withstands Every Test — Super-indelible... moisture-proof, lasting... alluring color harmony shades... important reasons why screen stars say, "Once I've made up my lips with Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick I know they'll appear perfect for hours." Try it and see... one dollar.



Loretta Young & Tyrone Power
in a scene from the 20th Century-Fox production "Cafe Metropole"

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MAIL FOR POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK in YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;
also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage
and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make Up Chart and 48-page
Illustrated Instruction book "The New Art of Society Make-Up" FREE

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STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____

If Hair is Gray, the type above and here

learned every line and every gesture of the now-unfilled rôle. So, in desperation, Murphy allowed him to play it. And Tone was so exhausted from an all-night cram session, that he was sufficiently relaxed to give an excellent performance. Even his mother who occupied (quite skeptically) a front row seat, was forced to admit that Franchot *might* be headed in the right direction.

Being a new play, the critics were there as well. Were enthusiastic, too. And when those two "Bibles" of the theater, *Billboard* and *Variety* deigned to carry short-but-laudatory reviews of his work, Franchot considered

no salary. For the first time in his life, a discouraged young Franchot entertained doubts that the world was his particular oyster.

"But those tough breaks were good for me. I had them coming. Up to that time, things I had wanted had come too easily to me. I shall never forget one awful day; it was the day I had been released after six days of rehearsal and I had to ride the subway back to town. Lord, I was blue. But on that subway, I had it out with myself. I knew I could do one of two things: Return to Niagara Falls and a good job with Father, or stick it out in New York and wait for the break

period, he says: "Oddly enough, I stayed away from the more-or-less gay spots and saved my money. In fact, I saved more that year, in proportion, than I've ever been able to save since. I wound up with \$2,000 in a savings account which I promptly lost in the stock market boom-boom of 1929!"

The season of 1930-31 saw Franchot in "Cross Roads" with Sylvia Sidney and Peggy Shannon, both of whom tried Hollywood before he did. Following that, he appeared in "Red Rust" for the Theater Guild and after a brief run with Phillip Barrie's "Hotel Universe," the Theater Guild signed him to a three-year contract.

Success had come upon him in such gradual doses that Franchot was a sought-after and popular actor on Broadway almost without realizing how far he had come. Though he was not starred, he drew laudatory notices for his work opposite such stars as Lenore Ulric in "The Pagan Lady," Jane Cowl in "A Thousand Summers." It was while touring the road with Miss Cowl that he had the terrific thrill of playing in Ithaca before the old gang from Cornell. The regular theater had been too small to hold the advance sale and a huge auditorium had been taken over for the play. The name "Franchot Tone" was prominent in lights beside the famous name Jane Cowl . . . which is an experience akin to returning to your hometown and driving a Rolls-Royce up the main drag.

It was while appearing with Jane Cowl that M-G-M signed him to a contract for motion picture work in Hollywood—"Although it didn't happen as suddenly as that might sound," he added humorously. "From the moment I got my name in a Broadway cast, I had been making motion picture 'tests' for one company and then another. I suppose if the tests I made were strung end-to-end, they'd make at least a twelve-reel feature. They weren't bad, either. I remember being quite surprised that they were as good as they were, considering that I didn't think I had either a screen face or personality. But for some reason (or many of them) nothing had come of my very persistent testing until M-G-M offered me a contract beginning at the same salary I was then getting on the stage, to try my luck in Hollywood.

"Frankly, it was the year-around salary that tempted me. I decided to make as much money as possible for a year and then return to the stage. So I asked for a trick clause in my contract to the effect that after I'd served my year of financial sentence, I (*not* the studio) should have the option of re-signing for another term."

In the beginning, Franchot did not like Hollywood. Even now, I'm not quite sure it is his favorite environment. At the very start, his whole life and scheme of living seemed turned bottom side up.

He had few friends and his original impression was that he was marooned in a completely mournful place, and to add to the gloom, he had rented a place at the beach and was thus enveloped in fog for the first month or two of his stay.

But day after day Franchot reported hopefully to the studio, only to be told to "wait." When, after five dreary weeks, he was advised that he was to go into the cast of Joan Crawford's "Today We Live," he refused to believe it until he was actually in make-up and on the set. Even then he remained skeptical until he began his first scene with the star.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



It keeps one busy being tough, and here is Eddie Robinson touching up his phizz for "Kid Galahad" helped by Dick Johnson, dean of make-up men. Below, a candid camera shot of director Michael Curtiz showing Eddie, Jane Bryan and Wayne Morris how to act. The trouble is — only Jane is watching!



himself on the way. He spent the entire day, following this minor triumph, cutting out his "notices" and pasting them in a scrapbook. This book, he planned, was to be his main weapon of attack on Broadway producers.

But Broadway was not yet for the eager Franchot. For six weeks he remained with The Gary-McGary Players at \$40.00 weekly before he was offered \$60.00 by a New York group called the New Playwrights Theater. The promise of those twenty extra dollars was his undoing for, after six weary days of rehearsals, the manager let him go with the excuse that he was too young and inexperienced for the tough rôle, after all! For weeks, he made the rounds of the agencies and producers, his notices always hopefully displayed. The managers who bothered to read them were totally unimpressed. No contracts,

that was to be quite a long time showing up. I'm not saying that I was too courageous to quit. But at least I was too stubborn."

His real career didn't get under way until after almost eighteen months of "backing and filling"—backing into assorted, cheap stock companies and filling into minor rôles with such lesser Broadway plays as "The Ladder." Matter of fact, it wasn't until an agent sent him to Guthrie McClintic (husband of Katharine Cornell) for a rôle in the great Cornell's starring vehicle "The Age Of Innocence," that Franchot skated, even lightly, on the thin ice of Broadway success.

The Cornell play was a hit with the critics and even more of a hit with Franchot because it paid him \$100.00 weekly in addition to the great pride he felt in appearing with the first lady of the New York stage. Of that

"You tell her, Edith"

"Who, me? Never! Let Jane do it"

"NO, I CAN'T. YOU TELL HER, MADGE"

"Not me. I elect Doris"

"Why should I? Anne's the one"



JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

. . .

It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexcusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day*, in just half a minute. With Mum!

Harmless to clothing. You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you

know—*after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing — Mum doesn't prevent the natural perspiration itself — just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.



LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

keep lips
ardent...
free from
lipstick
parching!



What makes lips tempting? Men admire warm, ardent color... and soft, silky texture. Dry, rough lips do *not* tempt romance.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," protects you from all danger of Lipstick Parching. It contains a special softening ingredient—"Theobroma"—which keeps lips appealingly smooth and dewy. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five ardent and indelible shades. *New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50¢.* Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

Joan was a revelation to the by now discontented actor from New York. She was the most vivid and intensely magnetic person he had encountered in Hollywood. He liked her immediately. And he was delighted when she went out of her way to be kind to him—talking of the stage, books and music. They found a mutual fund of interests, and if he became a bit more interested in Joan as a beautiful and charming girl than as a student of the art, it was an emotion he kept carefully to himself. For Joan was married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. at the time and, as far as Franchot and the world knew, very happily married, too.

It wasn't until the following spring, when they appeared together in "Dancing Lady," that their friendship blossomed into something more than "Hello" as they passed each other on the lot. This, then, was the very beginning of their romance for, by now, Joan had filed divorce papers against young Doug.

In the meantime, Franchot's career had gone ahead with such pictures as "Gabriel Over The White House," "Stranger's Return," and "Moulin Rouge." (His favorite picture, by the way, is "Bengal Lancers" which he made some time later.) His "trial year" in the movies was almost at an end as he appeared for "Dancing Lady" and when he began the picture he had every intention in the world of returning to Broadway as he originally had planned.

By the time the picture was completed, wild horses couldn't have dragged him away from Hollywood. Franchot and Joan were, by then, deeply and sincerely in love.

He doesn't talk about the romance that led to his marriage with the glamorous Joan because Franchot steadfastly refuses to make publicity fodder of anything so intimate and personal in his life. But I happen to know, nonetheless, that the early stages of their love story were not happy for Tone despite the eventual happy ending. Not that Joan didn't return his love, but she had been hurt and bewildered by the crashing of her marriage to young Fairbanks. She needed time to adjust her life. In addition, it was slow agony for him to be dragged through the Hollywood gossip mills as the suitor Joan "might" or "might not" marry. Franchot had been able to maintain a private life on the stage; in Hollywood, and sincerely in love with a girl whose very name spelled headlines, it was indeed another story.

During the year that an old love died and a new love was born, Franchot was devotion itself to Joan. She has said more than once that he brought new values, new ambition and new aspirations into her life. Less has been said about Joan's influence on Franchot but it was definite from the beginning. Joan loves Hollywood and her career. She respects her profession. In time, she showed Franchot that Hollywood—with all its outward glitter and glamour—was not a mere money mill to be condescendingly embraced by Broadwayites who deigned to come to the movie town. They had many long discussions, even arguments, concerning the relative merits of his world and hers. Gradually those two worlds came closer and closer together; finally, they found them mysteriously blended.

ON the 11th day of October, 1935, Joan and Franchot were married in Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey after one of the most denied, affirmed and re-denied romances Hollywood had ever witnessed.

They went East to be married for two reasons: First to escape the ballyhoo of a Hollywood ceremony and secondly for Joan to meet Franchot's family. The wedding, however, couldn't have been more hectic if it had been staged in Hollywood.

"Nicholas Schenck, M-G-M's New York executive, helped us with our secret wedding plans," says Franchot, "by having one of his close friends—the Mayor of Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey—fix it up with the license clerk to bring a license to the Mayor's home and we were married there. Immediately after we got back to New York, Joan began worrying about the story leaking out. Walter Winchell had her promise for the story and she finally told him—asking him to wait until his Sunday broadcast (this was Friday) to break it. Winchell later told us that he never went through two such days in his life. He bought every edition of every paper, scared to death to look at the front page for fear of seeing the story. After his broadcast, he told us that he was through holding stories; too many gray hairs were the result.

"During those two days while we were secretly married, we had a grand time. We danced until dawn and did a lot of silly things we'd always wanted to do. I remember going home from our Saturday night's revelry; it was just breaking daylight and we stopped the taxi on Sixth Avenue and waltzed with an ancient newsboy. The old gent had no idea who his partners-in-gaity were, I'm sure, but he joined in the fun and stepped pretty lively, too, for an old codger."

Then, in the white glare of national publicity, Joan and Franchot returned to Hollywood and a newly-decorated home in Brentwood, two dachshunds, a few close and chosen friends and their mutual love for music, the stage and motion pictures. It is hardly necessary to detail their activities, either social or professional, since that time—as practically every word that can be printed concerning them has been printed a dozen times over.

That Hollywood has chosen to misconstrue their musical ambitions, their singing lessons, the little theater they have added to their home and many other of their mutual interests as being "highbrow," has bothered Franchot not the slightest. That Hollywood continues to interpret his refusal to be a back-slapper and a proverbial hail-fellow-well-met as an indication of snobbery, bothers him even less.

And so he stands where he is today, one of the finest and certainly one of the most sincere actors on the screen. There is no gainsaying that he is one of the most independent personalities off the screen. Perhaps, at heart, he is as much a rebel to the traditions of the glamour game as he was to the rules at The Hill or the social conventions of his fraternity at Cornell. The real difference lies in the fact that he no longer seeks converts to his creed. His code is individual. All he asks is the privilege of adhering to it himself.

I doubt that Hollywood will ever change him or mould him to the standard, accepted patterns.

We must accept him for his fine work, his sincere portrayals, and credit his lack of the usual Hollywood social conscience to his determination to avoid hypocrisy—leaving him a stranger within the gates.

THE END

NOW SHOWING

Smart-Youthful-New White ENNA JETTICKS

Look up this white "show" in *your* neighborhood. See it as soon as possible—for it's bound to make a difference in your life! Such hit features as pert bows, punched ventilations, sandalized effects, and high-rising tongues will outfit you with youthful charm.



Soft, cool-as-a-breeze leathers and unusually comfortable lasts are designed to send you to every occasion on your busy daytime calendar with a light, easy step. And because every shoe is hand-flexed by master craftsmen, there's not an ounce of stiffness in the show-ful!



Cleo

Wears cool punchings in fashionable massed designs. In White Kid. \$6



Edith

Uses a young, upstanding tongue for front height. Comes in White Kid. \$6

*America's Smartest Walking Shoes
Go Places Comfortably*

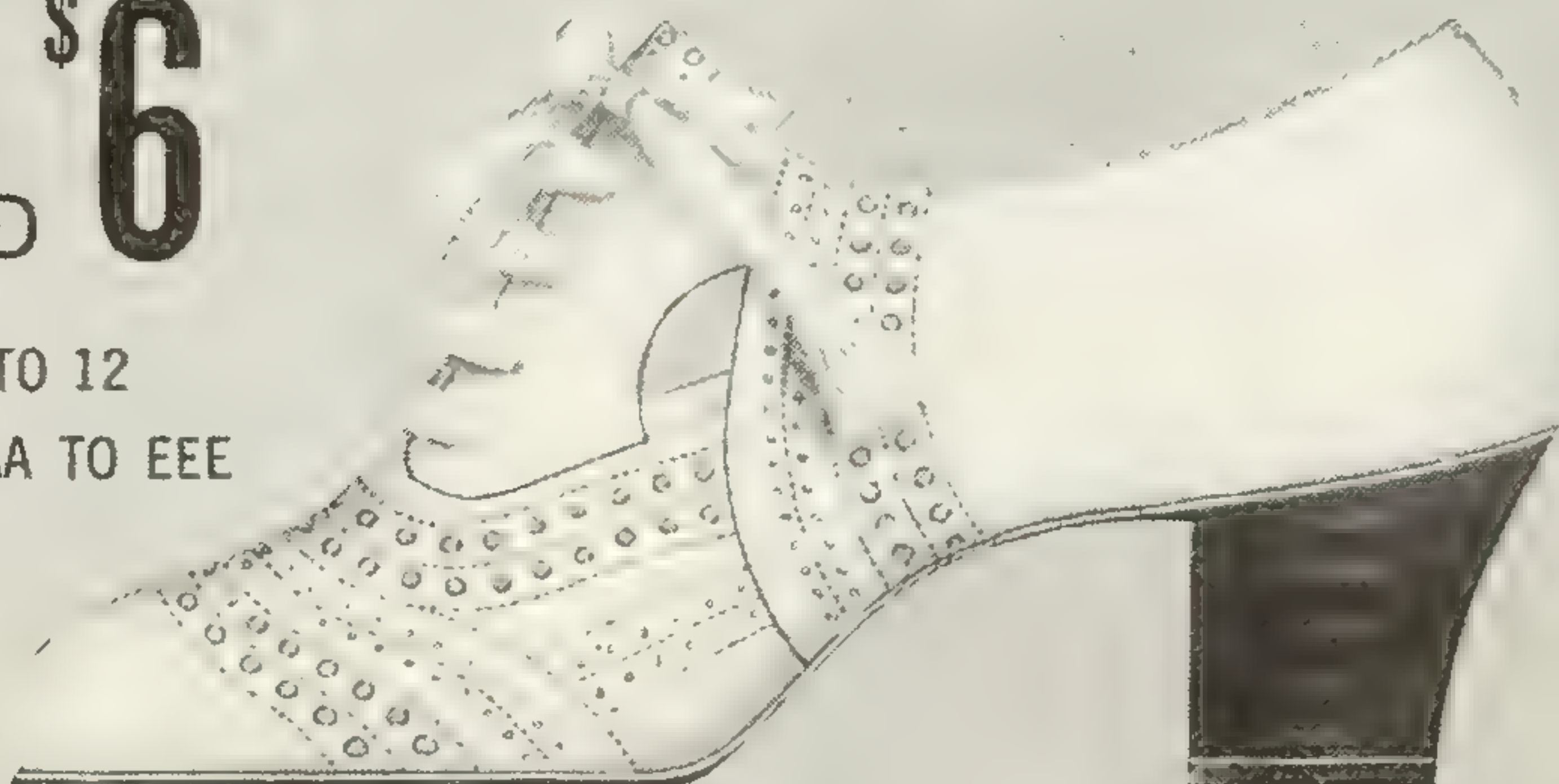
\$5 AND \$6

SIZES 1 TO 12
WIDTHS AAAAA TO EEE



Bebe

A gay sport with fringed tongue. White Buccaneer or Boarded Calf. \$5



Jifi

A debonair new punched sport in White Buccaneer or Boarded Calf. \$5

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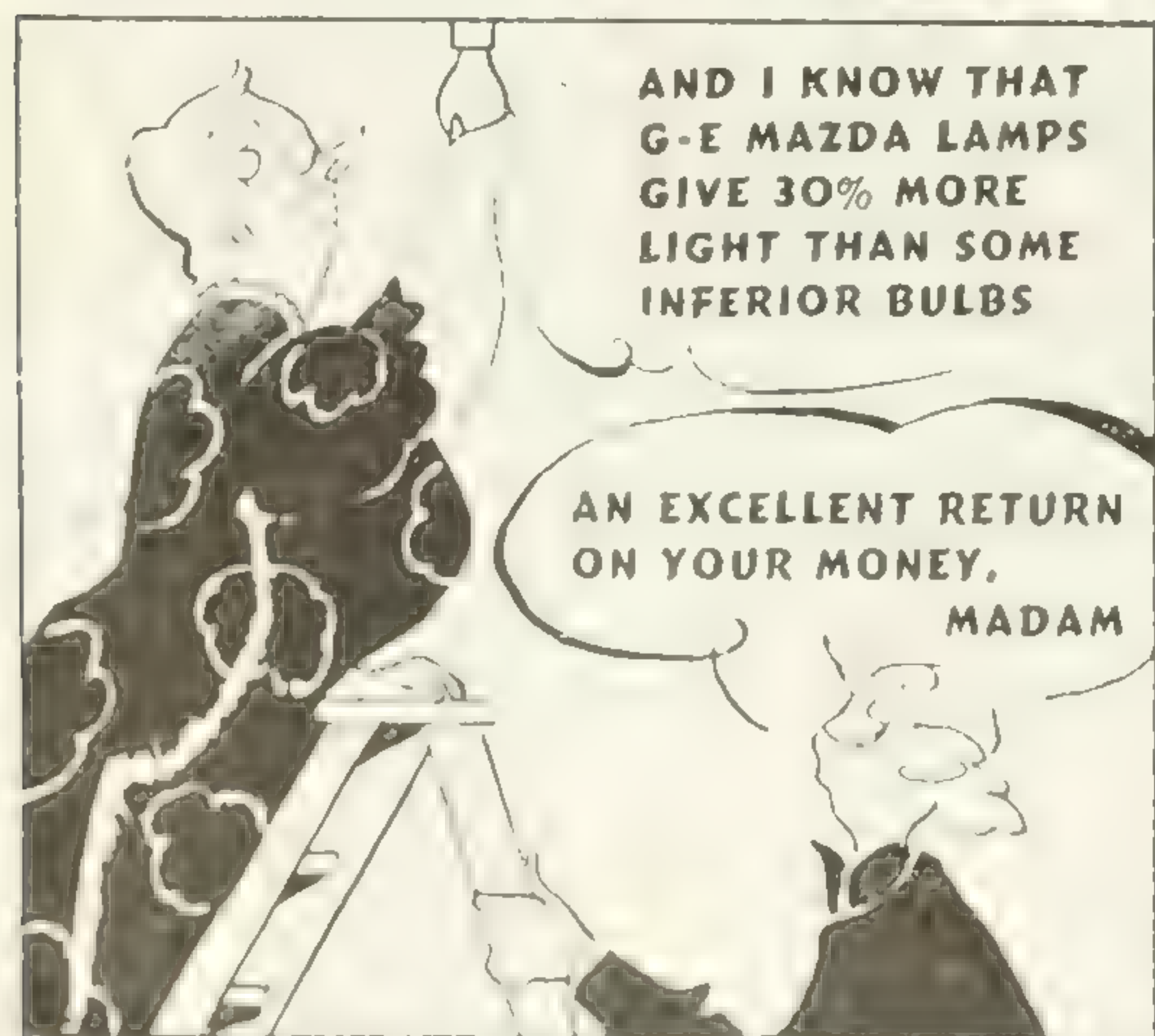
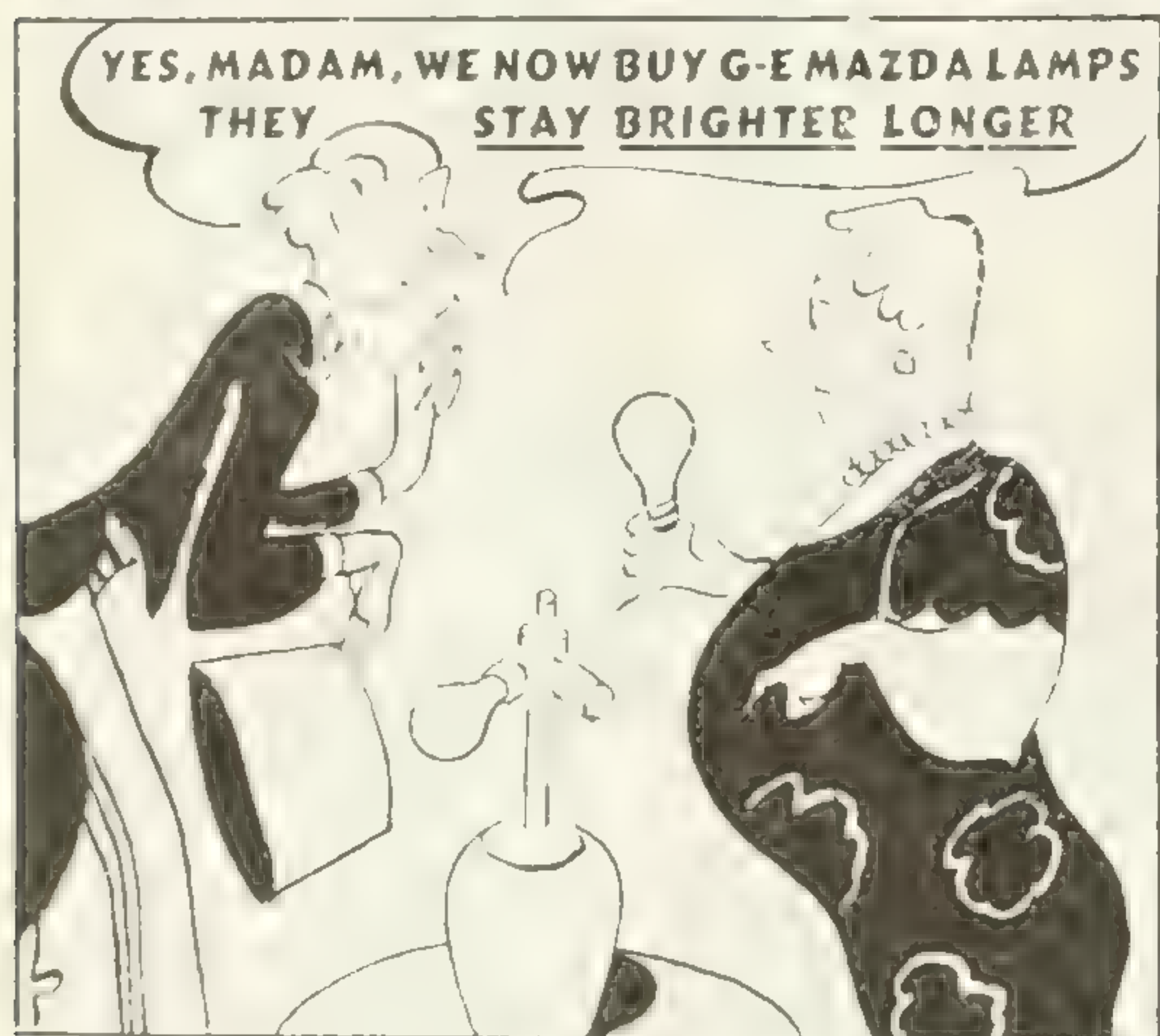
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NEW YORK



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ACUTY AND MALLER

**GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS**

FREE—Write for helpful new booklet "Seeing Begins." Tells how much light you need... suggests ways to get it. Address Dept. 166-P, General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

ALTHOUGH it may be publicity build-up, B. P. Shulberg says he wants to marry his new Italian find—Milli Monti. They've been night clubbing together a lot.

CAROLE LOMBARD had the flu for a week and Clark Gable gave up his hunting trip to remain with her. Devotion plus.

VIRGINIA BRUCE and David Niven had a quarrel; patched it up; are hotter than ever.

PRETTY June Travis who gets about, now has Dick Purcell on the string. Dick admits she is the only girl in the world but June hedges on whether or not it's love for her.

JACK LA RUE is seeing Connie Simpson once more after a lull.

CLAUDE RAINS is off for a long vacation of several months. He'll spend it on his farm near Philadelphia.

THAT accident Hoot Gibson had with his car last February is having results. Mrs. Myra Finn who drove the car he assertedly smashed into is suing for twenty-five thousand.

THE Franchot Tones are having their first real vacation together, in several weeks at a ranch outside Palm Springs.

ANN SOTHERN, supposed to fall into a faint for a scene, hit a settee on the way down and cut her lower lip. Doctors took three stitches, sent her home. Said Cary Grant, her co-star, "She gets a rest but I have to work anyway. Why couldn't she have done this on a day when they couldn't have shot my scenes without her being present?"

PHIL REGAN took his 16 cylinder car to a Salt Lake City course for a speed test. The car blew a tire, turned over at some incredible speed and tossed Regan out. His life was saved by a safety helmet he was wearing.

THEY say it's all off with Glenda Farrell and Drew Ebersson. He's been going about with Tala Birell and Marjorie Murdoch.

LEE TRACY'S mother slipped into Santa Monica Bay the other day when the landing gear on her son's boat gave way under her. Tracy went in after her, pulled her out. She can't swim.

JOHNNY DOWNS gave Eleanore Whitney a ticket to Honolulu as a birthday gift, which was convenient since he was leaving that day for the island himself. Gossip is they may be married over there.

JEAN MUIR has bought some property in Santa Fe near that owned by Lynn Riggs, her current romance.

ARLINE JUDGE and Dan Topping honeymooning in Honolulu. Arline divorced Wesley Ruggles in Reno and acquired a new husband all on the same day.

LATEST word in Hollywood is that the long expected marriage of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers will take place in Hawaii this summer.

REUNIONS of movie stars feature Coronation month in England. Glenda Farrell reports making London look like old home week in Hollywood.

TYRONE POWER and Sonja Henie back from making snow scenes in the north for "Thin Ice" humming "Love to Keep Them Warm."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE writes a daily report of her activities for her mother, recovering from an operation in Santa Monica Hospital.

ARTHUR TREACHER and Hugh Herbert found that an operation for appendicitis was no comedy.

KATHERINE DeMILLE, always a villainess in films, getting her chance to be a nice sweetheart in "Love Under Fire."

ROBERT TAYLOR will sing in "Broadway Melody." Roger Edens is coaching him.

JEAN HARLOW is changing her hair again. This time it's to be red for her rôle in "Saratoga."

GINGER ROGERS is the first bridesmaid chosen for the Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond wedding. Mothers of Hollywood stars banded together and gave Jeanette a linen shower.

SIMONE SIMON lunching with six men in the RKO dining room practically threw the place in an uproar. Only French was spoken so no one knows why the laughter and merriment at their table.

HOLLYWOOD is eagerly awaiting the arrival of Katharine Hepburn to discover what goes on when Hepburn reads the script of "Stage Door." It seems Ginger Rogers has a part equal to Miss Hepburn's but no amount of talking on Hepburn's part can change the studio's mind, for after all Ginger Rogers leads third at the box office; Hepburn is 52nd.

SIDNEY FRANKLIN, one of Hollywood's ace directors, and Mrs. Ruth Helms Nagel were married April 12, at Las Vegas, Nevada. They will honeymoon in New York.

TONY BELL, two-year-old son of ex-star Clara Bow and Rex Bell, is headed for a screen career. His tests are reported extraordinary.

GEORGE GIVOT, actor, will wed his childhood sweetheart, Maryon Curtis, April 25. They were reunited three years ago when she moved to Los Angeles. They will live on the actor's twenty acre ranch near Tarzana.

DICK POWELL and Joan Blondell on the verge of buying a yacht in spite of the fact Joan gets seasick.

"CHERIE"
dramatically original
—created for

Youth

BY JANTZEN

● This enchanting bit of brevity, the new Jantzen *Cherie*, artfully combines daring and modesty with the neckline cut to the waist. A dramatically original creation! There's a *tailored-in elastic Brä-Lift*, exclusive with Jantzen, that molds the bust in sculptured lines. The diagonal Kava Knit fabric of luxurious, quick-drying wool gives you flattering slenderness through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch.

Jantzens are the choice of smart swimmers and sunners because they fit so perfectly, permanently; because they definitely "do something for you". See the smart new figure-control Jantzens at your favorite store or shop. Try them on. Revel in their slender "girdle-fit". Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.

Cherie [illustrated] \$6.95

Cherie [with skirt] \$10.95

Other Jantzen Creations, \$4.50 to \$10.95



ROCHELLE HUDSON
20th Century-Fox Star
in "*She Had to Eat*"

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FIGURE-CONTROL SWIMMING SUITS

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WOMEN'S ☐

MEN'S ☐

Name

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Tips On That Trip to Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]



**FEMININE
HYGIENE**
made easy



NORFORMS ACTION EXPLAINED

Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

THINK OF IT! Effective feminine hygiene without apparatus—without embarrassing antiseptic odors—without danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

Millions of women now use Norforms—convenient little suppositories, powerfully antiseptic, yet soothing. Norforms melt at internal body temperature and spread a protective film over delicate, internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—actually soothing.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, "*Feminine Hygiene Made Easy*." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y., makers of Unguentine.

NORFORMS

Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

In downtown Hollywood, the Roosevelt is a big favorite with the screen crowd. Four to six dollars a day, single; six to eight, double. But pretty nearly always packed and jammed. All right, try the Knickerbocker, from five, single; from six, double. The Knickerbocker also offers an arrangement you might like in its hotel apartments, six to eight dollars a day. Hotel service, but your own kitchenette, which can save you money on meals. Food is relatively cheap in California.

In Los Angeles, conveniently out west from town, the famous Ambassador, with its even more famous Cocoanut Grove, will put you up for eight dollars, single; ten dollars, double, complete with swimming pool, tennis courts and pitch and putt greens. If it's Beverly Hills you crave, register with Clark Gable at the Beverly Wilshire. Not under five bucks.

Of course, there are scores of smaller, but just as clean, respectable and safe taverns scattered all through Hollywood and Los Angeles. Two dollars is about the minimum tariff. Try The Christie, The Padre, and The Plaza in the Hollywood district.

If you want to beat this, have your car along. Some of the auto camps out on Ventura Boulevard, just a horn honk from the movie colony at Mayor Al Jolson's Encino, will take care of you for as low as a dollar a night, cheaper by the week. There is no full-fledged trailer camp anywhere around Hollywood.

In the past, thrifty visitors solved the shelter problem by renting apartments by the week. But don't count on that this year. The housing shortage and real estate boom have made apartments very rare bird nests indeed. However, if you're going to stay a while and want to have your own little bower, you can dig up bungalow courts with real hibiscus—feel—flaming around the door. Modest single apartments usually start at thirty-five and forty.

ALL right, all right! I know you aren't planning on sitting in some hotel room and staring at the three-piece overstuffed. So we'll get right on to business.

Here is the straight stuff about getting into the studios and seeing stars at work. Unless you are a pretty important person in this world, unless you have a friend or relative pretty well up in the motion picture business, unless you happen to know some obliging soul who works in a studio or allied enterprise—your chances of getting a good look at a picture being filmed are very slim indeed.

Studios don't like to be exclusive but time is big money to them. They simply can't afford to bother with any more visitors than are absolutely necessary. But you had a friend, and she got in and—all right, if you don't know a soul, here is your one chance. Go to your local theater exhibitor and see if he will pave the way with a letter to someone he knows in the studios. Maybe he can and maybe not. But he's your best bet.

Of course, you can always drive through a studio lot, if you're that easily satisfied. The Tanner Tours will ride you through the Warner Brothers lot, as part of their all-day Hollywood sight-seeing trip. If a company is shooting out-of-doors, you might even get a chance to watch; but Tanner's don't guarantee a thing that way. The trip includes beach points of interest, movie stars' homes, lunch at Universal

Studios, and costs four and a half per person.

If you have your own car, and want to chauffeur your own sight-seeing tour, take it out Sunset Boulevard toward the sea. At intervals from West Hollywood to Brentwood you'll see gaily colored beach umbrellas and men sitting in canvas chairs behind signs saying "Guide To Movie Homes." For fees ranging from fifty cents to six dollars, according to how much rubbernecking you can stand, they'll climb into your car and point out star mansions and various movie landmarks. You can buy a map and conduct your own tour, but it isn't recommended. House numbers are hard to find, and stars move around quite a bit. You might gaze rapturously at where you think Bob Montgomery tucks his tousled head, when all the time it's only where Joe Katz of the lingerie game hangs out.

The transportation problem is a respectable headache unless you have a car, which is a very solid argument in favor of driving out. Distances are great in "Hollywood," which is to say, anywhere from Toluca Lake to Santa Monica. It is, in fact, a good twenty mile jaunt just making the studio circuit. On top of this, the Los Angeles area has probably the worst transportation system of any city its size in the world. It's all surface, incredibly slow and badly co-ordinated. Cab fares are so high and distances so great as to be almost prohibitive. In other words, unless you want to fret and stew and spend your life waiting for busses and trams, you'll need an automobile.

You can rent one at plenty of Drive-It-Yourself places but it's fairly expensive. For a small car, say a new Plymouth, Ford or Chevrolet, it will set you back \$2.15 a day plus 8 cents a mile, including insurance. By the week, \$28.50 and 7 cents for every mile over 400. Bigger cars come higher, of course. A Rolls-Royce is worth ten bucks a day. Besides proper identification, you'll have to plunk down a deposit of one and a half times the rental price.

If you're going to be around for a while minus your own motor, the best dodge is to buy a small used car and arrange to sell it back to the dealer at a slight loss when you leave. They're used to these deals. Even with the sales tax, you'll save money.

THAT saving can buy you good times, dining and dancing and going places, doing things, seeing people. Yes, I mean stars.

You might have a tough time catching them at work, but at play—well, that's something else.

For your "must" list of dance and dine spots put the Ambassador's Cocoanut Grove and the Trocadero right up at the top. At the Grove the big night is Tuesday—Movie Night. A big star takes over the entertainment every Tuesday and calls on all her friends to help out. Result, a field day, or night, for you and you. Can't tell you who'll be the music master at the Grove this summer, they don't know themselves; but it's always top orchestras. Any night except Saturdays and Movie Night, one flag will pay your cover charge at the Grove and three will get you a Continental dinner. On Movie Night the cover handicap is two dollars, and Saturdays one-fifty.

"Troccin" is a more modern Hollywood
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

MAKE YOUR TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS'!

"Brushing with Calox
seems to bring out a
new, brilliant luster."

Joel McCrea



JOEL McCREA,
co-star with Miriam
Hopkins in Samuel
Goldwyn's "WOMAN
CHASES MAN." Plan
to see this picture—and
watch his brilliant
smile...

"Calox Tooth Powder is my choice... because
the screen demands white and gleaming teeth."

Joel McCrea speaking.

AND ISN'T it true? Movie audiences ad-
mire a charming smile, sparkling teeth.
But so does any audience—your own in-
cluded. Your wife, your husband, your boss,
your friends!

If your teeth look dingy—do something

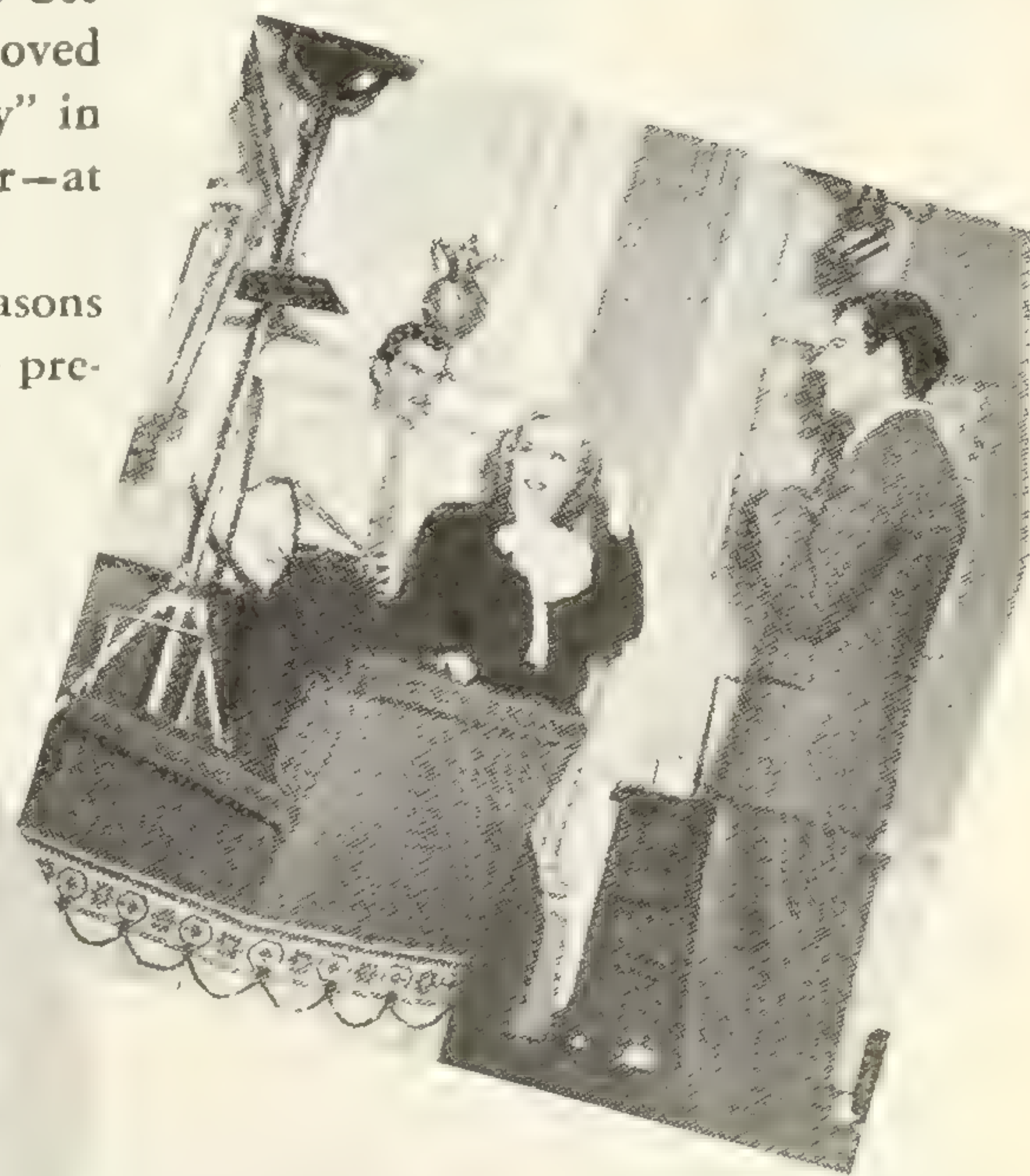
about it. Take a cue from Hollywood. Use
the powder that has been tested and proved
in the severest "personality laboratory" in
the world. Use Calox Tooth Powder—at
least twice every day.

Read below the sound scientific reasons
why Calox cleans better, why it is the pre-
ferred dentifrice of so many stars.

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WHY HOLLYWOOD SAYS "O. K."

- 1. GIVES "HIGH-LUSTER" POLISH.** Scien-
tifically approved polishing ingredients get
to work! Dullness disappears. Teeth start
to sparkle.
- 2. SAFE BECAUSE IT'S SOFT.** Calox con-
tains no grit—no pumice—nothing that
could scratch enamel.
- 3. RELEASES LIVE OXYGEN.** Oxygen is Na-
ture's own purifying agent.
- 4. MADE WITH PRESCRIPTION CARE.** Calox
is made by McKesson & Robbins—
who have supplied fine drugs to physicians
and hospitals since 1833.



"CAMERA!" Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and
cameraman shooting a scene from "Woman
Chases Man." Powerful 2000-watt lights are poured
on the star's face and teeth. Would your teeth reg-
ister flawless in such a test? Experiences like this
teach so many stars to use Calox.



Quickly CORRECT UGLY Figure Faults!

PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES
IT REMOVES UNWANTED BULGES!



If YOU do not **REDUCE**
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
... it will cost you nothing!

BECAUSE so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making the above unqualified agreement. Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to this safe, quick way of reduction. "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced 9 inches", says Mrs. Derr.

Immediately Appear inches Smaller
You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results... as are other Perfolastic wearers!

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You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. And with the loss of fat come increased pep and energy.

Send for 10-Day Free Trial Offer!

Why not test Perfolastic this summer... NOW... and prove what it will do for you? You do not risk one penny. Simply try Perfolastic at our expense. If it does not reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days it will cost you nothing! See for yourself the delightful quality of the material and its soft silky lining! Read of the astonishing experiences of others! Learn the details of our 10-Day Free Trial Offer in the FREE illustrated booklet!

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Without obligation send FREE Booklet, sample of material and details of 10-Day FREE Trial Offer!

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night habit, but just as firmly established. Saturday, pay day, is the Trocadero's big night, but you'll have more fun if you drop around on Sunday evening for dinner. Then Phil Ohman, the orchestral fixture at the Troc. drafts talent from the tables, and since there's plenty sitting around, you'll find your eyes popping. Joan Crawford has stepped up on the stage to sing more than once. Anything can happen at the Troc. Even Garbo might show up. The place has a strictly studio air. The stars feel at home and act accordingly.

It will be one-fifty weekdays and two dollars Saturdays and Sundays before you get started Troccin'. A three dollar dinner guaranteed to make you dream all night is served until ten. But take an amateur gourmet's tip and go for some *cornet de saumon à la Russe*, which in the vernacular is salmon stuffed with fresh Mollosol caviar, and that's the best batch of fish eggs in the West. Or, if you feel particularly reckless, five bucks worth, order yourself a golden English pheasant and ruin yourself forever for home cooking.

Your Hollywood night spot education will be off to a good start when you've done the Troc and the Grove—but not necessarily complete. If you want the whole works, take in the Biltmore Bowl, a big favorite with the younger screen crowd; and if the night is warmish, drive out to where Wilshire Boulevard meets the sea and cool off at the Miramar Hotel. You'll usually find several stars with the same idea. There's also the Beverly Wilshire's Florentine Room and Wilshire Bowl, pretty well taken over by the college crowd from U. C. L. A. and U. S. C.; but if you can take Young America rampant you'll enjoy them. A dollar will handle the couvert at all of these.

They are probably more unique drop-in-and-drink oases in Hollywood than any place in the country outside of Manhattan. Don't miss the tropical spots, Seven Seas, The Tropics, and The Beachcombers, if you like rain-and-lightning effects, hula dancers and steel guitars with your Planters' Punches. The Cinegrill in the Roosevelt Hotel features impromptu piano-and-song and a long, roomy bar, while the Hollywood Derby's Bamboo Room and Levy's cocktail bar are good drinking retreats.

The Clover Club, sole surviving extravaganza of the pre-repeal days, will be cluttered with movie greats into the small hours, but you may have a time convincing the doorman you qualify for admittance. Don't try if your feelings are easily hurt. Food here is magnificent. This goes too for the Cafe Lamaze.

If you don't drink and you don't dance you can check these spots off your list and still have a series of big evenings taking in the previews. Naturally you'll want to see Grauman's Chinese, on the Boulevard. There'll be a première there and one or two at the Carthay Circle this summer; good old-fashioned premières with lights striping the sky, ermine wraps, top hats and tails and stars all over the place. Premières nick the budget to the tune of \$5.50, as a rule, but if you sit next to Bob Taylor, isn't it worth it?

On ordinary evenings fifty-five cents will get you into the Chinese and a dollar-ten into the Carthay.

The preview situation provides a real movie bargain for summer visitors: A peep at brand-new, unreleased pictures, close-ups of the stars in person, and all for the regular price of admission! There'll be a preview just about every

night you're in town, somewhere. The best way to track previews is to watch the marquees of well established preview spots, or scan the amusement ads in the daily Los Angeles papers. Good movie houses to watch for previews include the Chinese, Warner Brothers' Hollywood, Warners' Beverly Hills, the Pantages Hollywood, RKO Hillstreet and the Alexander in Glendale.

If you're getting the impression that you'll have to wait the shades of night to have any fun in Hollywood, rest easy. Around noon you can mix your star-seeing excursions very gastronomically at any number of places you've read about, and pleasantly too.

Subdue your appetite until about one o'clock, because you won't find stars clustering around the salad bowl until about that time. The Vendome, on Sunset in Hollywood, is a required luncheon experience, if your purse can take it. It's very expensive, but very smart and probably number one luncheon rendezvous for the stars. Everything is *à la carte*. The Vendome specializes in importations, cosmopolitan entrées and if you don't have just the correct wine for the particular dish, waiters are quite likely to faint. You may not get on the "right" side, because the *maitre d'* has a subtle way of culling mere man from the jewels of Movieland, but you can eat and watch reverently as Gloria Glamorous wolfs her calves liver sauté *vin blanc*.

Something for you to try is Chicken Hongkong, or *filet de sole d'andin*, good dollar-and-a-half entrées.

The Brown Derby is your next best bet to gape while you gulp. The Beverly Hills Derby is now slightly preferred to the Vine Street for stargazing. It's nearer the big studios. You'll find more of the radio crowd at the Vine Street. A good time to barge into the latter is after the Hollywood Legion prize fights on Friday nights. Order Spaghetti Derby or Creamed Turkey Derby for a yum.

Or you can walk across the street to Al Levy's. Al is the dean of all West Coast restaurateurs and keeps his standard of food high and delicious. Writers especially like to gather at Levy's; so if you admire the boys who write the movies more than the ones who act them, trot over to Levy's and tell the waiter I said a bit of Green Goddess Salad or a little Chicken Salad Victor was in order. Slightly more moderate prices here—a seventy-five cent lunch, if you're hungry.

The Victor-Hugo, an old time Los Angeles trencherman's mecca, is out in Beverly Hills now, you know, bigger and better. Don't expect to meet much of a studio crowd there at lunch, but you'll be sure to spot the cinema epicures at dinner which will take you for two and a quarter.

When you've made the rounds, and still haven't glimpsed the one who makes your heart skip rope, try these out-of-the-way places: Lucey's, on Melrose Avenue, right across from Paramount. The minestrone, spumoni, raviola and typical Mussolini menu is excellent and you can always count on a goodly Paramount star gathering. Perino's, down on Wilshire, is Garbo's favorite restaurant. La Golondrina, in the heart of quaint old Olvera Street, draws the Latin-Spanish colony. The Melrose Grotto, right next to the new NBC studios, will make you dizzy watching the parade of ether personalities.

Incidentally, since Hollywood has gone radio in such a big way, you can't afford to pass up Radio Row. Half of the big coast-to-coast

programs come out of Hollywood now. Most of them feature screen stars.

A good idea, the minute you get in town, would be to visit the NBC and Columbia studios and make ticket applications for your favorite air shows. You may have to wait a week or two. Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Jack Oakie, Eddie Cantor, Cecil B. DeMille's Lux Theater with its top rank screen artists and Hollywood Hotel's big guest stars are regular weekly attractions. You'll get a bang out of them and save wear and tear on the wallet. Absolutely free.

YOUR culture, ascetic or physical, doesn't have to be completely neglected while stalking the elusive movie star. Matter of fact, a grand place to bag big game is the Hollywood Bowl. Symphonies under the stars draw the stars in droves. Thanks to Mother Nature, fifty-cent seats are every bit as good as the boxes.

I've already mentioned the Legion Fights on Fridays.

Mae West will be there. Also Al Jolson and Ruby, Lupe and Johnny, Charlie Ruggles and a flock of regular canvas backs. Ducats are from fifty cents to three dollars.

Malibu is a bit dated now. Lately, Laguna Beach, a lazy artists' colony sixty miles south toward San Diego, has lured Hollywooders to its rocky coves.

But for the most part, you'll run as good if not a better chance of catching your hero *au naturel* splashing in the public surf at Santa Monica, right near town. Take a stroll down the sand past the sea-sprayed mansions of Norma Shearer and Marion Davies and see how many famous faces you can recognize behind dark glasses and zinc oxide. The Swimming Club beach is your best bet, and you'll probably catch Joel McCrea batting a volley ball at the Beach Club next door; he's captain of the team.

Catalina Island is definitely worth a choppy crossing if you're at all nautical, or even if you're not. In cobalt Avalon Bay you'll see every movie yacht afloat.

Look for Lee and Spencer Tracy, Warren William, Bill Powell, Warner Baxter, Jimmy Cagney and Dick Barthelmess among others. The trip across and back on a big, safe steamer is only three dollars. You can fly for a fiver each way.

If you're at all horsey, you'll want to save Sunday afternoons for the polo matches.

One dollar will get you a good seat at the Riviera or the Uplifters where you can watch Bob Montgomery, Spencer Tracy, Leslie Howard, Johnny Mack Brown, Darryl Zanuck and plenty more horse hockey experts gallop about.

Golf? Your best star bet is the Lakeside Country Club, just a mashie pitch from Warner Brothers Studios.

Bing Crosby is the club champion and plays every Sunday morning, bright and early. Dick Arlen, too. You'll have to wrangle a guest card to play yourself.

There are a thousand more tips I'd like to give you.

About the West Side Tennis Club, for instance, where you can always catch famous movie racqueteers; about the Bel-Air stables; about Lake Arrowhead and Big Bear, star retreats high in the mountains; about Malibu Lake and its screen colony—but I'd need a thousand more pages to tell the thousand more things you can do and see around Hollywood this summer.

Anyhow, come—for it's a swell vacation and you'll like it.



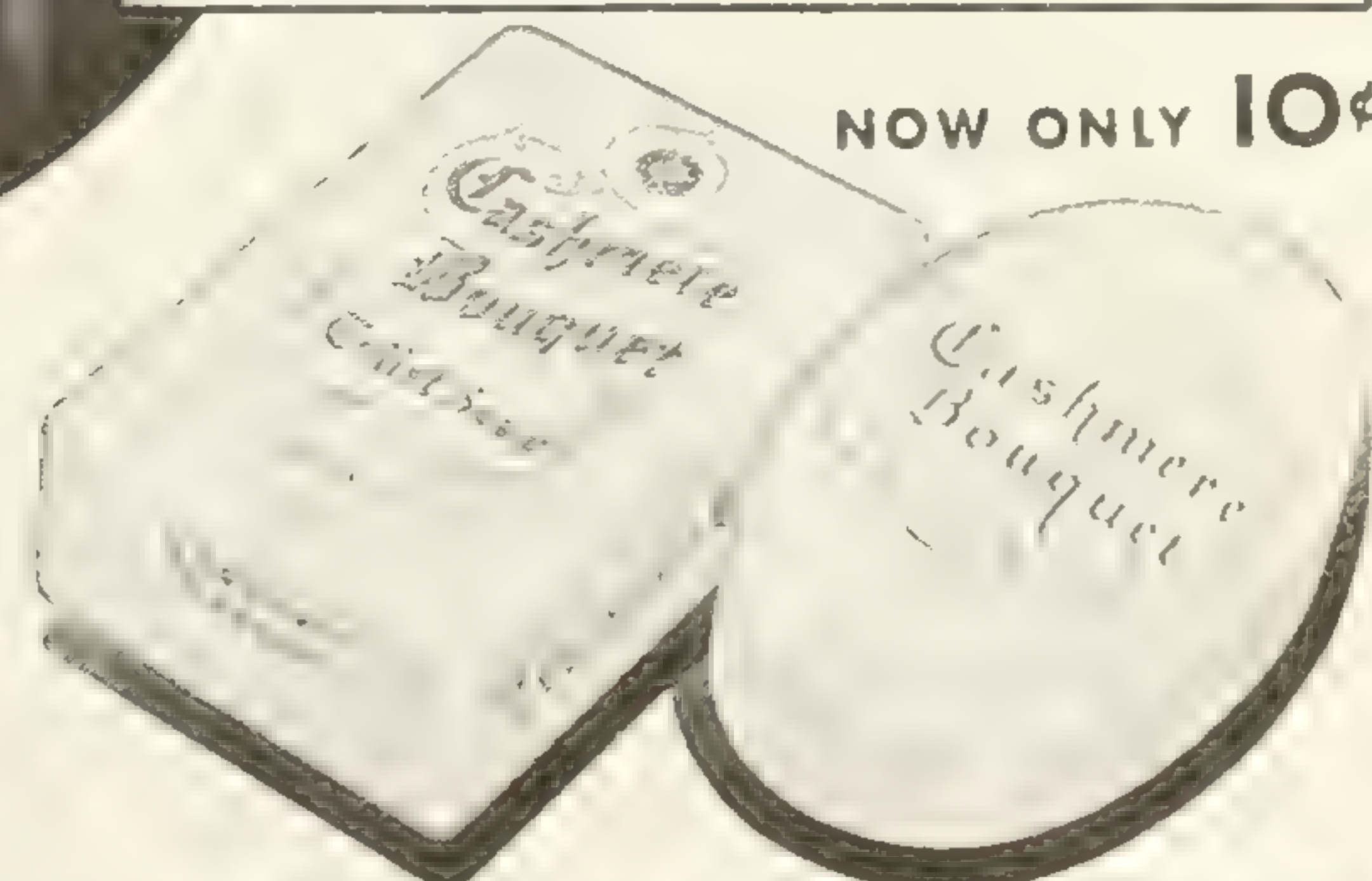
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Gable Answers the Call of the Wild

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

he cut the firewood, and best of all, the odor of hot coffee boiling on the coals.

At five in the morning he crawled out of his eiderdown sleeping bag, rubbed the bristle on his chin, and breathed deep of air that was like nothing you breathe in the studio.

The sun hadn't topped Saddle Mountain yet, and it was cold and gray in the canyon. The dogs, though, were yapping and straining at their chains, eager to be off. Butler's white mule cocked one ear and then the other, wondering if he'd spend the day loafing.

"Ground's in fine shape for trailing lions," Butler said, lighting his pipe. "Moist and thawing a little when the sun comes out; it will hold scent for a long time."

Horses were saddled, and they started down the canyon. The dogs had strung out, barking with excitement. Soon they were out of sight, but their yapping drifted back, and hearts beat faster for the sound of it.

"THERE'S no thrill quite like it," Clark says. "Trailing mountain lions has every element of sport you want: Riding or going it on foot when the way is too rough for your horse, hounds to follow the cat and keep things lively. There's something doing every minute of the chase, with a rousing climax when you finally tree your lion."

The dogs had a hot scent and were following it fast. But the lion was heading into high country, trying to shake off pursuit, and the going was rough.

Clark had chaps over his leather pants to protect his legs from the thorny brush. Sometimes the undergrowth was so dense that twigs and branches whipped at his face, and that's when the broad-rimmed hat of the cowboys came in handy.

Then they came out onto a rocky plateau that dropped away in sheer falls for a thousand feet or more to the deep gorges. Far away they glimpsed the Colorado river, coiling through Marble Canyon like a brown lasso.

Only Captain Jack carried a gun—a 30-30 slung in a boot at his saddle. Clark hunts with a camera. On this trip he carried a small one in his pocket and a home movie camera in the saddle bag.

The excited baying ahead told that the dogs at last had cornered their quarry. The horses had to be left behind, and the men tackled the steep trail on foot.

"When we got to the rim of the mountain we looked down fifteen hundred feet of cliff," said Clark. "There on a ledge so small it didn't seem possible for a living creature to find a footing, was the lion."

"The big cat had jumped or slid twenty feet down to land there. Oddly enough, one of the hounds had somehow managed to get down to another ledge, blocking off escape in that direction. There he was, marooned. He couldn't climb back up, and another step would send him down through space in that awful drop to the canyon floor."

"Trying to rope a lion down there looked impossible. I'd roped them out of trees plenty of times, but never in a case like this. Anyway I'd try it. My first cast fell across his neck, but before I could jerk it tight he whirled completely around on that tiny shelf."

"Then he gathered himself and sprang right off into space. I thought that cat was a goner

but he struck the face of the cliff fully twenty feet farther along, clawed his way up a crevice, and was gone like a brown streak of lightning.

"Now we didn't know what to do about that dog stuck on the precarious roost he'd picked for himself. Butler tried to rope him, but it couldn't be done."

"Ted suggested that we loop the rope under his arms since he was the lightest, and lower him down there. It was ticklish business, let me tell you! But it was the only way to save the hound. Butler and I braced ourselves and paid out the rope inch by inch. Then the load slacked, and Ted yelled that he was safe on the ledge."

"He tied the dog and we hauled him up easily. Getting Ted back was another matter. But we finally hauled him up by main force."

"No use then going on after the cat. We had been five hours on the trail, and even with short cuts it would take about as long to make camp again. You can bet we were glad to get into our sleeping bags that night!"

"Next morning the dogs were eager to be off again, but they whimpered as their sore feet hit the frozen ground. We decided to give them a day's rest."

"Our next cat didn't give us such a long chase. The dogs had him treed and were dancing and howling below him when we arrived. Then I had to laugh. It was a cub, about six months old, and it was trying to put up a ferocious front."

"I tried to think of the terrific amount of damage that little cat would account for in his lifetime, but I hated to see him killed by Butler's rifle. Even at his age he would slaughter a hundred deer in a year, not to mention the calves and colts of ranchers in the valleys. Full-grown cats don't stop at deer, remember—they'll spring on a horse and by sinking those two-inch claws into the poor animal, get leverage so their jaws can break the horse's neck."

"I'll take that little fellow back alive," I told Butler.

"The branches were thick, so I climbed after him, and it was easy to drop a noose around his neck. When I hauled him down, Jack grabbed his tail and in a few minutes we had him hog-tied. Then we manicured those knife-like claws of his and took him back to camp."

"He made a great racket when he was chained to a tree, and refused to be friends. So we went out after a companion."

"This time the hounds had a big fellow treed. I got my movies and then went after him. It was a tough job getting a rope around him, but we brought him back to camp, draped over the back of a pack horse."

"With two lions tied to trees let me tell you that camp of ours was far from peaceful! It was a bedlam of snarls, spitting, and general cat yowling. Why in thunder I wanted 'em alive, Captain Jack couldn't see. He thought the tarnation varments should be turned into pelts, and that right pronto."

"But I wanted to make movies and bring 'em back to town. I figured the little fellow would make a nice pet for Carole Lombard, although I wasn't sure she'd appreciate him as much as I did."

"Anyway, there they were, and they filled

the night with hideous noises. Sometime before dawn that fool white mule got himself tangled in the chain of the biggest cat, and the spring snap parted right at the collar. Of course Mr. Cat wasted no time in getting away from there. I'll bet some hunter, out to rid the range of these cattle killers, will get the surprise of his life to find a dog collar on the lion he has treed!

"The next day we were off on one of the darndest adventures I've ever witnessed. I get chills to think of it even now.

"Once more the trail led up into the high country, through narrow gorges that climbed onto rock ridges, going up and up. Deer, driven down into the canyon with the snow, were thick. We came across the remains of one with only the antler and backbone left, where some cat had made a banquet.

"I dismounted for a shot of the carcass, collecting another bit of evidence against the villains we were hunting.

"Finally, the bugle voices of the dogs changed and we knew they had our lion cornered. When we got there, we saw that the lion had holed up in a cave. We scrambled up to the lip of the cave and looked in. From the hissing and spitting that greeted us, we knew the lion was there all right.

" 'Maybe we can smoke him out,' Butler said.

"But after two hours of kindling brush and trying to get smoke into the cave, we gave up. By this time the lion's temper was just about as short as our own.

" 'I'm going in there after that cat,' declared Butler.

"I've had my share of close calls, including one time with a big bear, and I regard cats as pretty cowardly creatures, but I wouldn't crawl into a dark cave after one, believe me! And that cat in there was plenty sore, too.

"But Jack took a flashlight and his forty-five, and in he went. At first he couldn't see the animal, but casting the spot around he saw it on a ledge above him, those two glowing green eyes staring down at him. The big cat bunched his legs, his tail twitched as he got ready to leap—and then Jack fired. He came out dragging the dead cat by the tail.

"That's carrying the sport a bit far for my money. I didn't know which would come out of that cave alive, Jack or the cat, and I was glad indeed when he came out."

It was time to head back home. Ted and Clark loaded the unmannered little pet into the station wagon and brought him back to Hollywood.

But did Carole appreciate her pet? She did not! Now Clark has a live lion on his hands and if there's some zoo that wants a baby cougar, the address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Culver City. And Clark will be grateful if you apply at once!

WHO'S IN WHOSE HAIR

Here is a private preview of the famous feuds and silly sulks that make Hollywood a hot box of intrigue and exciting situations. Don't fail to read this amusing story in July PHOTOPLAY, on the stands June 9th

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Molly, Bless Her

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

her great luminous eyes had lost some of their luster, she firmly believed that her new artificial eyelashes, bought in spite of Molly's protests, restored much of their former allure.

She turned from the mirror when the door opened, but it was only Lily Pringle, another old friend whom Molly had invited to live in her flat during these depressing times.

"I was hoping it was Molly," she said indifferently, scarcely glancing at Lily, who pulled off her beret and flung it on top of the covered sewing machine. "Maybe her being late is a good sign. What do you think, Lily?"

"I'm past the thinking stage," Lily answered. "My brain's melted. Lord! but this heat is terrific!" She ran her hands through her untidy boyish thatch of graying blonde hair and dropped into the old rocker that creaked painfully under her weight. "I did a marathon today from agent to agent. Couldn't even get a bite. Can you beat it, Julia?"

"It's a lot harder on *us*," Julia insisted, with a prolonged sigh. "After all, Lily, you never were a star and it's only a few years since every manager in New York was after Molly and me."

LILY'S eyes closed with weariness. She didn't bother to answer. She pretended she was taking a little nap, and Julia, fully aware of the ruse, covered her indignation by going to the window to peer anxiously down the street. The Elevated roared past and filled the room with thundering echoes. Taxicab horns barked impatiently at the deep sonorous tones of limousine horns. Suddenly her attention was attracted to a large brightly-hued limousine that had drawn up in front of the entrance to their flat. With a half-strangled cry she rushed across the room and, to Lily's amazement, quickly locked the door.

"What is it?" Lily cried, with alarm. "The house pinched?"

"Ssh!" Julia cast an imploring glance at Lily. "It's Kitty Goodall!"

"Well, what of it?"

"That lisping little parasite!" Julia hissed. "Driving down from the country on a hot day like this, dressed fit to kill and stinking of the most expensive perfume! She comes here just so she can rub our poverty into us! She's positively sadistic, that's what she is!"

"Nuts," said Lily briefly.

Ignoring Julia's threatening glare, she stalked across the room and turned the key in the lock. "Come right in, Kitty," she cried, heartily. "Your old pal Julia was just wondering how you were."

Kitty Goodall's pretty shallow little face was wreathed in smiles as she entered the room with the slouching gait of a manikin. "Hello, girls!" she said, with a slight lisp. "I thought I'd drop in to see if Molly got that part in 'Gay Blades'?"

"Nope, she's not home yet," said Lily. "But sit down, Kitty. We're delighted to see you."

Kitty sank into a chair and, picking up a frayed palm-leaf fan that lay on the table, waved it lazily under her round dimpled face. "Anyway, I'll have a nice little visit with you girls. My date isn't until seven."

"Well, Kitty," said Lily, as she relaxed and rested her feet on the table, "what old

money-bags have you got on the string now? Give us the low-down."

"He's the judge that got my last divorce for me, and the biggest settlement I've ever had," said Kitty, with a giggle.

"How cozy!" offered Lily.

"Pah!" cried Julia, who no longer could endure her self-inflicted silence. "You're a little blood sucker, Kitty, that's what you are."

"Come on, honey, pipe down," said Lily. "You're soaking the stiekem off your eyelashes and they'll fall in the soup—or is it beans tonight?"

"It's hamburger," Julia whimpered.

AT that moment, the door was flung open and Molly's cheerful voice called out:

"Hello, girls! Hey! What's the idea? You look about as gay as a six-o'clock breakfast!"

"Molly!" they cried, simultaneously, their eyes avidly searching her face.

"Well, look who's here! How are you, Kits?"

"I'm swell, Molly. Did you get the part?"

Molly's smile embraced them all as she began evasively: "Sure I got a job—not the one I went after, but one that—well, it looks like a more permanent job than the part in 'Gay Blades.' It's—well—wait till I kick my pumps off and then I'll tell you all about it." She wriggled her toes in her well-darned stockings, sighed with relief, and then, as if she were diving from a high platform into a tank of icy water, she plunged into her confession. "About a week ago, before Sol's letter came, I went over to Doyle's Employment Agency. I said to myself, 'Well, if nothing shows up in my line, I'm going to try another.'

"Mrs. Doyle's a very nice woman and I hated to lie to her, but I gave her the impression that I'd done every kind of work. After I got through tooting my own horn, she said that I was just the woman she was looking for to be a housekeeper for a big place down on Long Island."

"A housekeeper!"

"You said it!"

"But it sounds preposterous." Julia would not accept this startling news as fact.

"No, it isn't. If only I *get* the job. You see, the trouble started when Mrs. Doyle asked me for my references.

"I told her they were in a trunk in the basement of a friend's house in Boston and I said I could get them in a couple of days. Then I beat it right out to several ritzy hotels and swiped some of their letter paper. And did I write myself some elegant references? I'll say I did! The night I came home with them in my purse, I found Sol's letter. Today, when Sol turned me down, I took them over to Mrs. Doyle. The job was still open, and they sent my references over to the man who wants the housekeeper. If he locates these folks I'm supposed to have worked for, he's going to be another Houdini. But if he passes on them without trying to run them down then I'm all set for the job."

The long silence that followed was broken as Julia suddenly cried, "But, Molly, you're going to be a *servant*!"

"Why not! Aren't we all? You don't call dusting Sol Rimbels' shoes rubbing elbows with royalty, do you?"

Julia let her hands fall helplessly in her lap.

"It's all too tragic," she said, in her perfect Duse manner. "To think that you've come to this!"

Molly's eyes were twinkling. "Don't make it sound like Custer's last stand, Julia. I'll get a kick out of playing the rôle of housekeeper and, on my Thursday nights off, I'll drop around here and tell you girls all about it."

Lily asked Molly if she gave the agency her own name.

"Nope," Molly answered, "I gave them my real name, Harriet Bunch. Only I tacked a Mrs. on it."

"Hell," said Lily, with honest candor. "When do you start?"

"Maybe tomorrow."

"Ye gods!" Julia clasped her hands. "I simply can't bear it!"

"Don't take it like you would a dose of castor oil, Julia. I expect to have a lot of fun!" Then Molly's smile slowly died away. "But maybe I'm counting my chickens before they're hatched. I said I *might* get the job, but I'm waiting to hear from Mr. Graham's butler. Mrs. Doyle told me that if Mr. Graham liked my references, the butler would be sent here tonight to discuss terms with me."

"Here?"

"Johnny-on-the-spot!"

"When?"

"Oh, I guess about half-past eight. Gee! We've got to take down all these stage pictures. You see, if he doesn't think I'm a sedate old gal, I won't get the job."

"But where can we put them, Molly?" Lily asked, worriedly. "The cupboard's full up with stuff. You couldn't squeeze a lemon in it."

Suddenly Molly remembered two friends who had a room across the hall. "Clara and Musette will let us park the junk in their place until after he's gone! We can lug the stuff over there in a jiffy."

AN hour later Molly was ready for her caller. She sat alone in her mother's old rocking chair in a room that looked positively naked, stripped of its familiar knicknacks.

Lily had donated an antimacassar on which she had crocheted the words, HOME, SWEET HOME, and the light from the small reading-lamp shone wanly upon a cheap edition of *Romeo and Juliet* and a surprisingly large Bible which Lily had borrowed from the family who lived in the flat under them.

The minutes of waiting dragged with tormenting slowness for Molly. When half an hour had passed, she rose and studied herself in the mirror. Her face looked as naked as the room, she decided, without her make-up. She patted down the somewhat damp collars and cuffs that Lily had hastily washed and ironed for her—and decided the rest was in the hands of fate. Nervously, she sat down again, but at a sharp knock on the door she rose hastily and opened it.

"Mrs. Bunch, I presume?"

"That's me," answered Molly. "Do come in."

A dapper man entered, walking stiffly on thin legs. When he bowed, he bent ceremoniously from the waist and elevated his eyebrows in a supercilious fashion.

"I'm Mr. Graham's butler, Horace Peabody," he said, with a broad English accent. "He asked me to interview you concerning the position of housekeeper in his home."

"Charmed to meet you, I'm sure," Molly replied, in her most ladylike voice. "Won't you be seated?" She indicated the chair with the antimacassar and placed his hat and cane

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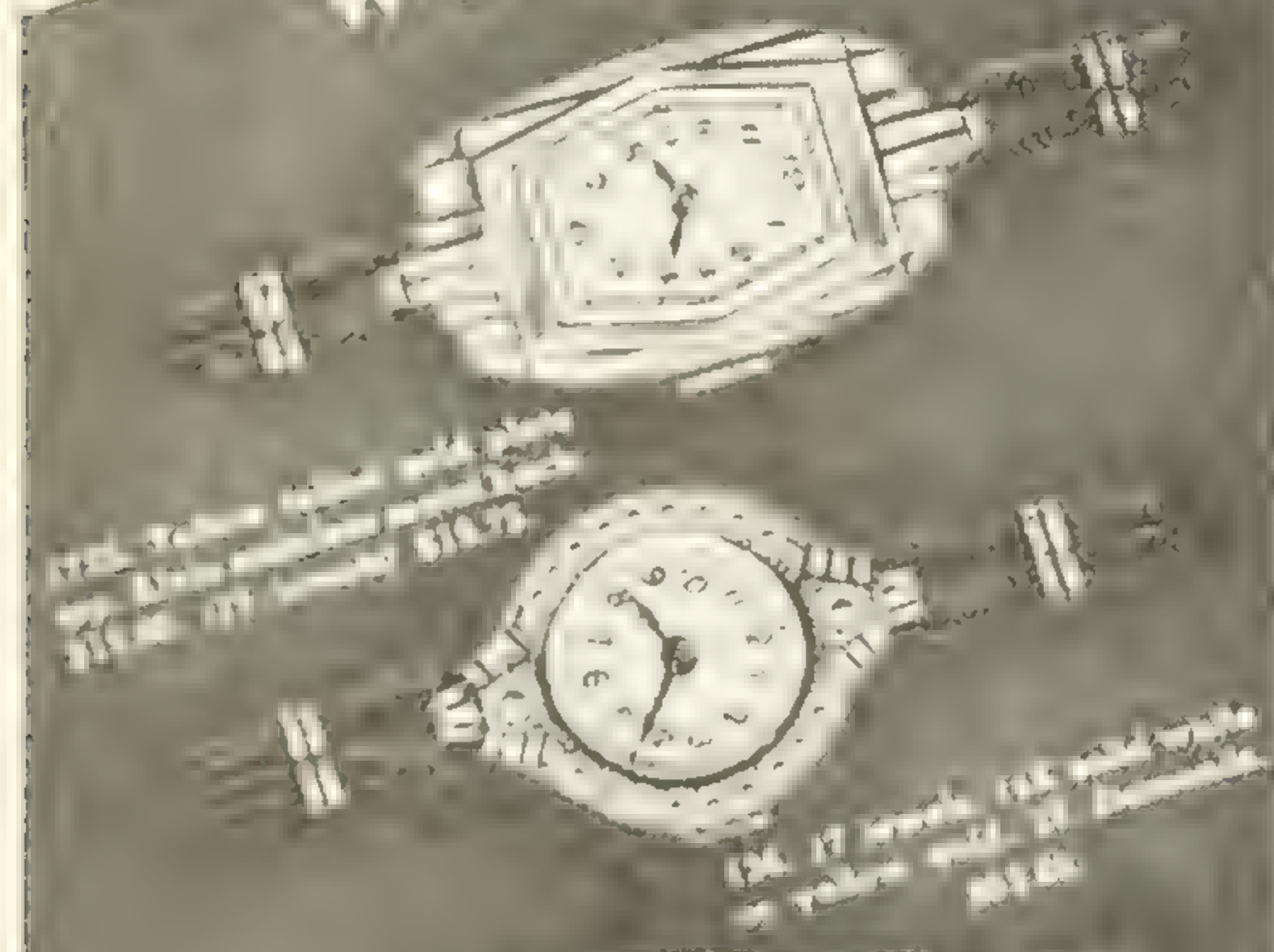
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on top of the sewing machine, now uncovered to add a domestic touch. "I hope my letters of recommendation were all right, Mr. Peabody?"

"Mr. Graham found them quite acceptable," he said, after a moment of serious reflection.

"Then—you think I'll do?"

"I'm inclined to believe you will do very nicely, Mrs. Bunch."

"Thank you, Mr. Peabody," said Molly, with a sigh of relief. "Am I to start right away?"

Peabody raised his hand reprovingly. "Don't be impatient, please. We will come to that later on. First, we must discuss your salary. Mr. Graham wishes to know if thirty-five dollars a week would be satisfactory to you?"

"Thirty-five dollars a week!" gasped Molly, who would have thought herself lucky to get fifty dollars a month and board. "Yes, swell—indeed, I mean."

Molly grew uneasy when Peabody bent forward to get a better look at her, and seemed slightly annoyed that the light in the room was so dim.

"Is it possible that we've worked together Mrs. Bunch?" he drawled. "I've been in quite a few homes and—"

"I'm sure not," she interrupted, quickly, wondering if he could hear the thumping of her heart.

She was relieved when the subject was changed and he proceeded to discuss her work as housekeeper in the Graham home.

"There are only two in the family, Mr. Graham and his son, and the boy is home only on week ends. The housekeeper must take entire responsibility for the staff, excepting myself, of course," he continued, speaking rather deliberately and with an air of authority, "and Mr. Graham will expect you to keep the house in order and settle any trouble with the servants without ever bothering him about it. Is that clear, Mrs. Bunch?"

"Yes, very clear."

"Then I shall report to Mr. Graham about our interview, and get in touch with you, say, within the next day or so?"

Molly felt as if a damp woolen blanket had been dropped over her head; how often during the last two years she had heard that phrase!

Peabody rose stiffly and reached for his hat. "Have you a telephone here?"

"No, but there's one in the flat downstairs," Molly answered, in a dull drained voice.

She moved over to the table and, leaning closer to the bright cone of light from the lamp, wrote down the number. Again she felt Peabody's intent gaze burning through her. "I could swear that I've seen you before."

Molly made no reply to this, but her heart sank when she saw him thrust indifferently into his pocket the card on which she had written her telephone number. "I'll be waiting anxiously to hear from you, Mr. Peabody, so call me any time of the day or night."

"YES, indeed. I'll let you know, Mrs. Bunch," he said. "Good-night."

"Good-night." Molly's throat ached as she said it, and when she closed the door upon him she leaned heavily against it. "Oh, hell," she said, aloud, to bolster up her courage with a pretense of anger. But her innermost mind cried, "Oh, God! O God!" She dreaded telling the girls who, together with the discarded gadgets had been crowded into Clara and Musette's room, awaiting the end of the interview. In her mind, she began feverishly to build up the story of his visit into a ludicrous

situation so that their pity for her would be forgotten in their laughter.

As she opened the door to call the girls, she saw the butler hurrying toward her again, his stiff walk more resilient and his face shining. With an excited gesture he pushed her back into the room, slammed the door, and threw his arms around her. "Molly!" he cried, in a shrill voice. "Molly, you old fraud!"

She opened her mouth to cry out, but no sounds came.

"And here I was nearly going nuts trying to remember where I'd seen you before. I never got it until I started down the stairs."

"You—you're mistaken, Mr. Peabody."

"Peabody your eye!" He seized her by the shoulders and shook her gently. "Now look me all over, Molly, and think. Think," he emphasized. "Way back in the Weber and Fields days. Take a good look now. And you'll be sorry if you don't remember me. It'll burn me up!"

"As I live and breathe!" Molly shouted. "It's Harry Phipps!"

"Sure it is. The old hooper, Harry Phipps. That's me."

"Oh my Lord, Harry! I can't get over it." For a moment they stood there mutely. Then Molly's face grew serious.

"It—it isn't all a joke, is it?" she asked.

"What's a joke?"

"About the job?"

He looked puzzled, and then, as he saw her troubled face, he understood. "Why, Molly," he said, "are you really serious about going to work as a housekeeper?"

"I certainly am, Harry, and I never needed a job in my life as much as I do this one. I guess that tells the whole story."

"Then you're going to have it. . . ."

"You mean it?" Tears sprang to Molly's eyes.

"Sure, I mean it. I can show you everything that's expected of you. We'll just have to watch our cues, that's all."

Molly leaned her head against the wall. Her knees sagged, her relief was so great. "When do you want me to start?" she asked, finally.

"Tuesday. I've got to get the O.K. from Mr. Graham first. You take the eight-o'clock train Tuesday, and I'll meet you at the station." Dropping back into his rôle of butler again, he said, "It's my bally duty to meet the transient housekeepers, doncha know?"

"WHEN I looked out and saw you waiting here for me, Harry, I wanted to give you a good big smacker," was the first thing that Molly said to Peabody, after she alighted from the train the following Tuesday, "but I didn't dare, for fear somebody might see us and think it was funny you were on such familiar terms with the new housekeeper."

"I'm glad you didn't, Molly," Peabody answered, rather sharply thought Molly, as he helped her into the station wagon. "We can't be too careful from now on. And you must watch yourself closely and never call me Harry. If he heard it, Mr. Graham would get suspicious at once. We're Peabody and Mrs. Bunch from now on!"

For a moment, Molly was puzzled by this strange forbidding manner of Harry's but when he turned troubled eyes upon her and went on "I've got a good job and I don't want to lose it. I tell you I couldn't face another siege of worry like the siege I went through before I came down here," she understood and patted his hand in a sympathetic silence until they came to a scrolled gateway of the Graham estate.

Molly gazed out eagerly at her new home and saw acres of smooth green lawns dotted with fine old trees sloping upward to a huge but very somber house covered with straggling ivy and flanked by graceful elms.

"Well, here we are, Mrs. Bunch," Peabody said as he stopped the car before the door of the service porch and resumed his English accent. "Step inside, please."

Though Molly felt that her knees resembled those of a two-day-old colt, she put on a bold front as she walked into the kitchen, where a heavy-set man with an annoyingly red face and beady black eyes confronted her. She knew at once from his tall white cap that he was the chef. Peabody had warned her against him and said that he was a troublemaker and as temperamental as an opera singer.

"Come on, Peabody, I'll go to my room first," she said, steadfastly meeting the chef's insolent glare.

As she and Peabody started away, an untidy fat blonde with coarse bloated cheeks entered from the pantry.

"This is Aggie, Mrs. Bunch," Peabody said, uneasily. "She's the kitchen helper and does the washing."

"How do you do, Aggie?"

Without answering Molly, Aggie shuffled into the servant's dining room and sharply banged the door and Molly's heart sank.

AFTER Peabody had deposited her luggage and had left her, Molly tried to bolster the courage she felt slipping by repeating to herself how lucky she was to have such a good job and to have Harry here, changed though he was, to help her over the hurdles. And with this thought singing in her mind, she unpacked her suitcase, changed into the black silk dress that Clara had made for her, put on a set of collars and cuffs, and went downstairs.

"Mr. Graham's out for a walk now and it's a good time for me to show you all over the house," Peabody said nodding approval at her appropriate dress.

She followed him meekly as he showed her through the drawing room.

"Say—let's pull the drapes, Harry," she volunteered. "I can see better and—it'll cheer us up a bit."

"Heavens, no!" Peabody raised his hand in protest. "The sun might ruin the carpets! Besides, Mr. Graham wouldn't like it. They're always drawn."

"No wonder you go around looking like old man gloom himself," Molly decided. "Maybe after I've been here awhile, I'll be able to make the whole place more homelike. I shouldn't think the young folks would have a very good time here. It's too solemn."

"What young folks? There's only Jimmy, and he won't be back from camp until September."

"I mean all the kids that come in to see him when he is home."

"But Mr. Graham doesn't like a lot of young ones around. They get on his nerves. During school terms, Jimmy's home every week end, but he never has any friends here. No, there's not much life around this house. Of course," he added, hastily, "that's what makes the work here so easy. Really, Molly—" He stopped short and wheeled around as John Graham walked unhurriedly into the room.

As Molly gazed nervously, though steadfastly, at the tall man with the grey hair, clearly-cut features, and steely eyes, all of her assurance fled. Her voice was scarcely audible when she acknowledged her introduction to him.

His grave voice seemed emptied of all emotion.



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and there was a suggestion of remoteness in every word he spoke. Long after he had left the room, Molly could see his cold, deliberate face as clearly as if she had spent days, instead of minutes, gazing fixedly into it. She could see the way his hair winged back at the temples, his aristocratic nose with its well-chiseled nostrils, and his broad, firmly-cut mouth which might have been generous and kindly if he had not habitually compressed his lips into a thin hard line. So this was the man she was going to work for! Then she felt welling up in her an inexplicable sympathy for him. She had seen unfathomable expressions like John Graham's before and knew that they usually hid pain and disillusion.

FOR two days Molly was very busy looking over the house and trying to adjust herself to her new surroundings. When night came she was so tired that she sank into her luxurious bed and slept like a top. She was quite happy in spite of dark looks from the staff and the surly attitude of the chef.

"Snoopin', always snoopin'!" Aggie would mutter under her breath as Molly passed, "and I ain't gonna put up with it, neither."

On her way upstairs to bed one night Molly passed her employer in the hall and bowed politely, almost as humbly as Peabody. Graham nodded indifferently and Molly, as she closed the door of her room, felt vaguely troubled. How deluded she had been when she had thought the position of housekeeper was an easy one to fill!

She did not rest comfortably that night, but tossed and turned, awake for long hours, her mind revolving ceaselessly. A slight wind swayed the sheer white curtains, and when they danced like wraiths in the moonlight they made her thoughts travel back to the opening night of "Tillie's Bad Dream." How pretty the chorus girls had looked in their sheer white dresses as they danced across the stage! Clara and Musette, and many others whose names she long had forgotten. What a gala night it had been! As the curtain dropped for the last time on thundering applause, how happy she and Ronnie and Freddy Markham had been.

"Oh, Freddy, Freddy!" her heart cried out suddenly as she recalled the wonderful sad-happy years of their love. "If only you had lived, everything would have been different."

She gripped the pillows and closed her eyes at last upon a vision of his dear kind face smiling upon her with compassion.

NEXT evening, late, Molly tapped gently on the door of the library. Then, as Mr. Graham peremptorily called, "Come in," she entered with a tray.

"Pardon me, sir, but you sit up so late every night, I thought you might like a little refreshment. I've brought you some hot chocolate and a sandwich. It's nice and hot, and I thought—"

"Never mind the explanations, just set it down," Mr. Graham interrupted, coldly. "That will be all, Mrs. Bunch."

She hastened out, depressed by his attitude, but when, after he had gone upstairs, she returned to the library to get the tray, she found the sandwich gone and the cup empty.

"Aw, the poor soul!" she said, knowingly to Peabody. "His bark's far worse than his bite."

But not until she had been there a month without complaint from Mr. Graham would Peabody admit any confidence that her position might be considered fairly secure.

One morning as Molly was walking through

the grounds, she thought what an improvement it would be if only borders of flowers were planted here and there to brighten the acres of lawn. It occurred to her that perhaps the pervading gloom both inside the house and out was only the reflection of Mr. Graham's rather forbidding manner, and if he could be made a little happier, then the house and the estate also would be transformed.

The more Molly thought about Mr. Graham the sorrier she felt for him, and when she went back into the gloom of the house she resolved, in spite of Peabody's warnings, to try and make it more comfortable, more homelike. The first thing she did was to pull wide the draperies in the drawing room and let the sunlight cut a wide golden path across the mulberry carpet.

"There!" she cried, with triumph, as Peabody walked into the room. "Doesn't that make a wonderful difference? I've been itching to do this ever since I came here."

"BUT, Molly," gasped Peabody, "I told you not to do that! Look at the carpets; they'll be ruined!"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Molly, who could be amiable and yet peremptory. "Shush! At this time of the morning, the sun isn't hot enough. Besides it'll keep the moths away!"

She gazed around approvingly when she saw the room take on life as if it were a plant expanding in the sun. The golden thread in the brocades glistened and the mahogany furniture glowed with a warm russet overtone. The alabaster vases that had looked so pallid in the gloom now were beautiful and stately as magnolias. Even the walls drew color from the sun, while the once-dull frame on the large painting over the mantel became etched in amber light.

For the first time, Molly studied attentively the portrait of Graham's son which had been painted when he was a little boy of eight. As well as Molly could judge, there was not even a remote resemblance between this boy and his father. He was a sensitive-looking little fellow, with great imaginative blue eyes, a wide gentle mouth that curved upward in a shy smile, and fair blond hair that curled rebelliously over a broad intelligent forehead.

"I'll bet he looks just like his mother," Molly said, thinking aloud.

After making sure that all the doors were closed and that Perkins was not within earshot, Peabody whispered: "I wouldn't know. There's not a single picture of her around this house, to my knowledge. Not even in Jimmy's room. Fritz, the gardener, says that she died when Jimmy was a baby."

"Aw, what a pity! To think of a poor little youngster growing up without a mother! She must have been mighty sweet, too, if she looked like the boy." Her mind trailed back to Graham and she felt that now she understood more clearly why he appeared so cold, so aloof; he was an unhappy lonely man who had loved deeply and who had lost a dear one, even as she had lost her own Freddy Markham. An old longing stirred again within her heart; if only she had a son to console her and to give her courage, a son who would look at her with Freddy's eyes and smile upon her with Freddy's smile.

"Humph!" she said, and cleared her throat loudly. "Mr. Graham's a very lucky man to have a fine looking boy like that. He must be awfully proud of him."

"I suppose he is," Peabody answered, dubiously, "but he's awfully strict with him. I've often seen him lose his patience when the boy gets restless and bored here. You can't

blame the youngster, though. What he needs is a little more fun and a little less discipline. But, believe me, I'm not the good Samaritan who's going to suggest it. I mind my own business, Molly," he said, pointedly, "and I find that it's not a bad idea when you're trying to keep a roof securely over your head."

Molly reluctantly turned away from the portrait and said, determinedly: "When that youngster comes back, I'm going to see that he has a whale of a good time while he's at home. I know exactly what boys of that age enjoy."

"Mr. Graham will have something to say about *that*!" Peabody reproved. "And I wouldn't keep on trying to make improvements in everything if I were you. This house is full of exits, you know."

ALMOST as if this were his cue to leave the scene, Peabody stalked out, to Molly's great relief. It was pleasant to be alone with her revolving thoughts. Mr. Graham, little Jimmy, Freddy Markham, and even the sunlight on the carpet, all seemed to be whirling through her mind almost like a pinwheel. Freddy always had praised her managerial achievements, Mr. Graham had not yet protested against her innovations, and here was poor little Jimmy coming home needing all that she could do to make life warmer and happier for him.

As if the empty yawning mouths of the alabaster vases had answered her, Molly suddenly realized that nothing could make the room as cheerful as would flowers. It was outrageous, she thought, that no flowers had been planted. Fritz was a lazy old gardener or he would have grown enough to have kept every vase in the house filled all summer. A grouch, too, and he probably would snap her head off if she as much as mentioned it to him.

"Well, let him snap my head off!" she decided, with considerable indignation, as she wheeled around and left the room.

When, some moments later, Peabody saw her hurrying across the garden in the direction of Fritz, who was lackadaisically raking a few leaves, he seized upon her absence as an opportunity to steal into the drawing room and surreptitiously to darken it again. But as he entered the room, he paled. Mr. Graham was gazing stonily at the windows!

"Peabody, who pulled these drapes?"

After a moment's painful hesitancy, Peabody answered, "I—I did, sir. I'll close them at once."

"Let them alone."

"Yes, sir."

"The room is more livable this way," said Graham, with a faint suggestion of a smile. "I've often wondered why housekeepers think more of carpets than they do of human beings."

In his relief, Peabody unconsciously flung up his hands in an awkward gesture. "That's exactly what Mrs. Bunch was saying when she—" Then he stopped short, aghast at his own stupidity.

"I thought she had suggested it," Graham remarked, crisply. "Do you think Mrs. Bunch is satisfied with her position?"

"I'm sure she is, Mr. Graham. She's been very happy here."

"I didn't ask whether she was happy or not. I merely wanted to know whether she was satisfied with her wages and if she intends to stay here permanently."

"Oh yes, of course, sir. She gets on so nicely—with all of us."

As Peabody left to drive around the car to take Mr. Graham to the station, he was comforted by the thought that responsibility for the carpet, which undoubtedly would fade,



Janet Gaynor as she appears in "A Star Is Born"

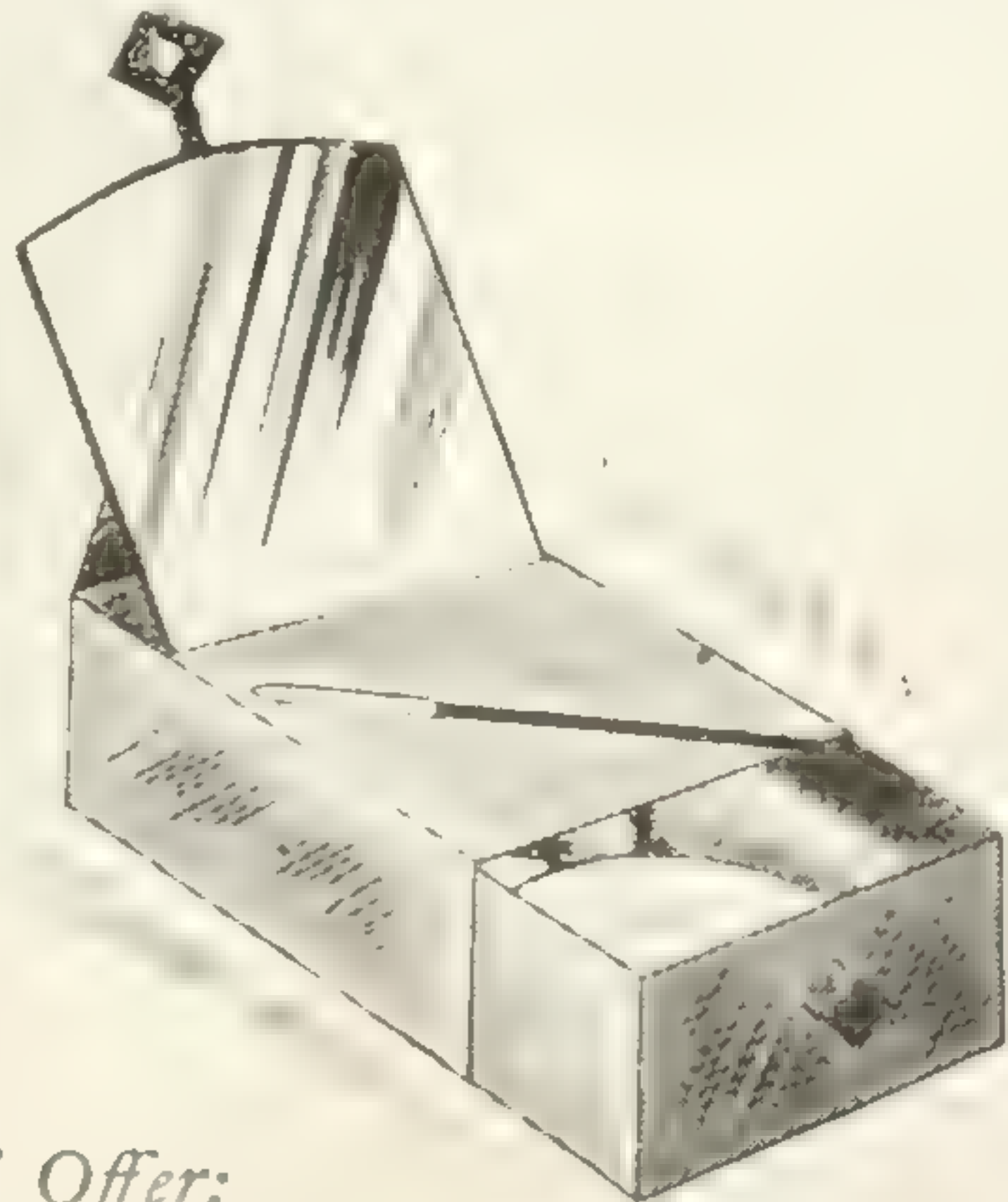
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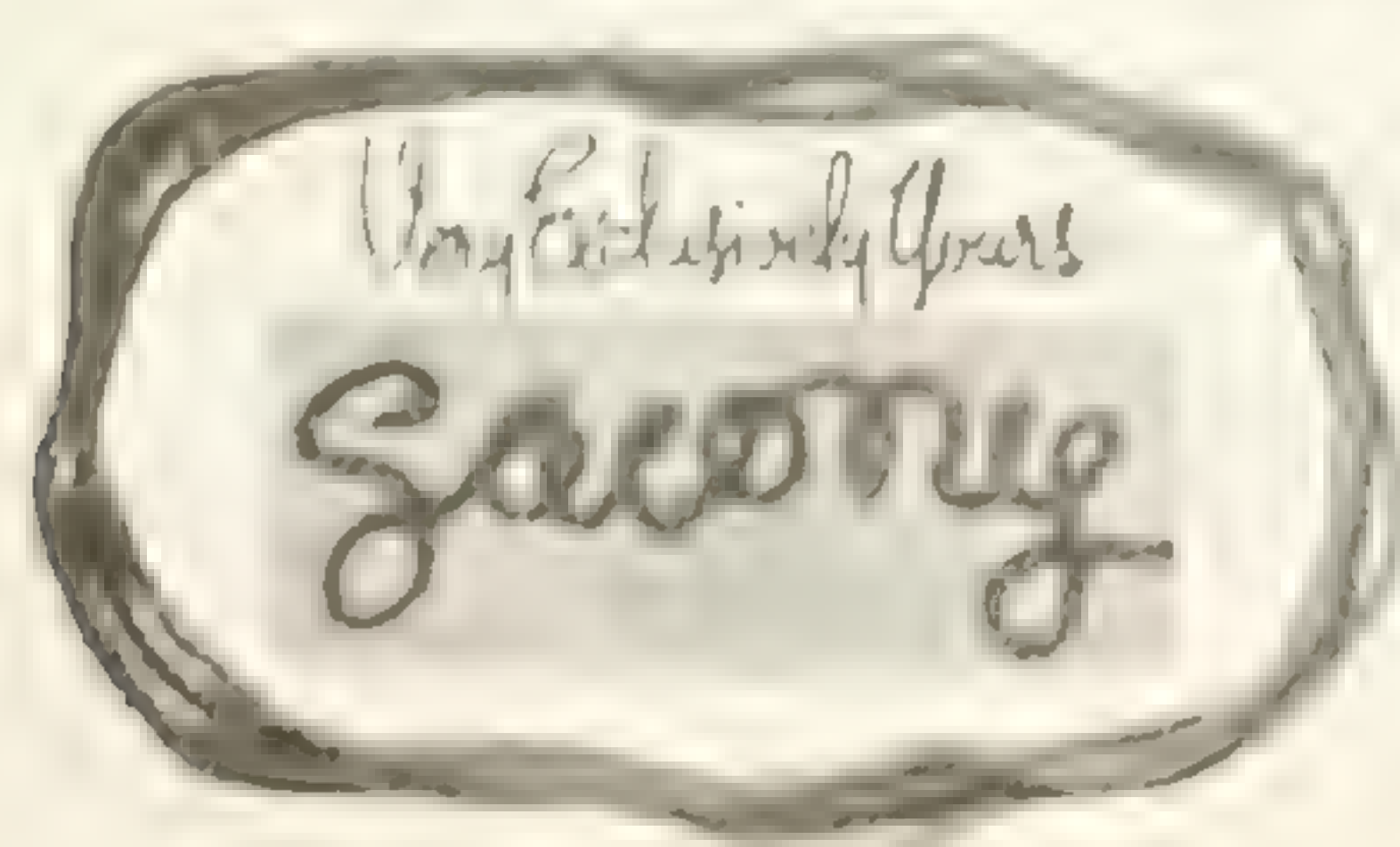
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would rest entirely upon Molly's shoulders.

Upon his return from the station, a half hour later, he found the gardener, in a towering rage, bidding good-by to all the servants with the exception of the housekeeper. Peabody's hands fell limply to his sides in a gesture of resignation.

Would a woman *ever* listen to any good sound advice?

"Now you've stuck your chin out, Molly, you've got to take it. And here Mr. Graham, only an hour ago, was telling me that he was quite satisfied with you and was wondering if you were going to stay permanently."

"Oh, suzz!" said Molly, indifferently. "There you go again! I can't see Fritz is such an awful loss. There must be hundreds of gardeners looking for a job, and all I have to do is to go over to Doyle's and pick out a good one. Anyway, I'll be glad to run in to New York."

Gee! but I'm hungry for a sight of the girls and I'll have time to spend a couple of hours with them."

CALM in the face of what Peabody called a disaster, Molly departed for New York. She soon realized that she had forgotten how unbearable was the heat. It rushed at her like a hot feverish breath, and her eyes, grown used to the gentle, shielding, green trees, felt as if they were being seared. The noise and confusion were bewildering — a fact that startled her into the realization that she had come to love the peace and quiet of the country.

When Molly reached the flat, one glance at her calm and imperturbable face and at her quiet hands that once had jerked far too frequently, was all that Lily needed to reassure herself.

"Why, Molly, you look ten years younger! Bless your heart!" Lily cried, holding her at arm's length and studying her face avidly. "What a nitwit I've been, worrying about you!"

"Never was more comfortable in my life," Molly insisted. "The only fly in the ointment is you girls. I've missed you like the dickens."

Though her friends insisted that they had nothing of real import to tell her, Molly listened avidly to every detail that concerned their lives until the clock warned her that she must hurry on to the Doyle agency. She rose reluctantly and looked around the room as if she wanted to imprison in her mind its every detail. After her stay at the Graham home, she could see how ugly the little flat really was. But it was "home" to her and still held its place in her heart.

She opened a tin make-up box and lingered over a faded photograph of Freddy Markham. How she had loved him, and how futile their love had been against the fate that inexorably barred their marriage! For the first time in years, Molly wondered if Freddy's wife were still living, and if her bitterness had left her as empty as their own hearts had been when she denied him a divorce.

"My, but Freddy was handsome! Wasn't he, girls?" Molly said, with a heavy sigh as she laid the photograph carefully back in the old make-up box filled with his letters, faded and yellowing with age.

"Indeed he was," Lily answered, sympathetically. "And a swell guy, too." Julie, however, couldn't resist a sly little dig at Molly. "What do you think poor Freddy would say if he knew what you were doing now?" "I know what he'd say," Molly answered, her eyes filled with dreams. "Just like he used to! 'Keep your chin up and smile. It takes courage to live, but life is worth it!'"

"Oh, I forgot, Molly, there's some mail for you on top of the sewing machine," Lily called out, as Molly went toward the door. "Doesn't look like much but circulars."

The only letter was from Ronnie Burgess, and Molly opened it. He had been quite ill, he wrote, otherwise he would have called to find out if everything was going well with her. To Molly the letter sounded suspiciously cheerful, and her fear increased as she re-read the last paragraph: "I'd like to get even a small job in the 'Gay Blades' show, so will you put in a good word for me? Glad to handle props or anything. You know Molly, I'm not asking for cake these days."

It seemed terrible that Ronnie Burgess should be in such need, and Molly hoped that he would accept a little help from her to tide him over until he had finished writing another play. As he lived in a theatrical boardinghouse only a few blocks away, she decided to stop in to see him and to take a tin of calf's-foot jelly and perhaps a couple of bottles of cold beer.

When she arrived at the boardinghouse laden with bundles, she saw that Ronnie was dreadfully pale and there were dark circles under his eyes. His miserable shabby room was stifling and nauseous from odors arising from the light-well adjoining a kitchen below.

"Why, Molly!" he cried, as she came into the room and hugged him in her strong arms. "You're a darling to come up to this awful place to see me. I didn't mean to alarm you with my blue letter. I'm really much better now. How's the part coming in 'Gay Blades'?"

As Molly unfolded the story of all that had happened to her, Ronnie listened attentively. It seemed incredible to him at first, as it had to Molly's other friends, but when he looked at her relaxed, beaming face and at her eyes that had lost their harried expression, he knew that good had come to her. She told him in detail of her comfortable room, how easy the work was, and of the three delicious square meals a day, meals that were like banquets.

"Oh, Ronnie," she said, "I wish to goodness you could have some of those good fresh vegetables that we get every day, and those nice thick steaks, to say nothing of the rich milk that's brought night and morning from a little dairy not far from our place. My, but you'd soon put on flesh and build yourself up. I've gained three pounds already, and I've never felt more fit in my life." She stopped short, embarrassed by her recital of all her comforts while poor Ronnie sat before her, looking half-starved. For a few moments, she could think of nothing else to say, then her glance, wandering through the dark room cluttered with furniture, rested for a moment on the fire escape. As she stared in sudden interest, Ronnie, whose curiosity was aroused, turned to see what was holding her attention, but could discover nothing on the fire escape but a few empty milk bottles and several cans filled with plants that he had grown to give his drab ugly room even a small touch of beauty. He didn't know that right then and there Molly had decided upon a new destiny for him.

Molly's rejuvenation of a widower's household goes on apace, with love—and the law—entering into the mad fracas to add further chaotic elements. How right Hollywood was when it said: "Here is a story full of life, wit and human kindness—a story to chuckle over, a character to take to your heart."

Continue "Molly, Bless Her!" in July PHOTOPLAY.

The All Star Story of the Coconut Grove

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

hundred-thousand-dollar damage suit against Marlene brought by his estranged wife, Riza Von Sternberg. But the publicity was worth it.

When this furor died down, Marlene appeared at the Grove in black coat and pants—remember? That wowed 'em. Truth to tell, she got the idea from Garbo, whom she worshipped from afar and tried for years and years, with every device possible, to meet in person. The Dietrich-Von Sternberg affair is dead as the dodo now, and Doug Fairbanks Jr. has lately been Marlene's escort at the night spots, but the combination of the director and the German *Hausfrau* he thrust to stardom belongs to the bright legends of the Grove.

Jack Oakie practically lived there. His affection for the Grove (which has a truly human personality) has never waned with the passing years.

It was the general impression that Jack was on the Grove pay roll as an entertainer, but the Oakie wisecracks were contributed free, the products of Jack's grand exuberance. He paid his bill, even as you and I.

It was worth it, for at the Grove he fell in love with dazzling Venita Varden. Oakie had been in love many times, but never so intensely. He rushed home from the Coconut Grove one night and woke up his mother.

"I'm in love!" he yelled, doing a jig.

"You've said that before," yawned Mother Offield.

"But this time I mean it!" insisted Jack, and he did, for a few months later they were married.

That little hot tamale, Lupe Velez, consoled herself at the Coconut Grove when Gary Cooper departed for Africa and went out of her life forever. Lupe's consoling escort was Johnny Weissmuller, and did that couple enjoy a hand-to-hand battle!

Lupe tells this one on Johnny.

"Johnny take me to the Grove every week, and do we dance? No! He go to hear gossip. He say: 'Lupe, go to the lounge and see what's new.' If I come back with no new gossip, bingo! And when we fight, we t'row t'ings!"

But mellowed with five years of matrimony, Mr. and Mrs. Tarzan appear in comfortably sedate fashion at the Grove nowadays.

Where there are dizzy flights to the pinnacle of happiness, there are also the extremes of melancholy and depression undreamed of by normal folk. Ross Alexander suffered from such flights and falls, and when he had been drinking, sank to the depths of despondency. The Grove knew this and was worried. It is their business to see all, know all, and avoid trouble.

One night at Victor Jory's Pasadena home, Ross went into a suicide mood and his friends had to wrest a gun from him. Thereafter waiters were never more than a few feet from Ross's table at the Grove.

Eventually the complex brought about his self-inflicted death, a cruelly selfish solution for a man who had everything to live for.

But enough of sadness—away, dull care! It's time to go to the Grove for the Tuesday celebration in honor of a movie star. Who will it be this week?

Dark, smiling Jimmy Manos greets us at the stairs, where all the *grandes dames* of



Story of Charm

No longer need your perfume and bath accessories have clashing odors. Evening in Paris brings you *Keyed Scents*... that is, matching Evening in Paris Perfume, Bath Powder and Eau de Cologne. Use them together and the romantic fragrance of Evening in Paris seems a living part of your charm, like your hair or eyes. Here's the way to use them:

You begin with your skin...after your tub, Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne leaves you refreshed and delicately perfumed from head to toes. Follow with a mist of Evening in Paris Bath Powder to waft its fragrance through your clothing.

Then, for perfume highlights, touch Evening in Paris perfume to your hair, ear lobes, lips, and the palms of your hands. At your favorite drug or department store.



Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

AS ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER

A FRANK, INTIMATE CHAT



Let me tell you about these personal hygiene accessories. You have my word for it that they warrant your complete confidence.

For Extra Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Wonderform belt, especially designed to wear with Kotex sanitary napkins. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint! Choose from two types: Wonderform at 25 cents; the DeLuxe at 35 cents.



For Personal Daintiness

Don't pass up Quest deodorant powder—completely effective on sanitary napkins! Use it also for under-arms, feet and after your bath. It's a positive deodorant that assures all-day-long body freshness—doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. And being unscented, it doesn't cover up the fragrance of lovely perfume. Buy Quest for only 35c—a small price for the personal daintiness women treasure.



For Pain Relief

A doctor I know told me about Kurb Tablets—the new discovery to ease “periodic” pain and ordinary headaches. As proof of safety the formula is right on the package so your doctor may check it. Kurb Tablets are small, white, tasteless and non habit-forming. See how quick relief is and you'll always want them handy. Only 25c for 12 Kurb Tablets in a smart purse-size container.



For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. Invisible sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. A product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs tampons when less protection is needed. They may be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25 cents.

Hollywood at one time or another have made the grand entrance. We elbow aside the parade of beautiful ghosts and follow a head waiter to a big, circular table on the dance floor, opposite the orchestra platform.

Maurice, Yolanda and Velez, Irene Castle, De Marco—what a galaxy of dancers have swirled over those polished floors! But tonight on the orchestra platform is Ben Bernie, leading all the lads in their last evening together as a band. Tomorrow they will belong to the rest of the Grove memories, for the Old Maestro has announced his retirement and the band will break up. No more will his big cigar and bâton reign. He stands where Abe Lyman, Eddie Duchin, Guy Lombardo and all that brilliant host have stood before, making music for the Grovers.

Tonight's guest star—who is she? Fifteen years of tradition have decreed that there shall be an honored lady, from the days of Clara Bow, Aileen Pringle, Agnes Ayres and all those lovely stars who are seen here no more.

At each table we see a doll, dressed in a hula skirt, the face formed to the likeness of the guest star. Can it be? It is—Martha Raye!

And what a story that tells—a story so typical of the Cocoanut Grove. For tonight, radiant eyed in triumph, Martha Raye, a

year ago unknown, is the toast of the town. To be the guest star—she who was just a little girl singing in an obscure Hollywood night club a few months ago, and who now, after one smash hit after another, is the star of “Mountain Music.” Is it any wonder Martha is enjoying all this?

The Cinderella story never grows old in Hollywood.

On the floor where Carole Lombard and Joan Crawford once competed for fifteen dollar dance cups, Martha Raye flings out her arms to the spotlight. Instead of the “Charleston,” she stamps a mean stomp to the tune of “Truckin’” and the years are spanned. New times . . . new faces . . .

Adolph Zukor, president of Paramount, watches her from behind a palm. She throws him a kiss, and he nods and smiles proudly. Other stars join the applause for Martha Raye. It is her hour . . .

The bus boys stack the tables, the janitor's crew arrives with mops and brooms. Another night has gone to join five thousand others among the golden, glamorous ghosts of the Cocoanut Grove.

Tonight has left but one memory—under a table there lies a broken doll in a hula skirt.

THE END

Romance In Cloth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

The essence of beautiful Marlene was in a pajama suit of palest pearl-gray satin, with a blouse of the same material. A matching muffler of accordion pleated chiffon had one of its ends tucked under the belt. Over this outfit she wears a knee-length coat of black Lyons velvet. There are no pleats nor fullness in the slightly squared shoulders, which are set in with a cord to hold their clean-cut line rigid. It is a perfect garment.

“That is very ‘Marlene,’ I think,” said Travis. He is so modest and reticent about his clothes that you have to dig hard to get any of his opinions.

“Now then,” he said. And out came what I call a “gasper.” Imagine tiny seed pearls, emeralds, rubies, diamonds, all sewn as closely together as possible on a chiffon background. Imagine this material being made by the yard, looking as though it were woven of jewels, and then being cut into a jacket and a skirt with a long slender train, slit up the front. The shoulders are broad; the sleeves stop three inches below the elbow. With this is worn a wide stole, also paved in gold and jewels and bordered with two bands of sable.

“There is something rather Maharanic about it, isn't there?” Travis said. “Yes,” I agreed, “it looks as though it had been made by a jeweler, not a dressmaker. Don't you think it is the most beautiful dress you have ever made?” Travis smiled. You can't pin him down into complimenting himself.

But watch for that dress in the opera sequence in “Angel.”

My slightly dazzled eyes next focused on a beige wool traveling suit with a cape lined halfway up with mink. That is news, that halfway idea. The cape is diagonal at the neck with one side crossing over the throat to show a dark line of the mink.

Next we have a dress that will swathe Marlene in yards of grey chiffon. The top of the evening dress is draped and the skirt is a slim sheath of chiffon over which is a tunic affair, knee-

length in front and trailing at the back, weighted with vertical blue foxes, sewn on in strips. A little jacket is added, made of blue foxes mounted on chiffon.

“Claudette Colbert and I were hunting for a word to describe Claudette in her new clothes in ‘I Met Him In Paris,’” Travis said. “We decided on Romance or Femininity,” he laughed. “It may be quite a change from the Salem clothes she wore last, so I used as much chiffon as possible for her. It is so interesting to design for Marlene and Claudette. You see, for Marlene you can do what you can't do for anyone else. She can wear things that would look wrong on anyone else. Claudette is special, too, but in a different way.”

I saw a sketch of one of Claudette's picture dresses—a black crêpe frock for afternoon. Width was achieved in a sort of collar arrangement which widened into epaulets at the shoulders and tapered in wine glass line to the waist where it continued down to the hem in two cascades. This was all edged in gold embroidered lamé, and it certainly was slenderizing. On the sketch Claudette had written “I am simply mad about this one! . . . C.” With it she will carry a huge muff of black fox.

Pick out a new combination when you see “I Met Him In Paris.” It is a black crêpe dress trimmed with patent leather lines of piping on the pocket slits, the little lapels, the seams and also the belt. Now for the new note—a white tweed coat worn over this, with enormous collar and revers of white wolf.

Claudette will be swirled in gray chiffon in an evening dress with a very full skirt (Romance and Femininity, you see!) and a tight, snug little bodice. Small V bones accentuate the waistline above the belt and the skirt has retreating lines of palest gray fox in panier fashion. A gray lamé jacket goes with this, trimmed with gray fox.

Here are two of the most important clothes pictures Paramount has done for a long time. I hope I have helped to clarify them for you.

Why Fifth Avenue Laughs at Hollywood Society

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

chipped in whatever the studio had apportioned as their "share" of the fund which went down on the records as the individual contributions of the studio's big-shot executives.

The cheapness, the flimsiness, the gaudiness, the racket of the Hollywood social game paramourts anything anywhere else in the land. True, certain biggies are bigger than others; but the general run are pretty small potatoes when it comes to the bigger things in life. Each dollar earned goes out for so much nonsense that a Barbara Hutton or a Doris Duke must laugh herself silly when glancing in life's reflector before slithering into bed.

At least the Fifth Avenue set, as worthless as it may be in other things, has learned the true worth of spending the dollars it amasses. Fun is fun when you share your fun; but fun is folly when you don't give your money's worth to those who gather about it.

There is a passage in Henry VI which reads: "Beggars mounted run their horses to death." Did you ever see it to fail?

COME to Hollywood and get an invite to a typical party, and see what I mean. Sudden riches to many people are worse than none at all. Dozens of swell people go through the Hollywood mill yearly on the crest of a typhoon which crashes them to little pieces before they reach the shore. Tens of hundreds of pretty girls and swell young fellows get the braggadocian buncombe bumped out of them after it's too late.

Maybe it's the system that's wrong. Perhaps it's the associations they make. I don't even profess to know. But take any of them to Fifth Avenue for a few months observation and training and you'll turn out a cat of a different color.

Much of that pretense and pretentious pompousness will disappear. The heavy goo and over-made-up cheeks and hair will be more normal. The men will retain their masculinity without the use of perfume and loud coats. They'll talk in less harsh accents, both of them, and neither will strain the Oxonian which some Hollywood linguist has told them is the way the Four Hundred speak.

They'll be surprised to find out how thoroughly the correct New York hostess checks her guests. They'll be amazed to see how hard she works over her dinner or theater party. They'll be ashamed at their own lack of knowledge of how to drink, and how much. They'll admire and praise her selection of the press, and the way she handles those uninvited who print the bare facts about her party, without giving it so much as a splinter of scandal on which to start an idle rumor. They'll praise her trained staff of men and women servants constantly "in service" who know what to do at all times.

Some of them may find the parties, Fifth Avenue brand, dull and foolish, but most formal parties are. Did you ever hear of a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, or a Supreme Court Affair at the White House smacking of jazz and jubilation? Formal parties are supposed to be formal. If you expect anything else go start a picnic of your own; but certainly don't try to mix the two.

And when greeting your hostess in her

I was Never So Comfortable

... AND I'M TELLING YOU
NOTHING CAN COMPARE TO THE
3-WAY PROTECTION OF KOTEX

Morning at the Club—

① CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



② CAN'T FAIL

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

③ CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

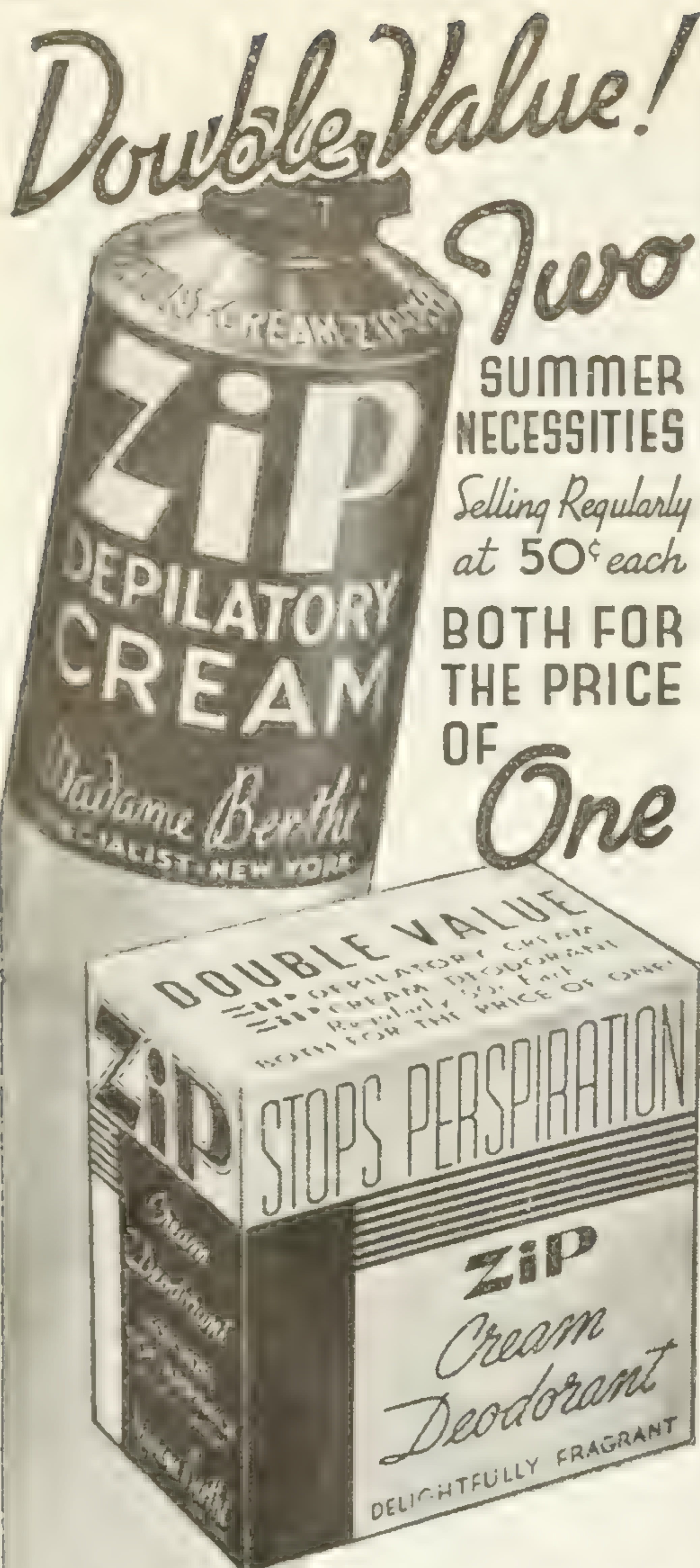
3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

Regular, Junior, and Super — for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX



A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)



Let it be hot!

Let the penetrating solar rays do their worst to try to make us uncomfortable—but without avail this summer. You can be cool, hair-free, care-free, and wholesome, with these two delightful toiletries at your command.

ZIP Perfumed Depilatory Cream needs no introduction to hundreds of thousands of women. It instantly eliminates every vestige of hair and permits you to enjoy wearing all the newest, briefest, sheerest summer clothes without embarrassment; permits the modern swim-suit to reveal your radiantly beautiful skin.

Now comes ZIP Cream Deodorant—a new kind of cream which not only removes body odors, but also STOPS PERSPIRATION for one to three days. Packed in a large attractive container. Ideal on sanitary napkins. Ordinarily these preparations cost 50¢ each. For a short time I am offering both of them to you for the price of one.

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT. The only registered Epilator. Actually destroys superfluous hair. Quick. Ideal for face.

ZIP Facial Hair Remover—Odorless. No caustics. No sulphides. Large opal jar. Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon.

Madame Berthe
SPECIALIST

562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

If you have not received his supply, use coupon.

Madame Berthe, 562 Fifth Ave., New York.

Please send me your special Two for One offer ZIP Perfumed Depilatory Cream and ZIP Cream Deodorant. I enclose 50¢ plus 10¢ postage.

Write Name, Address, City and State below.

home or elsewhere, don't clasp her endearingly and use that old, threadbare gag: "How are you darling," for everyone from the pastry cook up will instantly know you've forgotten her name.

Back east it's become a sort of fad to visit the big wigs in Hollywood to learn what *not* to do later on. Then also it's become a lark to come to Hollywood to play around with the braggadocian set, a sort of a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

Many are the qt "Hollywood parties" given by the Inner Circle from time to time, in an effective take-off of the habits and customs of each individual star and director in the colony. Much refined laughter is enjoyed at some bull-in-the-pampas youth's expense 3,500 miles away.

Last summer in Newport, members of that ultra-umpity-umph group gave a very select party, in which each member had to come as some famous star and imitate them.

Now all of this is a bit unfair, to say the least. Jealousy may prompt it; for certain it is that there isn't a single deb on Fifth or Park Avenue that has half the personality of most of the younger movie stars in the film capital, and though there be many men in New York making larger incomes than some of those in Hollywood, nevertheless it's true that not one out of fifty of them could command the audience that the Hollywoodian gets. Regardless, it just goes to show that the way to spend money graciously at parties is not made usually, but born.

RECALL when Harry Richman was paying marked attention to a certain wealthy dowager some years ago, the crowd treated him as if he were some freak from Ripley's show.

"Oh, do bring him to tea," they would urge her. "I just want to see if he knows how to handle his refreshments," and other foolish twaddle.

Back in the early Twenties when Doug and Mary were putting on the dog you may recall that Edwina Mountbatten and other well-born Britishers often visited Hollywood. Back in New York I would hear them tell my family with actual astonishment: "Why do you know they really knew which fork to use!"

Last fall young Junior Laemmle gave a large cocktail party at the Waldorf-Astoria. For weeks afterwards the Fifth Avenue set seriously discussed the fact that he mixed "all kinds of people."

Howard Hughes has often taken out dancing, debbies from the Park Avenue group, and gotten away with it. Yet when Walter Futter thought he'd cut a wide swath through the Golden Horseshoe he was merely coldly lornetted and asked "Who is this man?"

Fred Astaire married the ward of Henry Bull, the President of the Turf and Field Club; and Marjorie Oelrichs up and married Eddy Duchin, the orchestra leader. Gary Cooper ploughed through the dowager circle and picked himself a peach. And Connie Bennett once had herself young Phil Plant. Ellen Mackay had intestinal fortitude enough to marry Irving Berlin. But how long were any of them greeted by the dames and sires of the Backbone of American Society?

Maybe they don't care about any of it; but if they don't then why aren't they creating as sensible a system in Hollywood?

Jock Whitney lost caste on Fifth Avenue the moment he took Hollywood seriously; and no longer is he asked by the Inner Circle of America's uncrowned nobility. Even "Laddie" Sanford was given the cold shoulder when he took unto himself the charming and attractive Mary Duncan. My young cousin Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt was cleft into the same shelf that I have reposed in for so many years when he paid marked attention to Ginger Rogers, and, what is more unhappy for him, was "cut" off the list of many Fifth Avenue hostesses' spring parties this year. And even young Winthrop Rockefeller was given stern parental coal rakings when he returned to New York after toying in movie-land in March.

Fifth Avenue may be amused and amazed at Hollywood. It may be jealous of it. But in more ways than one, it has definitely intimidated it will have nothing to do with it until Hollywood learns to conduct itself as the arbiters of American Social Customs believes it ought. Until then "East is East, and West is West; and never the twain shall meet."

They Discovered Friendship Through Heartbreak

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

IN the bitter days that followed, Glenda stayed by Anne's side. Every moment away from the studio found them together. And you have but to know Glenda Farrell on the screen, to know that she offered little of the usual, maudlin sympathy. No, sympathy is not what she had to offer. Instead, she tried to instill in the heartbroken younger girl confidence and a real desire to go on. Glenda used a slap on the back and a "buck up—we can see this thing through" to pull Anne out of her slough of despair. No tears from Glenda. Nor would she tolerate any from Anne.

Whether Anne ever tried to explain her long silence, I don't know. I suppose she did; but I also think Glenda probably stopped her before she finished with:

"Forget it, I understand." And, too, it must have been Glenda who suggested that *work* was the real answer to Anne's problem. For it wasn't long after, that Anne was loaned to RKO—after previous plans by Warner Brothers had fallen through for a picture on her own lot.

Says Anne: "While I realized that Glenda's plea for immediate work was right—Ross had mentioned so often how grateful he had been for his work after his former wife was gone—I couldn't quite face the idea of going to a strange studio. I thought I could stand it better if I were among friends. And I didn't know a person on the RKO lot. But just the reverse was true.

"None of the people recalled my sorrow—everything was done to make my return to work easy. And although there was never any mention of Ross or his death, I afterwards realized that the picture was paced to my capabilities. If I was particularly nervous on a day's shooting, much of the work was put over until the following day. I can never thank them all enough for their kindness."

Thus, gradually, Anne came back to normalcy. The two girls were once again on their old friendship basis of little dinners and shopping tours two or three times each week. Glenda, thinking that a complete change of

scene would accomplish the final miracle, asked Anne to go along with her while she made a picture in England. While unable to obtain leave-of-absence for the necessary time, Anne was deeply moved by this last show of unselfish friendship on Glenda's part. Often, when they would be talking, Anne would say:

"How can I ever repay you? How can I ever show you what all this has really meant to me? You've done so much and I have so little chance to reciprocate."

Glenda laughed this away and together they went ahead with her plans for the trip. In the midst of the preparations, Glenda's father became ill and required an operation. For two or three days, there was much worry—then the doctor announced that the operation was a success. The old gentleman began to recover and Glenda went ahead with her plans. Having made her reservations, it was just the usual Hollywood luck that there should be delays in the production Glenda was working on at the time. How could she ever finish the picture and have time enough to shop for clothes?

Anne convinced her that she didn't have to worry about the clothes. She could shop, while Glenda worked at the studio.

Came the day when Anne was putting the finishing touches on the shopping tour. She went out during the morning and bought the last few remaining things. When she returned at noon, there was a message from Glenda. She called immediately. Glenda was crying when she said:

"Please come over—Dad's gone."

NO one knew better than Anne, just how much Glenda's father had meant to her. How she had loved and cared for him, catered to his every wish and whim. His death was going to be a terrible blow. Here at last, was Anne's chance to show just how much Glenda's friendship had really meant to her.

This time, there were no hurt words of wounded pride at the doorway. In fact, the only change in the scene that had taken place in Anne's living room just a few weeks before was that the former comforter was now being comforted. Anne wanted to gather Glenda into her arms and tell her how deeply sorry she was—that would have been the natural way with her. But knowing that sympathy was not what Glenda wanted, she did the only other thing she could think of. She asked: "Is there anything I can do—anywhere I can go?"

That was exactly what Glenda needed her to say. Yes, there were many things to be done—things that only Anne could do. She did them, of course, and in this way has been more of a comfort to Glenda than she can ever know. Even though she is still new to her own tragedy, Anne has never broken down under the strain of Glenda's and for that reason (if for no other) I'm sure the accounts are balanced now. And to make it doubly sure, Anne has finally convinced Glenda that she should go ahead with her travel plans—that she should get away from Hollywood and the things that remind her of her father who is gone; just as Glenda drove Anne on to work and more work as an antidote for sorrow.

And so, two girls—whom Hollywood had never credited with so much as a casual acquaintance—one who has lost her husband and one who has lost her father—stand side by side in loyalty and comfort, chin up, able to bear their sorrows because of the strength they have brought to each other. Because of one another they are able to smile, through their tears, courageously at the world.

Helps keep you popular
AND BEAUTIFUL TO ENJOY
DOUBLE MINT EVERY DAY

**WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM**
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR



"Your Eyes have Told Me So"

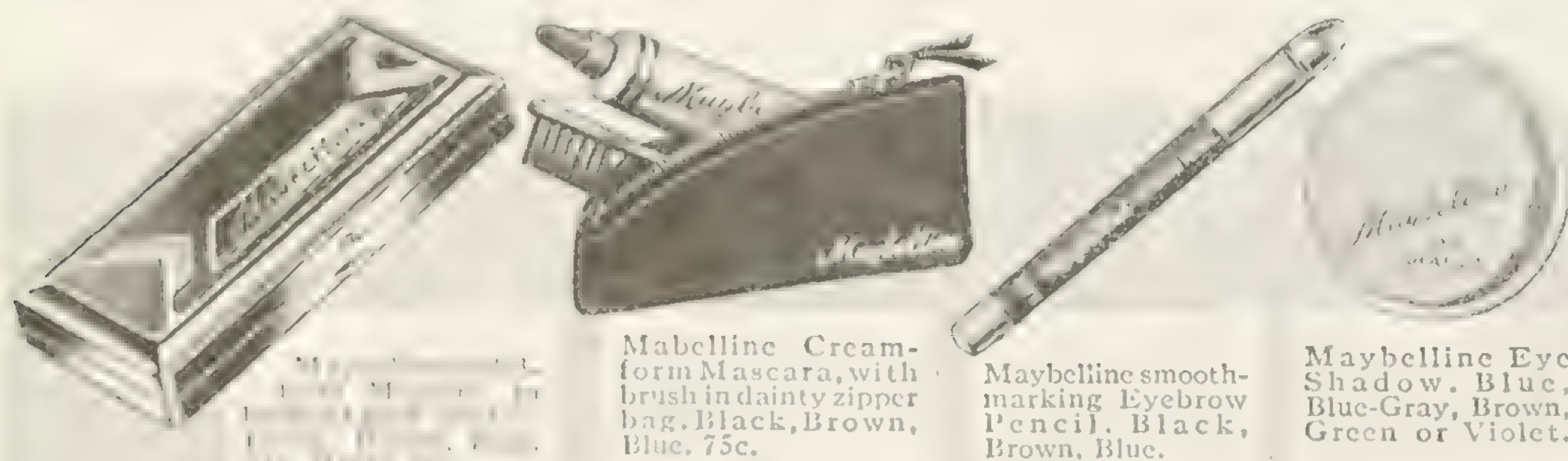
Music in the air—romance in your eyes. Tell him with your eyes—for beautiful eyes may say what lips dare not. The charm of alluring eyes can be yours— instantly, easily, with just a few simple touches of Maybelline Mascara — to make your lashes appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant.

No longer need you deny yourself the use of make-up for your most important beauty feature — your eyes. You can avoid that hard, "made-up" look that ordinary mascaras give by using either the new Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, or the popular Maybelline Solid-form Mascara—both give the soft *natural* appearance of long, dark, curling lashes. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

Loveliness demands — eyebrows softly, gracefully, expressively formed. For this, use the largest-selling, smoothest-marking Eyebrow Pencil in the world — by Maybelline.

Complete loveliness demands — the final, exquisite touch of eyelids softly shaded with a subtle, harmonizing tint of Maybelline Eye Shadow — it means so much to the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. The preference of more than 11,000,000 discriminating women the world over.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, with brush in dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline
THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

lively play, whereas Joan Crawford was hopelessly inadequate in her rôle, and even the ever delightful Bill Powell had to strain all his resources to make a falsely sentimental part credible.

Will the day ever come when a fine actor, playing superbly a secondary part, receives top billing over a star?

EDITH S. HEILMAN,
Camp Hill, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE

FROM COVER TO COVER

Shed a tear for Rochelle Hudson who, it seems, is just TOO BEAUTIFUL to get the breaks, and who appears on back covers of fan magazines in the cosmetic ads while the more bizarre glamour girls grace front covers.

Who could blame Rochelle for wishing those perfect features of hers were a trifle irregular—that melodious voice a little raucous, or that sweet disposition a bit more temperamental, when for years little Rochelle has watched such stars as Carole Lombard, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford and Bette Davis being cast in rôles Rochelle could handle beautifully.

Chin up, Rochelle. Hollywood may wake up someday.

KERN PECK,
Alameda, California.

RHYTHMIC RAYE

Martha Raye may have a mouth that can compete with the Grand Canyon, but oh boy! has she got rhythm! This little lass can certainly put over a song with a bang. Mr. Gloom takes an awful beating when she's around. In the picture, "The Big Broadcast of 1937," she sang "Vote for Mr. Rhythm" but if you want my opinion, she married the guy! Let's make it a habit to see more of this animated gal and give our blues the bum's rush.

I. M. TEAL,
Chicago, Ill.

THE NOT-SO-WILD WEST

I have just seen "The Plainsman" and here is my score card:

A long and well sustained Boo for the gentleman who wrote the scenario. He tried to crowd a lifetime into two weeks. A second Boo to be divided between the director and the actor who played Buffalo Bill Cody. Between them they succeeded in spoiling one of my childhood idols for all time. When I was chasing the smaller members of the neighborhood gang, who played the rôles of Indians over the back lots and dropping one with every shot of my cap pistol, I did not think I was a "sissy." After seeing him depicted in "The Plainsman" I would turn back the years, turn into an Indian and "lift" Bill's scalp.

A bouquet for Miss Arthur's fine performance. A daisy for Cooper. A carload of blossoms for the Indians charging down the creek, and I'd also throw in a bit of feed for the ponies. Yes, I have more flowers. I'll give them to Mr. DeMille in the form of a wreath.

C. CLARKE,
Montreal, Canada.

PET PASSIONS

Bing Crosby wears a toupee. Gary Cooper uses a double when script demands skilled

horsemanship. Garbo misjudges her distance and falls flat on the floor instead of the sofa rehearsing a scene in "Camille."

These ridiculous rumors spoiled one week's run of pictures for me. Why must we be told these things? We know movie stars are not perfect. Who benefits but some poorly paid newspaper reporter who does a lot of damage to our dreams with his "see-all-tell-all eye." I say to these busybodies to leave our stars alone. They are our pet passion, and if we want to dream of them as flawless handsome men and lovely women that is our business. Let the movies retain their glamour.

MRS. NOEL NEUMAN,
Richmond, Va.

HANDS ACROSS THE PACIFIC

I am just a little brown girl, in my little grass skirt in my little grass shack in Hawaii. Perhaps that's one reason why I do so adore Sonja Henie.

Like three-fourths of the Kamaainas here, I know very little about ice skating, and the skating sequences in "One In a Million" thrilled me through and through. Sonja's so perfectly natural. She can be glamorous and yet remain sincere in her acting. You're "One In a Million" Sonja! Long may you reign!

MARGHARETHE RUPPERT SCHUTTE,
Honolulu, T.H.

A GLORIOUS COMEBACK

Well, boys, the little girl who knocked us for a loop years ago in such pictures as "Man-handled," "The Humming Bird," "The Trespasser," and many others, is all set to blossom forth in a new picture. Yes, it's Gloria Swanson, the girl who may be down but never out. No sir, you can't hide this kid's light under a bushel. Come on, Gloria, show these Hepburns and Simone Simons what stuff stars are made of. Good luck, trouper, your home town is pulling for you!

LLOYD C. ARMOUR,
Chicago, Ill.

MAKING THE MOST OF MOTION PICTURES

I am deaf and although I was educated at a special school, when we go to see a picture we get very little out of it oftentimes. But I am glad we have motion picture magazines, for we read about our favorite pictures there. The three movies I liked best of all were "The Prisoner of Shark Island," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and "Anthony Adverse." I understood the stories so much better because there is more motion than talk, and the deaf get pictures by motion. My favorite actors are Bob Taylor, Olivia de Havilland, Shirley Temple, Jane Withers. I wish I could go to Hollywood some time and see the stars in person.

DOROTHY SNEATH,
Rockville, Ind.

HUMAN IS AS HUMAN DOES

Directors attention! When a human being retires for the night, he punches his pillow, burrows his head deep down in it, snuggles down in bed, curls up his legs, hitches the covers under his chin, and gives a contented sigh.

But when an actress retires (in pictures) oh my! She arranges herself carefully, stretches out flat and tense, with at least three be-ruffled satin pillows under her neck (size nine by twelve inches) and exposes her bee-utiful shoulders. The whole thing is self-conscious.

If directors would watch audience reaction more closely for guffaws and snickers, they might learn that it's the little HUMAN touches that win audiences.

LUCILE EVANS,
Woodland, Calif.

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On the Air in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

hoist a snort every now and then throughout the broadcast. But anything for art's sake.

The Marches told us that they wouldn't be a bit surprised if they decided to quit Hollywood cold for a while and do a play on Broadway. The radio show put the idea in their heads, said Fredric.

"We were sitting in the kitchen one day just after rehearsal. It seemed so good being back on the boards that the idea just popped into our heads—why not go back and do a play on Broadway? We're both crazy about the stage and a little sentimental, you know," he added. "That's where we first met."

The funny part is that Freddie's agent has had three or four Broadway offers but was afraid to mention them to Fred. He didn't think there was a chance of a yes.

THE old town missed Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone while they were East, but managed to worry along with Milton Berle. As for Milton, he's crazy about Hollywood and what he hopes is a movie future. Wonder if you knew that he personally paid the expenses of the whole Community Sing company of forty people to bring them to Hollywood just so he could have a crack at the screen in "New Faces"?

We can't say how the picture will turn out, but as for Milton himself, the general reaction around town is that he's colossal. Hollywood is always a sucker for a fad, anyway, and what with no dance marathons, walkathons, six-day bike rides, or turtle races in season, the idea of sitting in coon shouting with a lot of other leather lungers is getting to be a regular Sunday evening sport. Last time we sang like the birdies with Miltie there was Jimmy Cagney, the Pat O'Briens, Jack Oakie with a big party and—can you take it—Man Mountain Dean chirping "Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet tweekt!!!!"

The best part of Berle's shows are the generous before and afters. Too bad he's not as spontaneous and funny when he's on the air. We've just got a hunch he's going to be a whole lot of fun on the screen. Incidentally, Milton's got a new thought for that CBS you see on a lot of microphones. He says it stands for "Can Berle Sing!!!"

We wouldn't be knowing about that but we know someone who can sing (and we mean that plenty!). That's Mrs. Garland's little daughter, Judy. You'll be mighty glad to know that she's no longer just guesting with Jack Oakie's College; she's a regular now, and if you ask us, the high spot on the whole show. Take a tip right now on a sure thing—Judy Garland is the most terrific youngster on the air, and a year from now—well, sky's the limit.

Don't think Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer doesn't know it either. Jud's going to be a screen star, too. Yes, ma'am. No fumbling the ball à la Deanna Durbin.

Did we ever tell you that Deanna was at M-G-M for some months and did nothing but a short? Well, one day Louis B. Mayer saw the short, and said something like this, "Who is this girl? She's great. Bring her in and let me see her." He had to be told that he was just a bit too late. Deanna had been let go to Universal. And you know what happened over there in "Three Smart Girls."

Old Doctor Oakie could hardly get his crazy campus organized for the air one week last month because he was so doggone busy working up a Southern accent and preparing plantation props for his "Come With the Wind" party. Jack dispatched summons signed "Rhett Oakie and Scarlett Varden," inviting half of Hollywood, and all his radio pals, to come down to his wind-swept place at Pacific Palisades and have fun. He fixed up the place with phoney cotton plants and scores of tattered darkies. All this effort in between shows almost flunked him out of school. But Jack tells us he doesn't care if he never sees a camera again. He's that silly over radio.

Speaking of silly people, we always thought Gracie Allen was that way until the other day when we learned the size of the weekly pitance Grapenuts is paying her and George for the new program. Ten thousand coupons! Nothing silly about that. And to think that five years ago a big radio man cracked, "Burns and Allen? Why, they're only a ten-minute act! What would they do after that?"

Ray Noble and his band boys are in town for the new show which is great news for the Hollywood stay-up-laters. Ray will undoubtedly play, too, in some popular spot. Nick Foran will also make his debut as a cowboy crooner on the show in between pictures.

Gracie proved she could troupe the other night at the Troc where she and George and some friends partied after the broadcast. There was a one-legged dancer on the entertainment bill who wanted someone to swing around the floor with him. Well, he spied Gracie and yelled, "There's little Gracie Allen. She'll dance with me!" Gracie had to smile and whirl around the place, pretending she enjoyed it. Pretty good trouping we'd say, and a lot of nerve for any entertainer to put a swell gal like Gracie in a spot like that!

OVER at Hollywood Hotel they're still murmuring "scoop" every now and then just so they won't forget the march Louella Parsons stole on the rest of the air hawks in getting Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, the Academy award winners, on the air less than twenty-four hours after they had happily clutched their little gold "Oscars," emblematic of the year's best acting performances.

The bright idea dawned on Louella, she swears, in bed, from which she immediately hopped. Before you could say "Haven MacQuarrie" Paul and Luise were telling it to the world. Then Muni showed up with the bona fide beaver he's grown for "The Life of Zola" and poor Luise appeared lobster fashion with a swell dose of California sunburn. Fact is, they had to pull her out of bed to get down there.

The whole thing was so much on the spur of the moment that scripts were out and the whole show held their breaths hoping Die Rainer, known for her Garboesque leanings, would give a little more than "I'm glad to be wiss you, dank you." Imagine their surprise when she rolled out quite a nice little speech, which, of course, you heard.

The other big treat at the Hotel last month, the Tyrone Power—Loretta Young teaser, was so exciting that the audience couldn't help wondering if they were in on the dawn of a new Hollywood romance. All this because of

a kiss Tyrone had to plant on the cherry lips of beautiful Loretta. In rehearsals there wasn't so much to worry about, but when they did it for keeps, well, it looked like the guy never would break! And when he did—was he dizzy! He lost his place in the script and no telling what Loretta lost. They weren't kidding when they named him Power.

It looks like Fred MacMurray will keep on emceeing the Hotel, although you can still hear plenty of rumors that he's leaving. Maybe we'll know this summer when his twenty-week layoff clause comes up.

The other "yes and no" gentleman of the air, Fred Astaire, seems to be a radio success in spite of his fears. The Packard show is the only new show on the air to climb last month into the first ten. It's seventh. The Packard hour, by the way, is getting extremely clubby what with the "Downtown Uptowners" and the "Uptown Downtowners"! Explanation: Fred Astaire, Johnny Green and Conrad Thibault always work on the right side of the microphone. They're "D. U.'s" Charlie Butterworth, Cliff Arquette and Ken Carpenter are portside protagonists. They're "U. D.'s." It was Charlie's idea. Don't blame us.

A BIT of gossip and Hollywood radio-syncretasies—Bing Crosby can't sing a note over the air without waving his left knee with the rhythm. . . . Bob Burns is burning over romance rumors about him and his secretary. They've been lunching together a lot but the dope is this: They *have* to lunch together so Robin can dictate. Did you know he has a column now in 142 newspapers that brings him \$3000 a week? Bob has soaked close to \$300,000 in Los Angeles real estate this past year and a half. . . . They keep saying that Nelson Eddy may take over the Chase and Sanborn hour one of these days when Haven MacQuarrie wears out his amateur Barrymores. . . . Fred MacMurray sags in the knees when he croons to the mike. . . . Now it's Frances Langford who's ailing. Doctors are observing her. . . . Telephone stock ought to soar—Harriet Hilliard in Hollywood for a picture, and Ozzie Nelson in New York kept the wires burning last month.

And we sign off, now, with this sad story of the eminent Hollywood air comic who asked a writer friend how he enjoyed his gags on the air.

He thought he heard the friend reply, "Nicely," so he expanded a little.

"Well, that's great," he beamed, "at last I've found the medium for my—er—unusual talents. I knew you'd like them."

"But I don't," corrected the writer. "I said they were licey. That's the plural for lousy!"

HOLLYWOOD TRAGEDY

Pneumonia cut short the screen career of blonde eighteen-year-old Helen Burgess who died suddenly in Beverly Hills on April 8th. One of the loveliest and most promising of the year's "discoveries," she had the rôle of Bill Cody's wife in "The Plainsman" and was working on a new picture when she caught the cold which resulted in her death.

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Casts of Current Pictures

"ANOTHER DAWN" — WARNERS. — Original story and screen play by Laird Boyle. Directed by William Dieterle. The Cast: *Captain Denny Roark*, Errol Flynn; *Julia Ashton*, Kay Francis; *Colonel Wister*, Ian Hunter; *Grace Roark*, Frieda Inescort; *Hawkins*, Billy Bevan; *Sir Benton*, Kenneth Hunter; *Henderson*, Richard Powell; *Wilkins*, Herbert Mundin; *Murphy*, Clyde Cook; *Lord Alden*, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Yeoman*, Charles Austin.

"BILL CRACKS DOWN" — REPUBLIC. — Original story by Owen Francis and Morgan Cox. Screen play by Dorrell McGowan and Stuart McGowan. Directed by William Nigh. The Cast: *Tons Walker*, Grant Withers; *Susan*, Beatrice Roberts; *Bill Reardon*, Ranny Weeks; *Elaine Witworth*, Judith Allen; *Porky*, William Newell; *William Reardon*, Pierre Watkin; *Steve*, Robert Williams; *Mrs. Witworth*, Georgia Caine; *Hilda*, Greta Meyer; *Jarvis*, Edgar Norton; *Smalley*, Harry Depp; *Zimick*, Eugene King; *Dr. Colcord*, Landers Stevens; *Snowflake*, Eddie Anderson.

"CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD" — UNIVERSAL. — Original story by Herman Boxer. Screen play by Scott Darling. Directed by Arthur Lunin. The Cast: *Biff Smith*, John Wayne; *Mary Porter*, Louise Latimer; *Corrigan*, Robert McWade; *James Gifford*, Theodore von Eltz; *Harrison*, Tully Marshall; *Charlie Porter*, Emerson Treacy; *Fish McCorkle*, Harry Allen; *Padula*, LeRoy Mason; *Mrs. Porter*, Grace Goodall; *Huggins*, Olaf Hytten; *Clancy*, Monty Vandergrift; *Secretary*, Lorin Raker.

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS" — M-G-M. — Based on the book by Rudyard Kipling. Screen play by John Lee Mahin, Marc Connelly and Dale Van Every. Directed by Victor Fleming. The Cast: *Harvey*, Freddie Bartholomew; *Manuel*, Spencer Tracy; *Disko*, Lionel Barrymore; *Mr. Cheyne*, Melvyn Douglas; *Uncle Salters*, Charley Grapewin; *Dan*, Mickey Rooney; *"Long Jack"*, John Carradine; *Cushman*, Oscar O'Shea; *Priest*, Jack LaRue; *Dr. Finley*, Walter Kingsford; *Tyler*, Donald Briggs; *"Doc"*, Sam McDaniels; *Charles*, Billie Burrud.

"CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OLYMPICS" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX. — Original story by Paul Burger. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The Cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Yvonne Roland*, Katherine de Mille; *Betty Adams*, Pauline Moore; *Richard Masters*, Allen Lane; *Lee Chan*, Keye Luke; *Arthur Hughes*, C. Henry Gordon; *Cartwright*, John Eldredge; *Charlie Chan, Jr.*, Layne Tom, Jr.; *Hopkins*, Jonathan Hale; *Honorable Charles Zaraka*, Morgan Wallance; *Captain Strasser*, Fredrik Vogeding; *Police Chief Scott*, Andrew Tombes; *Dr. Burton*, Howard Hickman.

"DREAMING LIPS" — TRAFALGAR - UNITED ARTISTS. — Adapted by Carl Mayer from Henri Bernstein's play "Melo." Directed by Paul Czimmer. The cast: *Gaby*, Elisabeth Bergner; *Miguel del Vayo*, Raymond Massey; *Peter*, Romney Brent; *Christine*, Joyce Bland; *Mrs. Stanway*, Sydney Fairbrother; *Dr. Wilson*, Fisher White; *The Philosopher*, Donald Calthrop; *His Friend*, Ronald Shiner; *Policeman*, Cyril Raymond; *The Rescuer*, George Carney; *Sir Robert Blaker*, Felix Aylmer; *Buller*, Bruno Barnabe; *Impresario*, Charles Carson; *The Onlookers*, Olive Sloane; Sam Wilkinson, Moore Marriott and Peter Bull.

"ELEPHANT BOY" — KORDA-UNITED ARTISTS. — Based on "Toomai of the Elephants" by Rudyard Kipling. Screen play by John Collier. Directed by Robert Flaherty and Zoltan Korda. The Cast: *Toomai of the Elephants*, Sabu; *Kala Nag (the elephant)*, Iravatha; *Toomai's Father*, W. E. Holloway; *Petersen*, Walter Hudd; *Muchua Appa*, Allan Jeayes; *Rham Lahl*, Bruce Gordon; *Hunter*, D. J. Williams; *Commissioner*, Hyde White.

"FIFTY ROADS TO TOWN" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX. — Based on the novel by Louis Frederick Nebel. Screen play by George Marion, Jr. and William Conselman. Directed by Norman Taurog. The Cast: *Peter Nostrand*, Don Ameche; *Millicent Kendall*, Ann Sothern; *Edwin Henry*, Slim Summerville; *Mrs. Henry*, Jane Darwell; *Sheriff Dow*, John Qualen; *Dutch Nelson*, Douglas Fowley; *Leroy Smedley*, Allan Lane; *Tycoon Jerome Q. Kendall*, Alan Dinehart; *Percy*, Stepin Fetchit; *Tom*, Paul Hurst; *George Hession*, Spencer Charters; *Captain Galloway*, De Witt Jennings; *Pinelli*, Bradley Page; *Smorgen*, Oscar Apfel; *Captain Carroll*, John Hamilton; *Police Official*, Russell Hicks; *Deputies*, Arthur Aylesworth and Jim Toney.

"GIRL LOVES BOY" — GRAND NATIONAL. — Original story by Carl Brown and Hinton Smith. Screen play by Duncan Mansfield and Carroll Graham. Directed by Duncan Mansfield. The Cast: *Robert Conrad*, Eric Linden; *Dorothy McCarthy*, Cecilia Parker; *Charles Conrad*, Roger Imhof; *Mrs. McCarthy*, Dorothy Peterson; *Signor Montefiori*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Sally Lacy*, Bernadene Hayes; *Ned McCarthy*, Buster Phelps; *Penny McCarthy*, Patsy O'Connor; *Tim McCarthy*, Sherwood Bailey.



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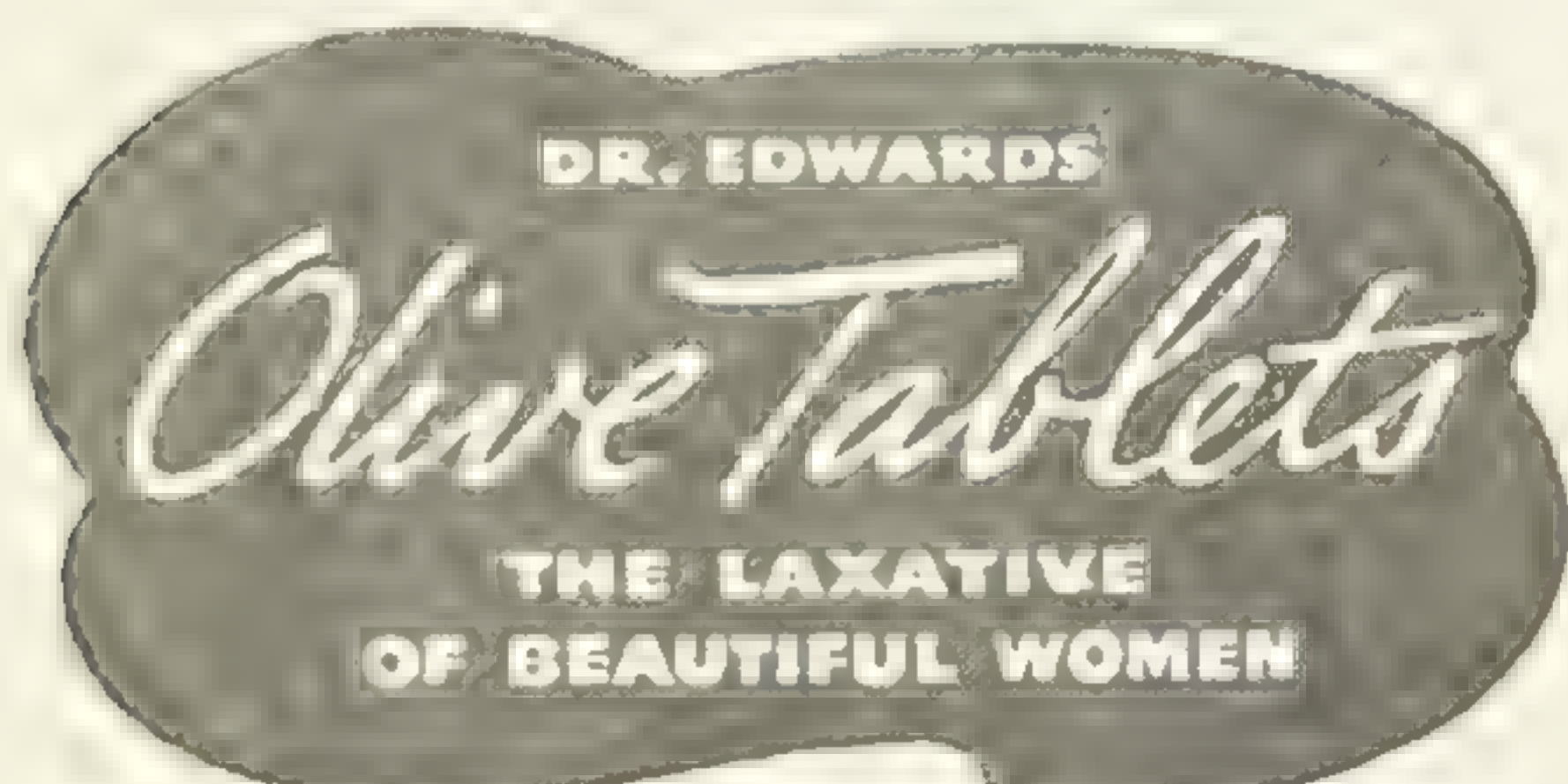
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"HER HUSBAND LIES"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a story by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Screen drama by Wallace Smith and Eve Greene. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The Cast: *"Spade"* Martin, Ricardo Cortez; *Natalie Martin*, Gail Patrick; *Bullock*, Akim Tamiroff; *Sordani*, Louis Calhern; *Chick*, Tom Brown; *Carwig*, Adrian Morris; *Maxie*, Ray Walker; *Steve Burdick*, Ralf Harolde; *Trigger*, Jack LaRue; *Betty*, June Martel; *Dorothy Powell*, Dorothy Peterson; *Pug*, Bradley Page.

"INTERNES CAN'T TAKE MONEY"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story by Max Brand. Screen play by Rian James and Theodora Reeves. Directed by Al Santell. The Cast: *Janet Haley*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Jimmie Kildare*, Joel McCrea; *Hanlon*, Lloyd Nolan; *Innes*, Stanley Ridges; *Interne Jones*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Interne Weeks*, Lee Bowman; *Jeff*, Irving Bacon; *Stooly Martin*, Barry Macollum; *Dr. Fearson*, Pierre Watkin; *Haines*, James Bush; *Riley*, Anthony Nace; *Admittance Clerk*, Lillian West; *Secretary*, Marvyn Hall; *Huge Woman*, Evelyn Dockson; *Stout Woman*, Gertrude Simpson; *First Nurse*, Helen Brown; *Second Nurse*, Frances Morris.

"JIM HANVEY—DETECTIVE"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Octavus Roy Cohen. Adaptation by Eric Taylor and Cortland Fitzsimmons. Screen play by Joseph Krumbold and Olive Cooper. Directed by Phil Rosen. The Cast: *Jim Hanvey*, Guy Kibbee; *Terry*, Tom Brown; *Joan*, Lucie Kaye; *Mrs. Frost*, Catherine Doucet; *Romo*, Edward S. Brophy; *Smith*, Edward Gargan; *Mrs. Ellis*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Dunn*, Theodor Von Eltz; *Elwood*, Kenneth Thompson; *Frost*, Howard Hickman; *Lambert*, Oscar Apfel; *Davis*, Wade Boteler; *Editor*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Garrett*, Robert E. Homans; *Taxi Cab Driver*, Harry Tyler; *Pete*, Frank Darien; *Brackett*, Charles Williams.

"NAVY BLUES"—REPUBLIC.—Original screen play by Gordon Kahn and Eric Taylor. Directed by Ralph Staub. The Cast: *Rusty*, Richard Purcell; *Doris*, Mary Brian; *Biff*, Warren Hymer; *Chips*, Joseph Sawyer; *Everett (Julian)*, Edward Woods; *Gateleg*, Horace MacMahon; *Wayne*, Chester Clute; *Mrs. Wayne*, Lucille Gleason; *Goldie*, Ruth Fallows; *Dr. Crowley*, Alonzo Price; *Lawson*, Mel Ruick; *Spencer*, Carleton Young.

"PUBLIC WEDDING NO. 1"—WARNERS.—From the story by Houston Branch. Screen play by Roy Chanslor and Houston Branch. Directed by Nick Grinde. The cast: *Flip Lane*, Jane Wyman; *Joe Taylor*, Dick Purcell; *Tony Burke*, William Hopper; *Nick*, James Robbins; *Boggs*, Jimmy Foxe; *First Reporter*, Horace MacMahon; *Pete*, Curtis Karpe; *Reporter*, Jack Mower; *Tessie*, Marie Wilson; *The Deacon*, Raymond Hatton; *Pop Lane*, Berton Churchill; *Gus*, Zeni Vatori; *Bernice*, Veda Ann Borg; *Second Reporter*, Carlyle Moore, Jr.; *Third Reporter*, John Harron; *Photographer*, Lyle Moraine.

"PERSONAL PROPERTY"—M-G-M.—Based on the play "Man in Possession" by H. M. Harwood. Screen play by Hugh Mills and Ernest Vajda. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The Cast: *Crystal Wetherby*, Jean Harlow; *Raymond Dabney*, Robert Taylor; *Claude Dabney*, Reginald Owen; *Clara*, Una O'Connor; *Mrs. Dabney*, Henrietta Crosman; *Mr. Dabney*, E. E. Clive; *Mrs. Burns*, Cora Witherspoon; *Catherine Burns*, Marla Shelton; *Bailiff*, Forrester Harvey; *Lord Carstairs*, Lionel Braham; *Arthur Trevelyan*, Barnett Parker.

"RACKETEERS IN EXILE"—COLUMBIA.—Story by Harry Sauber. Screen play by Harry Sauber and Robert Shannon. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The Cast: *William Waldo*, George Bancroft; *Myrtle Thornton*, Evelyn Venable; *Babe Devoe*, Wynne Gibson; *Blackie*, Marc Lawrence; *Happy*, John Galaudet; *Horseface*, George McKay; *Sy*, Garry Owen; *Thyrus Jamison*, Jack Clifford; *Mr. Thornton*, William Burress; *Mrs. Thornton*, Helen Lowell; *Porky Regan*, Richard Carle; *Parker*, Jonathan Hale.

"SAN QUENTIN"—WARNERS.—Original story by Robert Pasker and John Bright. Screen play by Humphrey Bobb and Peter Milne. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The Cast: *Captain Stephen Jameson*, Pat O'Brien; *Joe "Red" Kennedy*, Humphrey Bogart; *May*, Ann Sheridan; *Lieutenant Druggin*, Barton MacLane; *Sailor Boy Hansen*, Joseph Sawyer; *Warden Taylor*, Joseph King; *Dopey*, Garry Owen; *Captain*, Gordon Oliver; *Lieutenant*, Emmet Vogan; *Detective*, Edward Keene; *Detective*, Lee Phelps; *Mickey Callahan*, James Robbins; *Convict*, Al Hill; *Prison Runner*, Max Wagner; *Venetti*, George Lloyd; *Convict*, Joseph Stone; *Convict*, Herman Marks; *Fink*, Ernie Adams; *Helen*, Veda Ann Borg; *Convict*, William Pawley.

"SEVENTH HEAVEN"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Adapted from the stage play produced and directed by John Golden. Written by Austin Strong. Screen play by Melville Baker. Directed by Henry King. The Cast: *Diane*, Simone Simon; *Chico*, James Stewart; *Father Cheyillon*, Jean Hersholt; *Boul*, Gregory Ratoff; *Nana*, Gale Sondergaard; *Aristide*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Sewer Rat*, John Qualen; *Gobin*, Victor Kilian; *Brissac*, Thomas Beck; *Durand*, Sig Rumann; *Marie*, Mady Christians; *Mateol*, Rollo Lloyd; *Mme. n*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Sergeant Gendarme*, Georges ent; *Gendarmes*, Edward Keane, John Hamilton; *Young Soldiers*, Will Stanton, Leonard Snegoff; *Nurse*, Adrienne

"SHALL WE DANCE?"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story "Watch Your Step," by Lee Loeb and Harold Buchman. Screen play by Allan Scott and Ernest Pagano. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Petroff*, Fred Astaire; *Linda Keene*, Ginger Rogers; *Jeffrey Baird*, Edward Everett Horton; *Cecil Flintridge*, Eric Blore; *Arthur Miller*, Jerome Cowan; *Lady Tarrington*, Ketti Gallian; *Jim Montgomery*, William Brisbane; *Harriet Hoctor*, Herself; *Mrs. Fitzgerald*, Ann Shoemaker.

"SILENT BARRIERS"—GB.—Adapted from a novel by Alan Sullivan. Screen play by Michael Barringer and Milton Rosmer. Directed by Milton Rosmer. The Cast: *Hickey*, Richard Arlen; *Lou*, Lilli Palmer; *Mary Moody*, Antoinette Cellier; *Steve*, Barry Mackay; *Moody*, Roy Emerton; *Major Rogers*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Joe*, Ben Weldon; *Bates*, Jock Mackay; *Magistrate*, Ernest Sefton; *Bulldog Kelly*, Henry Victor; *Sir John Macdonald*, Frank McGlynn, Sr.

"SING WHILE YOU'RE ABLE"—MELODY.—Story by Stanley Lowenstein and Charles Condon. Screen play by Sherman L. Lowe and Charles Condon. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The Cast: *Whiteley*, Pinky Tomlin; *Joan*, Toby Wing; *Williams*, H. C. Bradley; *Adams*, Monte Collins; *Bennett*, Sam Wren; *Gloria*, Suzanne Karen; *Blodgett*, Bert Roach; *Prince*, Mike Romanoff; *Jimmy Newell*, by Himself; *Rita*, Jane and Dolly, Three Brian Sisters.

"SONG OF THE CITY"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Michael Fessier. Directed by Errol Taggart. The Cast: *Angelina*, Margaret Lindsay; *Paul Herrick*, Jeffrey Dean; *Mario*, J. Carol Naish; *Benvenuto*, Nat Pendleton; *Tommy*, Stanley Morner; *Jane Lansing*, Marla Shelton; *Mrs. Ramandi*, Inez Palange; *Mr. Ramandi*, Charles Judels; *Guido*, Edward Norris; *Marge*, Fay Helm; *Tony*, Frank Puglia.

"THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN"—WARNERS.—Original story by Ida A. R. Wylie. Screen play by Lillie Hayward. Directed by Louis King. The Cast: *Thomas J. Jesse*, Hugh Herbert; *Nancy Lee*, Mary Maguire; *Jimmy Whalen*, Tom Brown; *Mr. Murdock*, Joseph King; *Bud*, Teddy Hart; *Mr. Johnson*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Mrs. Mathews*, Dorothy Vaughan; *Mr. Wong*, Tetsu Komai.

"THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER"—WARNERS.—From the book by Mark Twain. Screen play by Laird Doyle. Directed by William Keighley. The Cast: *Miles Hendon*, Errol Flynn; *Tom Canty*, Billy Mauch; *Prince Edward*, Bobby Mauch; *John Canty*, Barton MacLane; *Hugo*, Murray Kinnell; *Mrs. Canty*, Mary Field; *Grandmother Canty*, Elspeth Dudgeon; *Henry VIII*, Montagu Love; *Earl of Hertford*, Claude Rains; *The Watch*, Harry Beresford; *Father Andrews*, Fritz Leiber; *Duke of Norfolk*, Henry Stephenson; *Lady Seymour*, Helen Valkis; *Captain of Guard*, Alan Hale; *First Guard*, Robert Adair; *Second Guard*, Harry Cording; *Lady Jane Grey*, Ann Howard; *Lady Elizabeth*, Gwendolyn Jones; *Clemens*, Ivan Simpson; *Barmaid*, Phyllis Barry; *First Lord*, Eric Portman; *Second Lord*, Lionel Pape; *Inn Keeper*, Lionel Belmore; *Proprietor*, Ian Wolf; *Lord Warwick*, Robert Warwick; *Rich Man*, Rex Evans; *Archbishop*, Halliwell Hobbes; *St. John*, Lester Matthews; *Ruffler*, Lionel Braham; *Third Lord*, Leonard Willey; *First Doctor*, Holmes Herbert; *Second Doctor*, Ian MacLaren; *Meaty Man*, Forrester Harvey.

"THE STUTTERING BISHOP"—WARNERS.—Story by Erle Stanley Gardner. Screen play by Kenneth Gamet and Don Ryan. Directed by William Clemens. The cast: *Perry Mason*, Donald Woods; *Della Street*, Ann Dvorak; *Paul Drake*, Joseph Crehan; *Bishop Mallory*, Edward McWade; *Ida Gilbert*, Mira McKinney; *Janice Sealon*, Linda Perry; *Gladys*, Veda Ann Borg; *Janice Brownley*, Anne Nagel; *Peter Sacks*, George Lloyd; *Philip Brownley*, Gordon Oliver.

"THE HIT PARADE"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Bradford Ropes. Screen play by Bradford Ropes and Samuel Ornitz. Directed by Gus Meins. The Cast: *Pete Garland*, Phil Regan; *Ruth Allison*, Frances Langford; *Monica Barrett*, Louise Henry; *Herman*, George Givot; *Eadie White*, Pert Kelton; *Teddy Leeds*, Monroe Owsley; *Rusty Callahan*, Max Terhune; *Tic Toc Girls*, Yvonne Monoff, Mildred Winston, Barbara Johnston; *J. B. Hawley*, Pierre Watkin; *Mulrooney*, Edward Brophy; *Sergeant O'Hara*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Tillie*, Inez Courtney; *Elmer*, Lou Fulton; *Oscar*, Ed Platt; *Parole Officer*, William Demarest; *Gentle Maniacs*, Paul Garner; *Sam Wolfe*, Richard Hakins.

"THINK FAST, MR. MOTO"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by J. P. Marquand. Screen play by Howard Ellis Smith and Norman Foster. Directed by Norman Foster. The Cast: *Mr. Moto*, Peter Lorre; *Gloria Danton*, Virginia Field; *Bob Hitchings*, Thomas Beck; *Nicolas Marloff*, Sig Rumann; *Joseph Wilkie*, Murray Kinnell; *Carson*, John Rogers; *Lela Liu*, Lotus Long; *Muggs Blake*, George Cooper; *Adram*, J. Carol Naish; *Curio Dealer*, Fredrik Vogeding.

"WAIKIKI WEDDING"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story by Frank Butler and Don Hartman. Screen play by Frank Butler, Don Hartman, Walter De Leon and Francis Martin. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The Cast: *Tony Marvin*, Bing Crosby; *Shad Buggle*, Bob Burns; *Myrtle Finch*, Martha Raye; *Georgia Smith*, Shirley Ross; *J. P. Todhunter*, George Barbier; *Victor*, Leif Erikson; *Everett Todhunter*, Grady Sutton; *Uncle Herman*, Granville Bates.

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GIRLS INTO GODDESSES

"WAKE UP AND LIVE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based upon Dorothea Brande's book. Original story by Curtis Kenyon. Screen play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The Cast: *Walter Winchell*, Himself; *Ben Bernie & Orchestra*, Themselves; *Alice Huntley*, Alice Faye; *Patsy Kane*, Patsy Kelly; *Steve Cluskey*, Ned Sparks; *Eddie Kane*, Jack Haley; *Jean Roberts*, Grace Bradley; *Gus Avery*, Walter Catlett; *Specialty*, Leah Ray and Joan Davis; *Herman*, Douglas Fowley; *James Stratton*, Miles Mander; *Specialty*, Condos Brothers; *Brewster Twins*, Themselves; *Waldo Peebles*, Etienne Girardot; *McCabe*, Paul Hurst; *Manager*, George Givot; *Foster*, Barnett Parker; *Alberts*, Charles Williams; *1st Gunman*, Warren Hymer; *Murphy*, Ed Gargan; *Ford Driver*, Si Jenks; *Buick Driver*, Harry Tyler; *Chauveur*, Robert Lowery; *Attendants*, William Demarest, John Sheehan; *Singer*, Rosemary Glosz; *Accompanist*, Andre Beranger; *Janitor*, George Chandler.

"WE HAVE OUR MOMENTS"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story by Charles Belden and Frederick Stephani. Screen play by Grace Manning and Charles Grayson. Directed by Alfred Werker. The Cast: *Mary Smith*, Sally Eilers; *John Wade*, James Dunn; *Gilling*, David Niven; *Smacksey*, Warren Hymer; *Mrs. Rutherford*, Marjorie Gateson; *Rutherford*, Thurston Hall; *Miss Klotz*, Virginia Sale; *Clem Porter*, Grady Sutton; *The Captain*, Ray Brown.

"WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG"—UNIVERSAL.—From the McCall's Magazine story "Class Prophecy" by Eleanor Griffin. Screen play by Eve Greene and Joseph Fields. Directed by Hal Mohr. The Cast: *Wanda Werner*, Virginia Bruce; *Andy Russell*, Kent Taylor; *Uncle Hugo*, Walter Brennan; *Hannah Werner*, Greta Meyer; *Anton Werner*, Christian Rub; *Norman Crocker*, William Tannen; *Irene Henry*, Jean Rogers; *Orville Kane*, Sterling Holloway; *"Doty"*, Leonard, Nydia Westman; *"Cudgy"*, Wallace, David Oliver; *Winthrop Grove*, Jack Smart; *Lydia Sykes*, Laurie Douglas; *John Dorman*, Franklin Pangborn.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

SILENT BARRIERS—Gaumont-British

ALTHOUGH it successfully carries through the epic theme of railway and empire building in the '80s insofar as splendid scenic photography and a few realistic and exciting action scenes are concerned, this picture fails to be the impressive saga its producers planned. The failure is due chiefly to the fact that the important objective of the picture, i.e., the portrayal of the heroism and the self-sacrifice of individuals in order that the rails of the Canadian Pacific might be laid across the forbidding Rockies, is hidden in dialogue and sequences that are worthy only of a melodramatic barroom type of Western. Richard Arlen, the reformed gambling man, and J. Farrell MacDonald offer the best performances, while Lilli Palmer, the official siren, Antoinette Cellier, Arlen's sweetheart, Barry Mackay and Roy Emerton do their best with rôles that at times seem flat and implausible. The picture is worthwhile, however, for the magnificent scenery that it offers.

FIFTY ROADS TO TOWN—Twentieth Century-Fox

ANOTHER nonsensical farce of the semi-mad type with Ann Sothorn running away to elope and Don Ameche escaping from a divorce case. The two accidentally meet in a secluded mountain cabin. Ann thinks Don a notorious gangster until one really shows up bringing sheriff John Qualen and Slim Summer-ville in his wake. The lines are smartly clever.

GIRL LOVES BOY—Grand National

ANCIENT in theme, treatment and direction, this story of a small-town girl who reforms the local scamp, has little to offer. Eric Linden, son of the town's rich man, half heartedly saunters from one escapade to another. Cecilia Parker, of poor but honest family, spurns his attentions. Eric redeems himself when he launches Cecilia as a pianist. Dull fare.

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NAVY BLUES—Republic

SAILOR Dick Purcell makes a bet that he can win Mary Brian, unattractive librarian. Besides influencing her metamorphosis into a beauty, foiling the plot of a group of spies, and winning a promotion, he of course wins his bet. Purcell is fair as the egoistic gob, Mary Brian is charming as the Cinderella girl, Warren Hymer provides the mild comedy relief.

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OLYMPICS— Twentieth Century-Fox

WARNER OLAND, as detective Charlie Chan, scores again in this mystery of a stolen robot airplane invention. Clues to the missing plane send Chan to the Olympic Games in Berlin where he discovers the thieves have kidnapped his son, Keye Luke. Fast thinking on Chan's part leads to recovery of invention and rescue of son. Fast-moving, intriguing story.

THE HIT PARADE—Republic

STARS of radio contribute fun and frolic to this sprightly musical. The story deals with radio agent Phil Regan who is double-crossed by singer Louise Henry. Searching for new talent, Regan discovers Frances Langford and against all odds, builds her to stardom. The orchestras of Eddie Duchin and Duke Ellington supply the music. Screen and radio comics furnish the laughs.

DREAMING LIPS—Trafalgar-United Artists

DEFINITELY a problem play of the triangle school, this film gives Elizabeth Bergner, Raymond Massey and Romney Brent a magnificent opportunity to display their talents. Bergner as the wife of an orchestra leader, Brent, becomes infatuated with his best friend, a great violinist. The ensuing complications build up effectively to a pitch of high tragedy. A slow-moving but beautifully done psychological study of three fascinating personalities.

★ ANOTHER DAWN—Warners

THIS is a story of sand and death and love with Kay Francis the central point of a triangle. Errol Flynn and Ian Hunter, British officers, both love her, until at last one must choose death. Restraint, in this case, makes for boredom instead of art; *nobody* was ever as honorable as these three. There is a lot of polite killing. Go for the stellar cast.

THINK FAST, MR. MOTO—Twentieth Century-Fox

THE first of a series dealing with a clever little Japanese detective, Mr. Moto. Peter Lorre is perfect as the fascinating Mr. Moto who steps into a ring of Shanghai smugglers and with diabolical-cunning and marvelous jujitsu traps the culprits in no time. Thomas Beck and Virginia Field are the boy and girl. There are thrills and action aplenty.

THE STUTTERING BISHOP—Warners

DONALD WOODS, as dynamic *Perry Mason*, detective, solves the murder of a millionaire and finds his true heiress with the greatest of ease in this routine murder yarn which abounds with suspects and clues. When not too busy detecting, Woods falls in love with his clever secretary, Ann Dvorak. Satisfyingly suspenseful, and helped by the smooth performances of Tom Kennedy, Robert McWade, and Anne Nagel.

PUBLIC WEDDING NO. 1—First National

NEW faces in a slightly used tale of petty racketeers who marry off Jane Wyman to William Hopper in a mock wedding that turns out to be legal. Undaunted, the bride seizes the publicity to advance her artist husband to fame and fortune. Miss Wyman and Hopper, newcomers, show promise. Marie Wilson, as a nit-wit fan dancer, provides a few laughs.

★ WAIKIKI WEDDING—Paramount

THE Great Crooner's newest melody-comedy, a madcap story of Hawaii and its luxuriant life, creates a new kind of dimensional entertainment. Rife with excellent music, insane of plot and exorbitant of setting, it is merry nonsense.

Bing Crosby plays the publicity man for an Island pineapple firm. He kidnaps Shirley Ross, contest winner, when she refuses to cooperate by liking Hawaii and writing about it for the newspapers. They go to a smaller Isle and get into trouble with the natives. Dénouement comes with a bang, and it will leave you goggle-eyed.

In superb voice, Crosby reiterates his ability as a comedian. Martha Raye, Shirley's friend, is loud and swell. You'll like Leif Erikson as the belligerent fiance. The hit songs: "Okole-hao," "Blue Hawaii," "Sweet Leilani," "In a Little Hula Heaven." Every scene is magnificent fun.

★ SEVENTH HEAVEN—
Twentieth Century-Fox

THIS revival of the enchanting love story of the Paris underworld that brought sudden fame to Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, captures much of the charm of the silent version and is in some scenes improved. James Stewart triumphing over miscasting will win many new friends for his sincere portrayal of the street washer. Simone Simon, piquant and charming is not the ideal *Diane* but nevertheless makes a good foil for the flamboyant *Chico*. Hauntingly beautiful is the essential story; the story of a kind hearted youth who gives shelter to a little French waif, grows to love her. The war separates them but the faith and courage of *Diane* throughout the years are rewarded when her lover returns. Gregory Ratoff, the zestful taxi-driver, Jean Hersholt, the understanding priest, and Gale Sondergaard, the bestial sister, are excellent. Director Henry King has succeeded in emphasizing the sentiment, the wistfulness and spiritual beauty of the story.

HOODLUMS AT HOME

Of course the hoodlums are the Marx Brothers, the maddest, merriest zanies in all Hollywood. The hilarious tale of their daffy domesticity is one of the highlights of the July Photoplay, on the newsstands, June 9th.

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

We Dance?" The picture is named after this song, which George Gershwin wrote after the picture was in production.

The number starts with the ballet girls doing a toe dance. Hctor enters and does a solo dance. The girls leave. Astaire enters, and he and Hctor do a dancing duet. Hctor leaves, and some tap girls appear, dancing with Fred. Ginger arrives on the scene, and she and Fred dance. Hctor comes back, with the ballet girls, and everybody dances. The number is continuous, but with moody changes of rhythm.

We see the segment during which Fred dances with the tap girls, all of whom are wearing clingy black satin evening gowns and (here is the bang) all carrying smiling masks of Ginger in front of their own faces. Behind one of them, of course, is Ginger herself. See if you can spot her before the unmasking.

We didn't. Neither did Cary Grant, who meanwhile had sneaked over from his own set for a glimpse of the number. He stood beside us in rapt contemplation of the scene. It isn't a hard-to-take sensation, having twenty Gingers smiling in your direction

TEARING ourselves away from there we go to Burbank, and Warner Brothers-First National, where three new pictures are starting.

No. 1 on the list is "The Life of Zola," starring the Academy winner, Paul Muni, supported by the Academy winner Gale Sondergaard, and Joseph Schildkraut, among others, all of whom are photographed by another Academy winner, Tony Gaudio. The director is William Dieterle

The picture is in the mood of "The Story of Louis Pasteur." Its setting is France in the last century. Its theme is the story of a lone battle against injustice, ignorance and misunderstanding. It is about the fight of the French author, Emile Zola, to free Captain Dreyfus from Devil's Island and to prove that the man was innocent of treason.

Muni is not working today. This is Schildkraut's and Sondergaard's day, and they make the most of it.

The setting is a small anteroom in a French prison. The scene is the farewell between Dreyfus and his wife—a farewell said a room apart. It is vibrant with pathos.

Schildkraut is of the school of actors who believe in moods for movie making. He prepares for the scene by walking back and forth on a dark side of the sound stage, like a man walking in a prison cell, his wrists shackled, repeating his lines half aloud. Gale prepares for it by rehearsing mentally, while a hairdresser primps the red wig she wears over her own black hair in this picture.

Both of them give everything they have to

the scene, to their choked words of love, his reassertion of his innocence, her promise to live until he is proven innocent. It is one of the longest continuous exchanges of dialogue we have ever heard on a movie set. The mood of the scene is so intense that it cannot be broken up into small segments, as most scenes are. When it ends, there is a hush on the set—the greatest tribute that set workers can give to performances.

GAUDIO, Italian and rotund, says to us, "You saw 'Anthony Adverse'? The photography on that was a cheese, compared to this!"

On the back lot, on the "tenement street," Mervyn Le Roy is making his second picture as an independent producer, "In the Deep South." He is also directing. At the moment he is directing a mob scene.

He tells us, between takes, "Three years ago, I said, 'Give me a powerful story, and I'll prove that stars aren't necessary to make a powerful picture. I'll prove 'the play's the thing.' Well, this is it."

There is only one "name" in the cast—that is Claude Rains. The rest of the cast are either virtual unknowns or total unknowns.

It is, briefly, an American tragedy—the story of a boy enmeshed by circumstance and prejudice. He is a northerner who teaches in a small business college in a southern city. One of the

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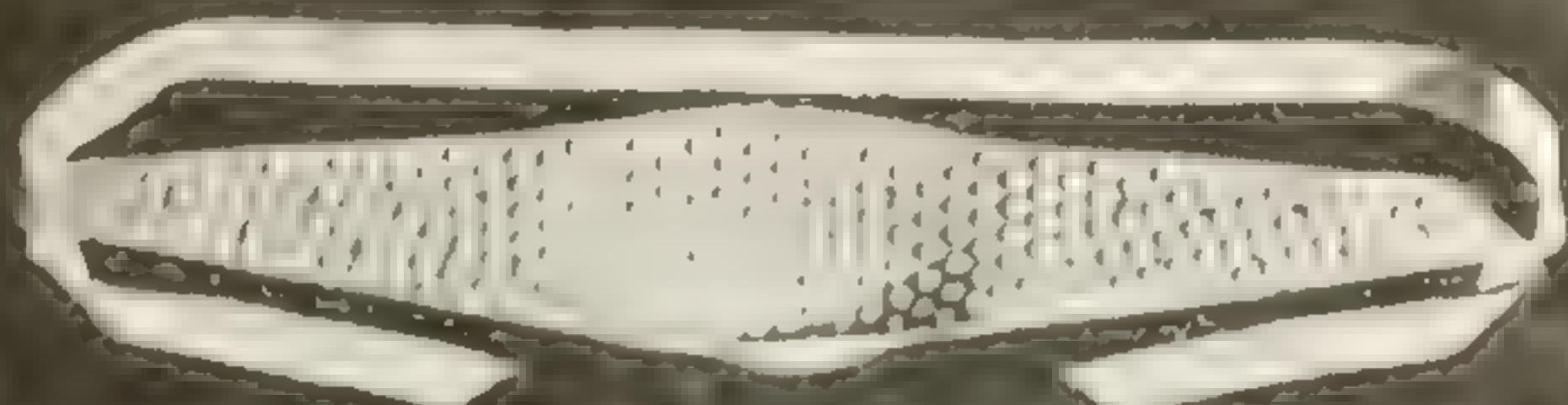
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girls in the school is raped, murdered. He is accused, convicted on circumstantial evidence, later released and lynched. The audience knows he is not guilty. But—and here is something new—the audience never knows who is guilty.

The present setting is the entrance to the business college, the morning the murder is discovered. The head of the college arrives. The prosecutor (Rains) arrives. The suspect (Edward Norris) arrives. In front of the building is a mob, which reacts differently to each arrival. There is not a high enough pitch to their mad excitement in the first takes. Le Roy keeps trying—with persuasion, not commands, until he gets what he wants.

We remember an old epigram of Flaubert's: "Talent is long patience."

In one corner of Warners' biggest sound stage (it's 140 feet long, sixty feet wide), we find Basil Rathbone doing a solo scene for "Confession." And we mean solo. He is playing a piano, supposedly on a concert stage.

The number is a moody mazurka. Twenty years before, it had played a part in his seduction of a girl who loved him (Kay Francis). Now he is playing it for her daughter (Jane Bryan), who is in the audience, drawn to him, not knowing her mother's story. Kay later shoots him very, very dead.

But, at the moment, Rathbone is giving this piano-playing scene his all. The camera is at the far end of the piano, shooting between the lid and the raised support. This lid looks like polished mahogany; actually, it is black glass—to reflect the action of the piano hammers better.

Rathbone proves his skill at pantomime in this scene. He does not play the piano. But he executes the correct movements, on the correct parts of the keyboard, at the correct moments—an achievement of three days' practice. Try this on your piano sometime.

AT near-by Universal, to the relief of residents of Toluca Lake, the war is over. "The Road Back" company is out of the trenches, after being there for three weeks straight, all at night, to film the prologue to the picture—a prologue that will consume only ten minutes at the most, on the screen. A sure symptom that another epic is in the making in this sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front."

"The Road Back" shows, against a German background, what happened to the boys when they came straggling home from war. It is merciless in its irony, and, if the people making it get their wish, it will be unforgettable.

The boys—John King, Henry Hunter, John Emery, Larry Blake, Richard Cromwell, Maurice Murphy and all the others—are grouped today in a village square. They are about to be discharged as soldiers. They have already had a foreboding of the emotional maelstrom they will have to face, trying to readjust themselves to civilized life. One boy (Larry Blake) bitterly speaks up to his captain, deriding the so-called "heroism." The captain (John Emery) defends war.

We see the scene in which Emery, in close-up, tells why *he* is glad he went to war. He is not just a disciplined bigot. He knows what the other boy is trying to express. He has a different philosophy, that's all... Thus we see the shrewdness of Director James Whale in letting war state its case so quietly and sincerely. The cataclysm that befalls these boys is all the more effective afterward, because of that speech.

As for the boys, "Now that we're on dry land again, we're having a good time," reports John King. "We're prepared to state that



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Sherman was substantially correct."

From Universal City, we cross the ridge to Beverly Hills and 20th Century-Fox, for a view of the first picture to use the present war (the one in Spain) for a background. This is "Love Under Fire," starring Loretta Young and Don Ameche.

It's a comedy, believe it or not, in the same tempo, as "Love Is News," their last hit together. Loretta is suspected of being a jewel thief, and Don is the Scotland Yard operative who suspects her. The chase leads to Spain.

There we find them in a hotel room in Madrid, where Don has finally caught up with Loretta and her alleged accomplice, Harold Huber. The setting is a big squalid room, with bullet-shattered window panes in the background and a bullet hole in the wall beside one window.

There is a story behind those broken panes and that bullet hole. They were supposed to have been made by stray bullets from below. Actually, they were made by bullets from above. A sharpshooter named Ben Southland, who has made his living for twenty years by shooting at stars, fired a machine gun from a rafter to shatter the windows. Then he fired a rifle, to make the bullet hole, and during all this Loretta was standing only two feet away.

BEN didn't mind shooting at Loretta. (The only near-targets that unnerve him are war veterans, like Victor McLaglen, for example. They anticipate the shots and are jumpy.

Anyway, Don (his hair "glamorously grayed" again) and Loretta and Harold are in the room now, all with glasses in their hands. Don's drink is doped, and the drug is beginning to take effect. The camera is focused on him. He turns away from one of the windows, yawns uncontrollably, flops into a chair, yawns again.

The timing doesn't satisfy Director George Marshall. He calls for a retake, then another. By the time the scene is "in the box," everybody on the set is yawning.

At our last stop, M-G-M, we find three dancers all sitting down during a musical number. It isn't a Hollywood sit-down strike. It's a scene for "Broadway Melody of 1937," co-starring Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell.

The setting is a meadow, built indoors on the biggest sound stage at M-G-M, with real grass waving in a breeze created by a wind machine. Charles (ne Igor) Gorin is singing a song called "Sun Showers." Eleanor Powell, George Murphy and Buddy Ebsen, sitting on the ground, are his absorbed audience.

George and Buddy look singularly contented about the relaxation. Eleanor, since her recovery from her ankle sprain, has been working them extra hard to make up for lost time. So that George says:

"There's a rumor they're going to retitile this picture, 'Two Thin Men After One Thin Girl!'"

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It's Lonely Being A Child Prodigy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

until Deanna signed her first motion picture contract with M-G-M when she was thirteen, they lived in a modest three-room cottage near Broadway and 86th Street in Los Angeles, a district of simple homes owned or rented by wage earners. While not in want, their means were far from affluent.

As is the case with any girl who is growing up, Deanna made her circle of friends and girl-fashion, had her "special best friends"—those intimates between whom grows a strangely close and precious bond. In Deanna's case, the "specials" were Paula and Jane Rawhut, who lived close by in the same neighborhood.

All three were members of the glee club of the Manchester Avenue grammar school and later students at the Bret Harte Junior High. Deanna was taking singing lessons by that time. Her exquisite voice had begun to manifest itself when she was three. Even then she could hear a song and sing it in clear, true pitch. By the time she was eleven, her extraordinary talent was obvious. However, Mr. Durbin could not afford to give her singing lessons and, generously, her sister, Edith, paid for weekly lessons with an inexpensive teacher from her own meager earnings.

In the school glee club, Deanna sang as a member of the chorus. Not once did she admit, or even hint, that her voice qualified her for solo work.

"I was afraid the other girls might think I was getting stuck-up," Deanna told me. "I was afraid it might make a difference between us, and we were so happy as things were."

Golden, glorious days. Deanna, Paula and Janie, complete unto themselves. Sharing secrets, confiding hopes and dreams, three girls on the threshold of young womanhood, a perfect trinity. Then it happened. Separation.

It was the inevitable, of course. If her latent talent escaped notice at school, it did not in the community church. Regular members and visitors alike were startled, then thrilled with the music that poured forth from the throat of the child singing hymns and anthems. They all knew that some day some person would hear that voice who would bring it to the attention of millions.

Jack Sherrill, now Deanna's manager, ultimately became that person.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER about this time was searching for a child with some semblance of a voice to play the rôle of Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink as a girl in the proposed starring vehicle for the great diva, "Gram." Sherrill brought Deanna to Metro's attention and promptly they signed her to a term contract with the usual six months option.

Los Angeles being spread out as it is, it became imperative that the Durbins move, since Deanna must be at the studio daily for lessons and training.

Weeping, Paula, Janie and Deanna said good-by.

"But never mind," they consoled themselves. "We'll see each other all the time. Promise."

They promised, in solemn good faith. But it wasn't distance, as such, that was to keep them separated for a whole year, although that too

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played its part. It was that Deanna found herself plunged into a new and strange life. Her days were spent at the studio learning the bewildering business of making movies. Even her schooling was conducted on the lot, as it still is at Universal. Replacing her former teacher of voice was Andre de Segurola, former coach of the Metropolitan Opera who today guides many of the greatest voices in the world of music.

Thus the days were filled. There was no time to see Paula and Janie. No time, really, for anything but work, work, work towards this new goal.

No new little friends were substituted for the former ones. Nor could fathers be blamed if it seemed unimportant to them, after a hard day's work, to drive Deanna or Paula across the length of the city, through heavy traffic, to visit each other.

THEN Schumann-Heink died. With her died the studio's plans for "Gram" and the brilliant opportunity for Deanna.

She made one musical "short" with Judy Garland, a none too successful affair. The six months elapsed and Deanna's contract was not renewed.

Now she had neither friends nor absorbing activity.

Sherrill's faith in her next brought her to Universal. A new contract was forthcoming. Again the Durbin fairly moved to be closer to the studio. This time the home was farther than ever from the beloved 86th Street—and Paula.

Once more Deanna was enrolled in a studio school, among strange classmates—a freckle-faced boy of seven, a chubby little girl of nine, and two sophisticated blondes of about fourteen.

Came the making of "Three Smart Girls." The original plans for "Three Smart Girls" called for an inexpensive and relatively unimportant "B" or second-class picture. In it Deanna was given a minor rôle. Her work in the first two weeks of shooting, however, proved so startling production heads called a halt.

Thereupon the studio was said to have been divided into two camps—pro and anti-Durbin. After a bitter fight, in which a number of resignations allegedly were threatened if Deanna was made the star of the picture, and if she were not, the showdown came. The pro-Durbins won. The budget was increased to "A" or first-class rating, the story rewritten to feature Deanna.

Box-office records everywhere proved how justified the change was.

Deanna emerged a top flight star in one picture. Immediately plans were made for her second starring picture with no less a distinguished personage than the conductor Leopold Stokowski, and ninety-nine other men playing second to this little girl's beauty, charm and ability. This picture is called "One Hundred Men and One Girl," and means just that.

It was during the making of "Three Smart Girls," and hence before her success was certain, that Deanna made her radio debut. Sherrill persuaded Eddie Cantor to give her an audition for a guest star spot on his Sunday night broadcast.

She's been the feature of the program ever since.

Thus brilliant success, fame, and growing wealth have come to Deanna. Such fame, in fact, that Al Levy, oldest restaurateur of Hollywood, remarked the other day that not since fans by the thousands came to his

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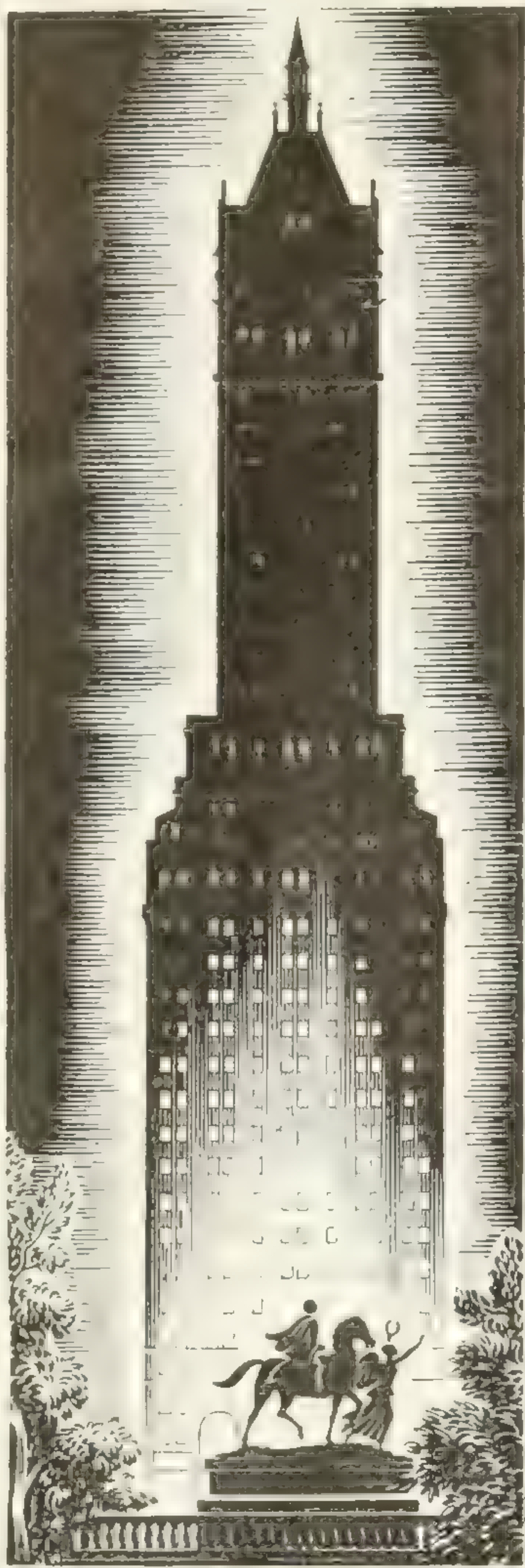
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restaurant to watch Charlie Chaplin eat dinner has a Hollywood star created so much interest and furor in his establishment.

BUT—that success, fame and wealth was just what was estranging and losing to Deanna the things she held most dear—her little girl friendships. Glad as she and Paula were to see each other again, cry as they did with happiness, both knew when they went to their separate homes that night that another year might very well pass before they would see each other again.

Both knew, too, that things were not, and cannot be, as they were before.

It has cost her more than Paula's friendship. It has cost her every girl's natural inheritance of carefree youth, something she did not value until she had lost it.

Her days—and nights—now are a succession of crammed schooling, fittings, make-up tests, music lessons, practice hours, film and radio rehearsals, radio appearances and actual work before the cameras.

She happened to mention to me she had celebrated her fourteenth birthday recently on her first trip to New York City.

"Did you have a party?" I asked.

"Oh yes," she answered carefully. "In fact, I had *five* parties in one day!"

The Waldorf-Astoria, biggest hotel in the world, was host at one of those parties. Universal Studios' New York offices gave a second party, Jack Sherrill the third, Eddie Cantor a fourth, and Abe Blumberg, a big dress manufacturer, the fifth.

True, they were very elaborate parties, with expensive food and such, and more expensive presents for Deanna. But—not one girl friend of her own age was there. What is happy about that kind of a birthday?

DEANNA went roller skating at a public rink in Los Angeles not long ago. She loves to skate and it had been a long time since she had had a chance, since her days were filled and you can't skate on the busy streets here at night. So what happened?

She arrived at eight p.m. At five minutes after, before she had a chance to fasten her skates, a crowd of autograph seekers had surrounded her.

Still others stood and stared. By the time the last autograph book had been signed, it was time for Deanna to go home.

Still another night loomed big in anticipation to Deanna. That night, she said she "had more fun than in a year." The event was a fudge party.

The usual preliminaries went off in fine style for Deanna. There was the buying of the extras needed for the candy, the cracking and chopping of the nuts, watching the fudge boil, testing for the soft ball in cold water that means it is time to take it from the fire. Then waiting the long, long time until the confection was cool enough to beat.

There's nothing more fun than to make fudge with the right people. It is an exciting, tantalizing adventure. But waiting with Deanna for the fudge to cool that night, patronizingly amused at her breathless impatience were her mother and father, her manager, her singing teacher and heaven knows who else. All adults living in another world, a world a girl of fourteen is not yet ready to enter or understand!

Maybe Paula and Janie made fudge in one of their homes that same night. If so, they had something Deanna did not for all her fame and money.

They had a good time.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

★ **HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE**—GB.—British Jessie Mathews' new musical crammed with delightful songs. Jessie is a poor cabaret singer with love trouble. Robert Fleming, Louis Borel and Whitney Bourne do well in supporting rôles. (April.)

★ **HER HUSBAND'S SECRETARY**—Warners.—The eternal triangle again with Jean Muir as the trusting ex-secretary wife to Warren Hull and Beverly Roberts as the lying wench who takes her man. Clara Blandick is good as Hull's cynical aunt. Everybody else overacts. (May)

★ **HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT**—Wanger-United Artists.—Comedy, romance and melodrama are cunningly interwoven in this sumptuous production. It centers around Jean Arthur's dilemma with her jealous husband (Colin Clive) who frames her with a murder charge, and her tender love story with Samaritan Charles Boyer. You'll get a big thrill. (May)

★ **HOUSE OF SECRETS**—Chesterfield.—Leslie Fenton inherits an English estate, is driven out by mysterious gangsters. Muriel Evans is a satisfactory heart interest. Sidney Blackmer, Noel Madison, Claude King and Morgan Wallace are convincing. Just fair. (Mar.)

★ **JOHN MEADE'S WOMAN**—Paramount.—Introducing Francine Larrimore as the newest Hollywood star, this is a phony story, dull of dialogue and strained as to action. It involves Edward Arnold too, as the tycoon who marries a farmerette to spite a society jane. No dice. (April.)

★ **JOIN THE MARINES**—Republic.—A fast little comedy about Marines in the South Seas with many surprise story twists. June Travis is the soldier-hating girl; Paul Kelly is the man who changes her mind. Warren Hymer goes over big. (Mar.)

★ **LARCENY ON THE AIR**—Republic.—This confusing story of the fight by a young doctor (Robert Livingston) against harmful medicines is moral in tone, weak in entertainment. Grace Bradley is the heroine, Granville Bates, Willard Robertson, Smiley Burdette support. (Mar.)

★ **LAUGHING AT TROUBLE**—20th Century-Fox.—No laughing matter are editor Jane Darwell's troubles when she sets out to free her niece's boy friend of a murder charge. Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden and Russell Hicks are in the cast. Unsophisticated and nice for the family. (Mar.)

★ **LOST HORIZON**—Columbia.—After two years of monumental research and expense, James Hilton's tale of a lost Paradise in Tibet, directed by Frank Capra, is a screen triumph. Ronald Colman distinguishes himself and heads a great cast including Jane Wyatt, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, Sam Jaffe, Isabel Jewell and others. It is spellbinding. (May)

★ **LOVE IS NEWS**—20th Century-Fox.—Gay, impossible, conceived in a new kind of slap-happy humor, this rattles across the screen to the tune of your laughter. Loretta Young and Tyrone Power play a rich-girl-runs-after-poor-reporter game that is enchanting. Don Ameche is outstanding as the tough editor. See it often. (May)

★ **MAID OF SALEM**—Paramount.—A dark tale of witchcraft and Puritan bigotry in Massachusetts superbly directed and produced. The drama is woven around Claudette Colbert and cavalier Fred MacMurray, both of whom have never done finer work. Bonita Granville (Remember "These Three"?) is perfect. Don't miss this. (Mar.)

★ **MAN OF AFFAIRS**—GB.—An innocuous little tale of diplomacy in high places, with suave George Arliss in the dual rôle of a ne'er do well Englishman and his titled brother. George prevents a war with the Orient, plays matchmaker for Romilly Lunge and Rene Ray. Very simple fare indeed. (Mar.)

★ **MAN OF THE PEOPLE**—M-G-M.—This time Joseph Calleia's forceful performance is thrown on the side of law and order and lifts a trite story to impressive entertainment. As a poor lawyer, he uncovers a lot of skulduggery, implicates his sweetie, Florence Rice. Honesty triumphs. (April.)

★ **MAMA STEPS OUT**—M-G-M.—A blatant and obvious picture that doesn't jell despite Alice Brady's cute tantrums. It's about an American family searching culture abroad. They find Ivan Lebedeff, Gregory Gaye and Heather Thatcher. Betty Furness and Stanley Morner are lightly romantic. (April.)

★ **MARKED WOMAN**—Warners.—A brutal indictment of modern gangsters and their exploitation of women based on a recent newspaper exposé. Bette Davis is more vital than ever; Edward Ciannelli as the big boss is chilling and Humphrey Bogart as the D. A. is splendid. You won't want to miss it. (May)

★ **MAYTIME**—M-G-M.—Gay, charming and heart-stirring with a superb musical score this again teams Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy

in a beautiful story of love, lost, found and lost. Jeanette is a prima donna; John Barrymore her impresario, and Nelson a student. Rapturous songs, both classical and modern. A "Must." (May.)

★ **MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE**—Paramount.—The customary detective-reporter-many-suspects-murder-mystery with a campus background. Lynne Overman and Roscoe Karns supply the comedy; Astrid Allwyn and Marsha Hunt provide the beauty. (May)

★ **MYSTERIOUS CROSSING**—Universal.—The same old murder mystery with the cheeky reporter solving the crime by himself, but Andy Devine's presence brightens things up. James Dunn, Jean Rogers and John Eldridge fit their rôles nicely. (Mar.)

★ **NANCY STEELE IS MISSING**—20th Century-Fox.—Victor McLaglen perfectly cast as a waiter who kidnaps the daughter of a munitions manufacturer, then repents. Peter Lorre, Walter Connolly and June Lang contribute superior support to this modern melodrama. (May)

★ **NOBODY'S BABY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A neat little setup for the antics of Patsy Kelly and Lyda Roberti. The girls play student nurses, find themselves romantically inclined toward Bob Armstrong and Lynne Overman. It's a panic. (April.)

★ **OFF TO THE RACES**—20th Century-Fox.—The best Jones epic so far with practically the same cast as usual. Slim Summerville owns the trotting horse which precipitates new squabbles and excitement. It's fun. (Mar.)

★ **ONE IN A MILLION**—20th Century-Fox.—A new star arises! Sonja Henie, ice-skating champion, is surrounded by a lush and splendid musical story and a swell cast including Adolphe Menjou, Arline Judge, The Ritz Brothers and Don Ameche. Sonja has plenty of charm, snap and skill. Be sure and go. (Mar.)

★ **ON THE AVENUE**—20th Century-Fox.—Here are Irving Berlin's delicious new songs, Madeleine Carroll's pulchritude, Alice Faye's torching, the Ritz Brothers nutty nonsense, and Dick Powell singing love lilt built around a poor boy meets rich girl angle. A swell dish. (April.)

★ **OUTCAST**—Paramount.—A somber and slow moving account of a doctor's efforts to re-establish himself after an unfortunate operation. Karen Morley intends to expose Warren William, falls in love instead. Lewis Stone saves the pair from the town's fury. (April.)

★ **PARADISE EXPRESS**—Republic.—Violent melodrama of the rivalry between a railroad and a trucking company for the farmers' business with plenty of dirty work at the crossroads. Grant Withers is the noble hero who loves Dorothy Appleby. Donald Kirke is the villain. (May)

★ **PARK AVENUE LOGGER**—RKO-Radio.—Entertaining action-packed comedy with athletic George O'Brien in a swaggering rôle of a rich man's son sent to a lumber camp to pull himself together. There he woos and wins Beatrice Roberts. (April.)

★ **PENROD AND SAM**—Warners.—Little Billy Mauch shows the younger generation's opinion of crime. Craig Reynolds is the menace; Spring Byington is amusing as the Mother. A little too honor bright, but the kiddies will bite their nails at the matinee. (Mar.)

★ **PICK A STAR**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Film-land laughs at itself in a screamingly funny story of a small town beauty contest winner in Hollywood. Patsy Kelly, Rosina Lawrence, Jack Haley and Laurel and Hardy combine their comedy abilities to make this a wow! (May.)

★ **QUALITY STREET**—RKO-Radio.—Sir James Barrie's classic brought to life by a perfect cast headed by Katharine Hepburn in the dual rôle of a spinster and her giddy niece. Franchot Tone is the dashing doctor lover. Fay Bainter, Eric Blore and Cora Witherspoon are excellent. It's splendid. (Mar.)

★ **READY WILLING AND ABLE**—Warners.—Ruby Keeler masquerades as a famous English star, all but ruins Ross Alexander's Broadway show in this gleeful musical. Lee Dixon, a new dancing demon, is splendid, so is Wini Shaw's singing. (April.)

★ **SEA DEVILS**—RKO-Radio.—A slam-bang story of the coast guard patrol with Preston Foster and Victor McLaglen fighting and loving all over the ocean. Ida Lupino and Donald Woods are nice support and the storms at sea are thrilling. (April.)

★ **SHE'S DANGEROUS**—Universal.—Tala Birell is the girl detective whose chase for Cesar Romero involves her in the murder of her chief. Walter Pidgeon is the faithful doctor-lover, Walter Brennan and Warren Hymer are the comedy. Very so-so. (Mar.)

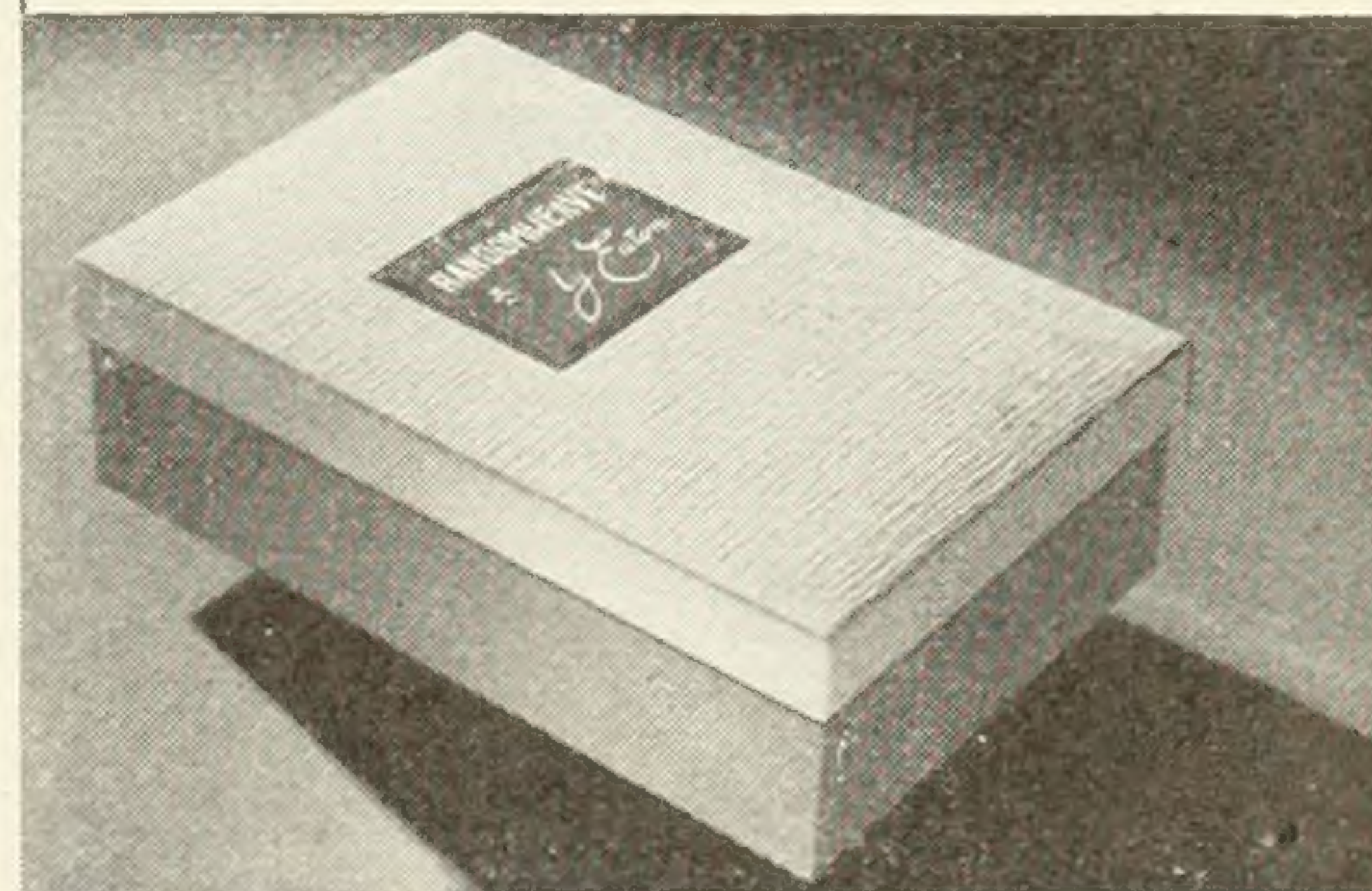


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HEADACHE

PUDDINGS AND PICKLES AND CHEESE AND PIES

BETTER PLAY SAFE AND ALKALIZE

UPSET STOMACH

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★ **STOWAWAY**—20th Century-Fox.—Shirley Temple captures new honors for herself in this tale of an orphan reared in China who plays cupid on shipboard for wealthy Robert Young and Alice Faye. Shirley sings, dances and speaks Chinese with adorable gusto. (Mar.)

★ **SWING HIGH, SWING LOW**—Paramount.—A smooth blend of laughter and tears, torch numbers, fine production, direction and camera work, this teams Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in a story of a girl who marries a lazy charming boy, makes a star of him, gets her heart broken. It's simply perfect and so is Carole. Don't miss this. (April)

★ **THAT I MAY LIVE**—20th Century-Fox.—Just another story of an ex-convict, Robert Kent, who wants to go straight, but is framed by his former pals. Rochelle Hudson and J. Edward Bromberg pull a fast one, free Bob from a murder charge. Dull. (May)

★ **THE GOOD EARTH**—M-G-M.—A distinguished and beautifully authentic production of Pearl Buck's novel. The story of the poor Chinese farmer's rise to wealth is magnificently acted by Paul Muni and sensitive Luise Rainer. Tilly Losch provocative as the second wife. See this by all means. (Mar.)

★ **THE GREAT HOSPITAL MYSTERY (Formerly "Dead Yesterday")**—20th Century-Fox.—There is little to recommend this poorly constructed murder yarn starring Jane Darwell and Thomas Beck. Joan Davis' comedy nurse steals honors. (May)

★ **THE HOLY TERROR**—20th Century-Fox.—Here is merry entertainment with Jane Withers as the meddlesome harum scarum of a naval air base. Anthony Martin and Leah Ray sing tunelessly; Joe Lewis and Joan Davis clown briskly. The best Withers' film in a blue moon. (Mar.)

★ **THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL**—Warners.—A sexy, saucy romance introducing the latest handsome male charmer, French Fernand Gravet. The fast-paced story concerns a bored king whose retainers hire Joan Blondell, a chorus girl, to divert him from his dissipations. The whole cast is splendid. Gilt-edged. (May)

★ **THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY**—M-G-M.—The efforts of Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery and Bill Powell save this revival of a famous Broadway drawing-room comedy from being stuffy. Joan is a refined crook, Bill Powell her stooge, Bob a suave English lord. It's amusing. (May)

★ **THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF**—RKO-Radio.—An entirely new idea—that of flying hospital planes—is incorporated in this informative and intelligent tale. John Beal, a discredited doctor, and Joan Fontaine, a flying nurse, carry the romance. (May)

★ **THE MIGHTY TREVE**—Universal.—This trite and overdialogued story has Tuffy, a magnificently trained collie, going through his paces. Of course he is accused of sheep stealing. Sam Hinds, Noah Beery and Barbara Reed round out the cast. For animal lovers and children. (Mar.)

★ **THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS**—RKO-Radio.—John Ford's directorial portrait of strife-torn Ireland done with restraint and intelligence. Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck are the high emotional Dubliners torn between patriotism and love. Barry Fitzgerald takes honors. The photography is outstanding. (Mar.)

★ **THE SOLDIER AND THE LADY**—RKO-Radio.—Don't let this title confuse you. It's "Michael Strogoff" in disguise and very good, too. The swiftly told tale of a Russian spy in the days of the Tartars has Anton Walbrook, Fay Bainter and Akim Tamiroff in the cast. Walbrook, an Austrian newcomer, is superb. (May)

★ **THE WOMAN ALONE**—GB.—A morbid and not particularly exciting story of a secret terrorist gang in London with Oscar Homolka, Sylvia Sydney, John Loder and Desmond Tester all of whom give sincere performances. (Mar.)

★ **TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE**—20th Century-Fox.—Thrills, suspense and romance enliven this comedy of an heiress, Claire Trevor, who hitch-hikes her way to the coast, picks up Michael Whalen whom she suspects of being a robber. Lots of laughs. (April)

★ **TOP OF THE TOWN**—Universal.—A madly paced collection of spectacular dances, and downright fun, this musical extravaganza has Doris Nolan, Gertrude Niesen, Ella Logan, Gregory Ratoff, George Murphy, Peggy Ryan, Hugh Herbert in the cast, so you have the idea. Go. (April)

★ **23½ HOURS LEAVE**—Grand National.—An old tale (Mary Roberts Rinehart's) rejuvenated with a face lift of youth, song and slap-bang comedy. James Ellison is the sergeant who bets his buddies he'll dine with the general. He wins his bet and the general's daughter. (May)

★ **TWO WISE MAIDS**—Republic.—Dedicated to grade teachers, this emotional melodrama offers the splendid acting of Alison Skipworth and Polly Moran as the school madams. Marcia Mae Jones and Jackie Searl are the problem children. You'll like it. (April)

★ **UNDER COVER OF NIGHT**—M-G-M.—A dark but not very deep thriller with college professors going in for wholesale slaughter. Detective Edmund Lowe traps the gory murderer, saves his sweetheart, Florence Rice. The cast is adequate. (Mar.)

★ **WE'RE ON THE JURY**—RKO-Radio.—When Helen Broderick and Victor Moore become members of a jury you can expect anything to happen. It does. They find the real criminal before Judge Robert McWade and Phil Huston are reduced to a pulp. You'll laugh. (Mar.)

★ **WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY**—RKO-Radio.—Goofier than ever, Joe E. Brown's new comedy presents The Mouth as an amateur astrologer whose faith in the zodiac gets him into plenty of hot water, lands him in the prize ring. You'll howl. (April)

★ **WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE**—Columbia.—Grace Moore and Cary Grant in a sparkling story of a vain opera star forced into an ironic marriage in order to fix up passport trouble. Bubbling comedy, delightful operatic and modern tunes and a splendid cast. Be sure and see it. (April)

★ **WHITE BONDAGE**—Warners.—Jean Muir is the only bright spot in this inexcusably dull and innocuous yarn of share croppers' rebellion against unscrupulous planters in the cotton belt. Gordon Oliver, Howard Phillips and John King complete the cast. Stupid. (May)



The newly wed Lyle Talbots tear off on a honeymoon trip to London. The bride is the former Marguerite Cramer, a New York socialite. They were married at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Davis, on account of that's where they first met each other

★ **WINGS OF THE MORNING**—20th Century-Fox.—A modern melodrama involving women and horses done in Technicolor. Henry Fonda is the gentleman trainer; Annabella is his gypsy love song. The Irish countryside scenes are superb; John McCormick sings magnificently. Better see it. (April)

★ **WITHOUT WARNING**—20th Century-Fox.—Norman Foster's initial attempt at directing is only fair. It involves a murder in Death Valley where J. Edward Bromberg and a party of tenderfoot tourists are vacationing. Betty Furness is sweet as the love element. (Mar.)

★ **WOMAN WISE**—20th Century-Fox.—An unexceptional story of a sports editor who fights a promoters racket. Michael Whalen miscast as the editor. Rochelle Hudson tries hard as his girl Friday. You'll notice Alan Dinehart. Dull. (Mar.)

★ **WOMEN OF GLAMOUR**—Columbia.—The acting of Melvyn Douglas and Virginia Bruce lift this picture above the average. The plot concerns an artist who attempts to inspire a disillusioned night club singer to the heights of love for art's sake. Reginald Denny and Pert Kelton are funny. (May)

★ **YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE**—Walter Wanger-United Artists.—Superbly produced, directed with finesse and feeling by Fritz Lang, magnificently acted by Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sydney, here is searing realism and a beautiful love story. It's about a boy sent to the death house on circumstantial evidence. A must see. (April)

★ **YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW**—GB.—Wallace Ford gets a better break than usual in this gussy tale of a cheap American racketeer who enlists in the British Army to escape police. Anna Lee, John Mills and Grace Bradley support. Lively and humorous. (May)

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